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THE

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FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1832.

VOL. I.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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1832.

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IN commencing the first volume of this journal for the new year,—a year that will most probably form one of the most memorable epochs in the annals of the constitution,—we deem it necessary unequivocally to announce the line of action, which, so far as politics are concerned, we are determined to pursue. The time has gone by, when the interests of literature alone could be exclusively attended to in a publication of this description. They shall undoubtedly continue, as they ought to do, to form a prominent object of THE MONTHLY REVIEW; but considering the agitation that prevails in all ranks of society, the preparations which are making for fundamental and wide-spreading changes, not only in the constitution of parliament, but in that of the church, and in every branch of the state, we cannot but sympathise in the feelings of our fellow citizens, and assist them, as far as we can, in the right formation of their opinions, and the safe reduction of those opinions to practice.

We have been often asked to what school of politics we belong,—were we whigs or tories, reformers or revolutionists; or were we independent enough to entertain our own ideas upon every subject, and to express them with the courage and the candour of men, who know how to avoid the extremes of licentiousness upon one side, and of servility upon the other? Our answer is, that we are pledged only to one general principle,—the repeal of all laws which are in any manner inconsistent with the welfare of the community; that we belong to no school of abstract theories; and that we shall support, and, in return, accept assistance from, every man, or set of men, be their names what they may, who appear to us to have truly at heart, not their own personal aggrandizement, nor that of their friends, but the well understood interests of the empire at large. We look much more to principles than to persons; to measures, infinitely more than to men; and we look chiefly and anxiously to the good that can be effected by a rigid abstinence from wild and visionary and alarming doctrines, and by an equally rigid adherence to the admirable basis upon which our constitution was originally framed.

When we allude to chimerical doctrines, as contrasted with the true principles of our social system, we should wish, however, to be clearly understood, as not actuated by any desire whatever to place limits to discussion. On the contrary, we think that there should be none. We hope that the day may soon arrive, when every man shall be at liberty to express his thoughts without reserve upon every subject, without being liable to the ex-officio informations of the Attorney-General, or to legal penalties of any description. In our opinion, the good sense of the community ought always to be looked to, as its best safeguard against pernicious doctrines of every sort, whether they be connected with politics or religion; and for this reason we hold that, above all things, it is the duty of the government to remove every obstacle that stands in the way of knowledge, and impedes its progress.

When we consider the extent and intricacy of the machinery which is to be found in our laws, directly, and intentionally, and cunningly contrived to multiply those obstacles, and prevent knowledge from reaching to the great masses of the people, we own that we are astonished, not that the people have made so few, but that they have, in point of fact, made so many accumulations of intellectual wealth. We know of no members of any community in the world, who are entitled to so much praise in this respect, as our own laborious mechanics. Toiling from the earliest dawn of day to its close, at their several occupations,—the smith in his foundry, the weaver at his loom, the bricklayer on his scaffold, the glass-blower at his furnace, the compositor at his desk, all at their various occupations for the maintenance of their families,—no sooner is the business of the day over, and the hum of industry subsided, than they very generally turn to some of those excellent publications, which have been recently circulated in this country for their especial benefit. Thus the long winter-night, formerly spent in idleness, dissipation, or gloom, is now made short, innocent, and cheerful to them, by being turned to their own improvement, and to that of their children, in the most valuable branches of information. Let there be amongst the millions of our population, but a fair proportion of intelligent men like these, and the most despotic of English kings, even George III., in whose reign more bad laws were passed or continued, than during the reign of all his predecessors put together, may sit upon the throne again. He may have for his prime-minister a Pitt, a Perceval, or a Sidmouth; for his Chancellor, an Eldon; for his Attorney General, a Wetherell or a Sugden; he and his minions may put down the press, and silence the Unions established throughout the country; but so long as the light of knowledge thus burns at the firesides of the uncorrupted and industrious families of this great community, not all the measures of the worst of kings, and of the most profligate of ministers, could ever succeed in extinguishing the elements of our freedom. These would live amidst the surrounding ruins, and, sooner or later, rise up like the Phœnix, with renovated strength, to renew the conflict between liberty and power.

The "march" of knowledge, as it has been sneeringly called, amongst the mechanics of this country, has been truly surprising, considering the difficulties which it has had to combat. An author, for instance, sits down to write a book, but before he can pen a line, he must first pay to the revenue a duty of three-pence upon every pound of paper which he intends to consume. His work completed, he next bargains with a bookseller to get half profits, perchance, for his copy-right, and if the bargain be reduced to writing, it will not be worth a farthing in a court of law unless it be stamped. The book is then printed upon paper, for which he must pay another duty, and before it can be published, its title must be announced, not once, but repeatedly, in advertisements, inserted in the newspapers and other periodical publications. For each of these advertisements the sum of three shillings and six-pence must be paid to the crown; and we need hardly say how often this payment must be renewed, considering how difficult it is to catch the ear, or rather the eye, of that great personage, the Public, concealed as he is behind the dense masses of the community. It sometimes unfortunately happens that he becomes so deaf and so stupid, that it is utterly impossible to make him hear or see at all. This is unfortunate. But it is rather too bad, that before an author can, as it were, make his bow before his patron, and mention to him even the first letter of the title of his work, he must have handed over to the king a great number of three shillings and six-pences, and three-pences, which would have been much better in his own scanty purse. The proprietor of the newspaper in which his advertisements are circulated, charges as much more, and often double the sum required for the duty. Hence, when the time for adjusting the account between the author and the publisher arrives, the former finds that all his profits, sometimes a great deal more, unhappily, have been already absorbed by the crown, and the newspaper proprietor, and the paper manufacturer.

This is not all. The latter has already advanced the duty upon the paper, and he of course charges an interest upon the capital so laid out, thus making a profit even upon the duty. The aggregate of this duty is so large, that none but large capitalists can be paper-manufacturers; and hence the business has become a monopoly, and the monopolists can charge what prices they please upon the different qualities of the article. Add to this, that if our author should wish to buy the newspapers in which his advertisements are inserted, he must for each of them pay the sum of seven-pence, of which four-pence go direct into the Exchequer, the remaining three-pence being shared in different proportions between the paper-manufacturer, the proprietor, and the various persons whom he employs, and the newsman; so that the crown, which has laid out no capital at all upon the concern, actually receives more than half the sum which is distributed amongst all the other parties interested put together! This is not taxation, but confiscation.

The evil does not stop here. This system of necessity deters many persons from publishing their thoughts to the world, and consequently from giving a great deal of employment, which they might otherwise afford, to lead-miners, type-founders, compositors, paper-manufacturers, press-men, steam-engine presses, binders, booksellers, and numerous other tradespeople connected with these, who might all be set in motion by that miraculous little instrument, the pen. The circle of knowledge is thus confined within limits comparatively very narrow to what they might be, especially the circle of political knowledge; for, like the manufacture of paper, the publication of newspapers has become a monopoly, into which none but large capitalists can enter. Hence their number is contemptibly small, considering the extent of our population. Taking into account the morning and evening, the weekly, and other newspapers printed in London, and in the different towns of the united kingdom, we do not suppose that they would furnish one for every three hundred persons in the community. The case is widely different in America, where almost every man who can read may have his journal at a very moderate price, and in which he may have his advertisements inserted for about a third of the sum which he would have to pay for them in England. We know of scarcely any legislative measure more desirable, than one which should abolish taxes of every description that affect the progress of knowledge; it is, in fact, one of the rights of industry, that the interchange of thought should be as free as the air we breathe.

Until this is accomplished, the press can never be truly said to be free. All restrictions upon it, of whatever kind they may be, whether they assume the form of stamp duty, advertisement duty, paper duty, or securities given before publication, act upon the press, to a certain extent, in the way of a previous censorship; and although the free spirit which is inherent in this country has, in some measure, loosened all these fetters, yet they are felt to be an incumbrance, they are all the remains of an odious tyranny, and they ought to be altogether removed.

As to the objection, that if the press were thus so completely open to all classes of thinkers and writers, it would become the constant vehicle for private and public slander, for immorality, irreligion, and disaffection, and it would be so licentious, that we should soon find it rather a nuisance than a benefit; we should say that we have no apprehensions of any such consequences. The experiment of a perfectly free press has never yet been tried in this country. As the law now stands, it does not and cannot prevent many abuses of the kind here complained of. We suppose that there is not in the world, a baser or a more degraded set of newspapers, than some three or four of the Sunday journals which we could name; no extension of freedom could possibly render them more licentious than they are; and the worst of the matter is, that they derive a sort of monopoly in their evil trade from the existing state of the laws. Destroy that monopoly by throwing open the trade, and you may depend upon it, that for one mischievous journal there will be three useful ones. The good sense of the community will principally patronize those publications, which contribute most to the general improvement and happiness, and the low Sabbath libeller will fall into the contempt which he richly merits.

It is to the confined condition in which the press at present exists, that we owe many of the errors which prevail in society connected with religion, and especially with the rights of persons. We have already, with the assistance of Mr. Cooper, the American lecturer upon political economy, pointed out a few of the mistakes into which the want of proper information has led some of the industrious classes, both in America and this country, with respect to the relations that exist between capital and labour. In France the same delusions appear to prevail, and to have broken out openly into action. The workmen at Lyons, considering that they were inadequately paid for their labour, demanded a higher rate of wages; and finding that their employers would not pay them according to the schedule of prices, which the operatives had fixed for themselves, they took arms, routed the national guards, and obtained and kept possession, for several days, of the second city of France. What was the result? The moment they became the masters, they found that, without laws, they could not proceed; they established order under the severest penalties; and after all what have they gained? Have they gained the higher prices of which they were in pursuit? Some compromise may perhaps be made between the contending parties for the present; but it is obvious that unless the state of the market enable the employer to pay the new schedule, he must abandon the place, and transfer his capital elsewhere, or cease to employ it in a trade in which he cannot be said to have a control over his own property. The present state of the silk manufactures in Lyons, and other parts of France, forbids the hope of any considerable rise for a long time in that article. Indeed, we should say, that, on the contrary, every year will witness still greater reductions in the prices of every article produced by human labour and machinery; and unless the mechanics be generally taught to look upon this inevitable fate of trade, in a reasonable and proper point of view, we may as well at once take measures of preparation against a servile war—a war which can end only in their destruction.

It is dreadful to contemplate the consequences to which such a war would lead in this country; the new restrictions which it would cause to be imposed upon the press and upon personal liberty; and, above all, the immeasurable distance to which it would throw back those ameliorations of society, so anxiously sought for and expected by every friend of mankind. Let us, therefore, hope that our countrymen will be warned by the example of the operatives of Lyons; that they will calmly examine their own situation, weigh justly the rights that really belong to them, and not be led away merely by their physical strength, to suppose that they can, for their own advantage, set at nought the established and just order of society.

What, after all, is this labour of which they boast? What could it effect in a civilized country, without the assistance of capital? Send the silk weaver, or the ivory carver, the painter or the glazier, to a desert island, and what can he do there? His first business would be to procure himself food. He would spend his days in gathering wild fruits; he would seek out a cave to shelter himself in; he must hunt the wild beasts for skins to clothe himself with; he must, in short, do every thing for himself; he has nobody to assist him. Here his labour would be endless, because it would be solitary; and he would soon become, like the savage of Aveyron, a mere brute from the meanness of his wants. Let us suppose that a vessel is wrecked upon the shore, and that our operative finds in it a saw, a hatchet, and other convenient instruments for the construction of a habitation. Already he is raised above the rank of the savage of Aveyron; he can provide himself with comfortable shelter against the winter; he has possibly found in the wreck seeds and plants, which he transfers to the soil, and thus he soon begins to be above want. But to what does he owe this amelioration of his condition? To the assistance which he has received from capital, for it was capital that purchased the instruments, the seeds and plants, which he has made use of for his benefit. He now begins to accumulate, he has more food than he wants, and he puts something by for "the rainy day." He, in fact, acquires capital. If we now suppose that a ship touches at the island, and happens to be in want of some of the things which he has so accumulated in the shape of capital, he will be able to exchange them for many articles which he could not make for himself, and which would tend greatly to his personal comfort and convenience. He now begins to understand the value of commerce; his new additions greatly facilitate his further labours, he accumulates more and more, again effects fresh exchanges, and, in time, supposing him to live by choice alone on his island, he finds himself a capitalist, in the full sense of the word. But the next time a ship arrives, the sailors land, and rob him of all his acquisitions, so that he again becomes a poor man, and he has nothing wherewith to make fresh exchanges. The robbery is an injustice committed against him, who had accumulated the property by a course of successful labour, and an injury to the party, who would have carried on the lawful exchange with him; it strikes, therefore, at the very foundation of commerce, which cannot exist unless in countries where property is secure. Thus we arrive at two principles; first, that capital is the result of labour, and that capital of one kind cannot be exchanged for capital of another, unless the property of all be equally secure.

Let us put this matter in another point of view. If we suppose that our operative, thrown upon a desert island, has the means of procuring by labour the food and raiment necessary for his existence, but is informed that the moment he begins to save, his accumulations will be destroyed by ants which infest the island, or by marauders who occasionally visit it. Assured that all the labour which exceeds the necessities of the day, will be so much labour thrown away; he would, as a rational man, forbear from doing more than was strictly required from him for his own subsistence. Thus we see, that insecurity of property, from whatever cause it springs, would have a decided tendency to prevent accumulation, and there would then, in fact, be no property at all. The moment, therefore, that our operative would become, from old age, or illness, incapable of active labour, he would be the most miserable of men, and would eventually die of starvation.

If, instead of placing our operative upon a desert island, we land him in one of the United States of America, where civilized society has already been established, how is he to proceed, supposing that he has, as most men have, the desire of becoming "possessed of a competency?" He finds that there are numbers around him masters of considerable fortunes, but that he cannot get from any of them any part of their wealth, unless he offer them something in exchange for it. He has, however, nothing to offer, and he will never have any thing unless he labours for it. He obtains employment from the only person who could give it to him—a capitalist: he saves part of his wages, and puts it into the saving bank: his little store increases by his frugality and care, and by-and-by, when his accumulations enable him to become an exchanger, or, in other words, a merchant, he will probably become as wealthy as the wealthiest of those whom he envied on his first arrival. Here again we see the utility of capital, which could not exist without previous labour and security of property; for if there had been no previous labour there would have been no capital, and if capital had not been secured to its owner by the common consent of society, there would have been nobody to give the stranger employment. He would have found all the inhabitants of the place as destitute as himself; and if he had only a coat upon his back, he would have hastened to shift his quarters from a spot where that coat would not very long, in all probability, have remained his own.

This point of the security of property is further elucidated and enforced in the little work before us, in a most able argument, clearly the production of a writer different from the individual who has elaborated the greater part of the volume.

'The value of an article produced is the labour required for its production.

'Capital, the accumulation of past labour, represents the entire amount of that labour which is not consumed;—it is the old labour stored up for exchange with new labour.

'Those who attach an exclusive value to new labour as distinguished from old labour—or labour as distinguished from capital—say that the new production shall be stimulated by the old production, without allowing the old production to be exchanged against the new;—that is, that the old production shall be an instrument for the reward of new labour, but not a profitable one to its possessor.

'The doctrine therefore amounts to this; that labour shall be exchanged with labour, but not with the produce of labour,—or that there shall be no exchange whatever; for if the present labourers are to have the sole benefit of the capital, the principle of exchange, in which both exchangers benefit, is destroyed. There must be an end of all exchanges when the things to be exchanged are not equally desired by both parties. If the capitalist is to lend or give the capital to the labourer, without a profit, or without a perfect freedom which would entitle him to withhold it if no profit could be obtained, the balance is destroyed between capital and labour. Accumulation is then at an end; because the security of the thing accumulated to the accumulator is at an end. The security is at an end, because, if the new labour is to have the advantage of the old labour without compensation or exchange, the new labour must take the old labour by force or fraud; for the new cannot proceed without the old;—labour cannot stir without capital. Accumulation, therefore, being at an end, labour for an object beyond the wants of an hour is at an end. Society resolves itself into its first elements. We return to the powerless condition, first of the North American Indians;—and thence, having overturned the security of property which they respect, we go backward to the state of man in the lowest depth of brute degradation, such as scarcely exists amongst the rudest tribes.

'Feeling, therefore, as we must do when not blinded by ignorance or a desire for plunder, that production depends upon the union of capital and labour, and that the first right of each is security of property, let us see what facility of production does for the condition of the lowest and the feeblest man—such as the prodigal, who would have starved at once had there been imperfect production, or, at any rate, could never have passed out of the condition of a labourer.

'When we look at the nature of the accumulated wealth of society, it is easy to see that the poorest member of it who dedicates himself to profitable labour, is in a certain sense rich,—rich, as compared with the unproductive and therefore poor individuals of any uncivilized tribe. The very scaffolding, if we may so express it, of the social structure, and the moral forces by which that structure was reared, and is upheld, is to him riches. To be rich is to possess the means of supplying our wants—to be poor is to be destitute of those means. Riches do not consist only of money and hands, of stores of food or clothing, of machines and tools. The particular knowledge of any art—the general understanding of the laws of nature,—the habit from experience of doing any work in the readiest way,—the facility of communicating ideas by written language,—the enjoyment of institutions conceived in the spirit of social improvement,—the use of the general conveniences of civilized life, such as roads,—these advantages, which the poorest man in England possesses or may possess, constitute individual property. They are means for the supply of wants, which in themselves are essentially more valuable for obtaining his full share of what is appropriated, than if all the productive powers of nature were unappropriated, and if, consequently, these great elements of civilization did not exist. Society obtains its almost unlimited command over riches, by the increase and preservation of knowledge, and by the division of employments, including union of power. In his double capacity of a consumer and a producer, the humblest man has the full benefit of these means of wealth—of these great instruments by which the productive power of labour is carried to its highest point.

'But if these common advantages, these public means of society, offering so many important agents to the individual for the gratification of his wants, alone are worth more to him than all the precarious power of the savage state,—how incomparably greater are his advantages, when we consider the wonderful accumulations, in the form of private wealth, which are ready to be exchanged with the labour of all those who are in a condition to add to the store. It has been truly said, " it is a great misfortune to be poor, but it is a much greater misfortune for the poor man to be surrounded only with other poor like himself." The reason is obvious. The productive power of labour can be carried but a very little way without accumulation of capital. In a highly civilized country, capital is heaped up on every side by ages of toil and perseverance. A succession, during a long series of years, of small advantages to individuals unceasingly renewed and carried forward by the principle of exchanges, has produced this prodigious amount of the aggregate capital of a country whose civilization is of ancient date. This accumulation of the means of existence, and of all that makes existence comfortable, is principally resulting from the labours of those who have gone before us. It is a stock which was beyond their own immediate wants, and which was not extinguished with their lives. It is our capital. It has been produced by labour alone, physical and mental. It can be kept up only by the same power which has created it, carried to the highest point of productiveness by the arrangements of society.'—pp. 58—62.

From this reasoning it follows obviously, that without capital labour cannot be profitably employed; that the more capital there is in a country, the greater will be the extent of profitable employment; and that every thing done to waste or injure the former, tends equally to the reduction of the latter. Thus the fires which consumed so many stacks of corn last winter, and which seem to have been to some extent renewed during the present winter, instead of serving the agricultural labourers, are actually more ruinous to them than to any other class of society. They, deluded men, imagine, that by destroying the corn already accumulated, they will compel the occupiers of the land to farm more extensively next year, and of course to employ a greater number of hands. But they do not reflect, that for every stack which they burn, they take so much out of the pocket of the farmer, and that consequently he will not be able to employ so many labourers next year as he employed last harvest. If these fires continue, there will be no accumulations of corn at all, or they will be warehoused at an expense which would still affect the farmer's gains, and limit his means of affording employment to the labourer. Similar evils occurred in this country in former times. 'When a solitary farmer,' says the author of the work before us, 'or abbot, attempted to accumulate corn, which accumulation could alone prevent the dreadful famines invariably resulting from having no stock that might be available upon a bad harvest, the people burnt the ricks of the provident men, by way of lessening the evils of scarcity. The consequence was, that no person thought of accumulating at all, and that the price of wheat often rose, just before harvest, from five shillings a quarter to five pounds!' Here is a striking instance of the consequences which inevitably arise from the insecurity of property. The author places this point in a still stronger light.

> 'During these dark periods the crown carried on the war against capital with an industry that could not be exceeded by that of the nobles or the people. Before the great charter the Commons complained that King Henry seized upon whatever was suited to his royal pleasure—horses, implements, food, any thing that presented itself in the shape of accumulated labour. In the reign of Henry III. a statute was passed to remedy excessive distresses; from which it appeared that it was no unfrequent practice for the king's officers to take the opportunity of seizing the farmer's oxen, at the moment when they were employed in ploughing, or, as the statute says, "winning the earth,"—taking them off, and starving them to death, or only restoring them with new and enormous exactions for their keep. Previous to the Charter of the Forest no man could dig a marl-pit on his own ground, lest the king's horses should fall into it when he was hunting. As late as the time of James the First we find, from a speech of the great Lord Bacon, that it was a pretty constant practice of the king's purveyors to extort large sums of money by threatening to cut down favourite trees which grew near a mansion-house, or in avenues. Despotism, in al ages, has depopulated the finest countries, by rendering capital insecure and therefore unproductive; insomuch that Montesquieu lays it down as a maxim, that lands are not cultivated in proportion to their fertility, but in proportion to their freedom. In the fifteenth century, in England, we find sums of money voted for the restoration of decayed towns and villages Just laws would have restored them much more quickly and effectually The state of agriculture was so low, that the most absurd enactments were made to compel farmers to till and sow their own lands, and calling upon every man to plant at least forty beans. All the laws for the regulation of labourers, at the same period, assumed that they should be *compelled* to work, and not wander about the country, just in the same way tha farmers should be compelled to sow and till. It is perfectly clear that th

> towns would not have been depopulated, and gone to decay, if the accumulation of capital had not been obstructed by insecurity and wasted by ignorance; and that the same insecurity, and the same waste, rendered it necessary to assume that the farmer would not till and sow, and the labourer would not labour, without compulsion. The natural stimulus to industry was wanting, and therefore there was no industry, or only unprofitable industry. The towns decayed—the country was uncultivated—production languished—the people were all poor and wretched; and the government dreamt that acts of parliament and royal ordinances could rebuild the houses and cultivate the land, when the means of building and cultivation, namely, the capital of the country, was exhausted by injustice producing insecurity.'—pp. 81—83.

Considering the miseries which this system of depredation must have produced, we cannot be surprised to find it stated by Harrison, that, during the single reign of Henry VIII., seventy-two thousand thieves were hanged in England. If the law had been properly enforced, it is not improbable that this number would have been doubled, as in such a condition of society, there being no security whatever for property, it must have been looked upon as common prey wherever it was found.

If it be necessary that capital, which gives employment to labour, shall be protected, it is equally necessary and just, that labour, which produces capital, shall also be protected to the utmost possible extent. His labour is in fact the property of the poor man; as such he ought to be as much master of it as the rich man is of his wealth, and entitled at all times to take it freely to the best market. If he make a contract with respect to the performance of any work, that contract he must of course be bound to fulfil, so long as the person who employs him keeps the engagement upon his side. If there be any laws upon the statute-book, or any privileges of a municipal character, which interfere injuriously with the free course of labour, they ought undoubtedly to be removed. The author goes farther, and proposes that the labourer should be rescued, not only from the effect of corporate monopolies, but also from those of masters and workmen; 'and that he may turn from one employment to another, if he so think fit, without being confined to the trade he originally learnt, or may strike into any line of employment, without having regularly learnt it at all.' We can hardly think that it would be for the benefit of the workman, that a system should prevail altogether so free from restraint, as that suggested in the latter part of the last sentence. It would go to destroy the necessity for apprenticeships, the only means we have of compelling young persons to initiate themselves in the practice of any handicraft, and would render them all so many idlers. If apprenticeships should still be deemed expedient, it would be but fair also, that men regularly brought up to a trade, and who have devoted three, five, or seven years, to the acquisition of it, should not be liable to be thrown out of employment by persons who, having never learned such trade, might by some accident become expert in its mysteries. The time devoted to apprenticeship ought to be considered as so much capital added to labour; and the person who appears in the market without that capital, ought not, in common fairness, to be allowed to compete with the man who appears with it. The workman who has gone through a regular course of apprenticeship in any business, ought undoubtedly to have a preference, as compared with the workman who has passed through no such ordeal. We would apply this observation, however, only to those crafts in which apprenticeships are essentially necessary. All the others we would throw open to the most unlimited competition.

The history which the author gives of the oppressive laws which formerly existed in this country, affecting labourers of every description, seems to be accurately compiled, and fraught with many lessons eminently instructive to the legislator. Originally, they were villeins, or slaves; centuries elapsed before they were permitted a modified share of freedom, and even that share was repeatedly altered and diminished by acts of parliament. Sometimes their wages were regulated; sometimes they were confined like paupers, to their native parishes; sometimes their costume was prescribed, and persons not worth forty shillings were compelled 'to wear the coarsest cloth, called russet, and to be served once a day with meat, or fish, and the offal of other victuals.' But as the prices of the necessary articles of life constantly fluctuated, and frequently were so high, that wages, abundantly sufficient under one price, would not afford even 'offal' under another: the legislature next attempted, with the assistance of the magistrates, to vary the scale of wages by that of the prices of the ordinary necessaries. This was found, upon trial, to be impracticable. The legislature still went on in its system of regulating labour, until it reduced great numbers of the operatives to pauperism, and then the poor laws commenced that destructive career, which they are still pursuing—a career not less pernicious to the labourer than it is to the country at large; and which, sooner or later, must terminate in consequences of a tremendous character, unless the condition of the workmen be taken into serious consideration, and be very materially improved.

The subject, though one of great difficulty, is not, however, altogether intangible. It is true that the numbers of the labouring population have vastly increased, and that it might, perhaps, be found impossible to afford them all constant and beneficial employment at home. If upon patient and full examination this should be found to be the fact, it might, perhaps, be met by a well-regulated system of perpetual emigration to the colonies. There are those who maintain, that abundant occupation might easily be found at home, for every person of matured strength in this country. The labourer complains that this "might be" is never realized; and while authors are reasoning upon possibilities, he is starving in the circumstances that actually exist. At the same time, it is perfectly manifest, that if the population of workmen has greatly increased, the capital of the country has also accumulated to an unprecedented amount. For instance, it appears, that in the year 1788, only sixty thousand tons of cast-iron were manufactured in England, whereas, in 1828, the produce of cast-iron amounted to no fewer than six hundred thousand tons. Here is an increase in consumption, and of course in capital, which would seem to exceed the proportional increase of the population within the same period. If we look at the enormous amount of all the articles produced at present in Great Britain alone, we should be disposed to assume, that it is almost impossible for any considerable portion of our labouring population to be long out of employment, for without their assistance such production could not take place.

‘Of *wheat*, fifteen million quarters are annually consumed in Great Britain. This is about a quarter of wheat to each individual. Of *malt*, twenty-five million bushels are annually used in breweries and distilleries in the United Kingdon ; and there are forty-six thousand acres under cultivation with *hops*. Of the quantity of potatoes and other vegetables consumed we have no accounts. Of meat, about one million, two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, sheep, and pigs, are sold during the year in Smithfield market alone, which is probably about a tenth of the consumption of the whole kingdom. The quantity of *tea* consumed in the United Kingdom, is about thirty million pounds annually. Of *sugar*, nearly four million hundred-weights, or about five hundred million lbs. every year ; which is a consumption of twenty pounds for every individual, reckoning the population at twenty-five millions ; and of *coffee* about twenty million lbs. are annually consumed. Of *soap*, one hundred and fourteen million lbs. are consumed ; and of *candles*, about a hundred and seventeen million pounds. Of sea-borne *coals* alone, there are about three million chaldron consumed in England and Wales ; and it is estimated that, adding the coals of the midland counties, each person of the population consumes a chaldron throughout the kingdom. Of clothing, we annually manufacture about two hundred million lbs. of cotton wool, which produce twelve hundred million yards of calico and various other cotton fabrics, and of these we export about a third ; so that eight hundred million yards remain for home consumption, being about thirty-two yards annually for each person. The woollen manufacture consumes about thirty million lbs. of wool. Of *hides* and *skins* about fifty million are annually tanned and dressed. Of *paper*, about fifty million lbs. are yearly manufactured, which is about two million reams, of five hundred sheets to the ream.

‘To carry on the commerce of this country with foreign nations, and between distant parts of the United Kingdom, there are twenty thousand ships in constant employ, belonging to our own merchants. To carry on the commerce with ourselves, the total length of our turnpike-roads is twenty-five thousand miles, and three thousand miles of canals. To produce food for the inhabitants of the country, we have forty million acres under cultivation. To clothe them we have millions of spindles worked by steam, instead of a few thousand turned by hand, as they were a centur ago. The fixed capital of the country insured in fire-offices, that insurance being far short of its real amount, is above five hundred million pound sterling. The fixed capital uninsured, or not represented by this specie of insurance, is perhaps as much. The capital expended in improvemen in land, is, we should conceive, equal to the capital which is represente by houses, and furniture, and shipping, and stocks of goods. The publi capital of the country expended in roads, canals, docks, harbours, an buildings, is equal to at least half the private capital. All this capital i the accumulated labour of two thousand years, when the civilization of th country first began. The greater portion of it is the accumulated labou of the last four hundred years, when labour and capital, through the partial abolition of slavery, first began to work together with freedom, an therefore with energy and skill.'—pp. 121—124.

But much of this, it will be said by the workman, is the resul of machinery. So it is, and without machinery, perhaps the tentl part of this production could not have taken place, even with th assistance of a much larger population—a fact of itself which shew the great utility of machinery, without which the common necessaries of food and clothing, and the ordinary articles of convenience would be at least four or five times the price they are. Machiner is the result of science, and science is the result of the noblest o all labour, the labour of the intellect. The benefits which thi species of labour have conferred upon mankind, are very neatly pu forth in this little treatise.

' A seaman, by the guidance of principles laid down by the great mind that have directed their mathematical powers to the study of astronomy— such minds as those of Newton and La Place,—measures the moon's apparent distance from a particular star. He turns to a page in the Nautica Almanac, and, by a calculation, directed principally by this table, can determine whereabout he is upon the broad ocean, although he may not hav seen land for three months. Sir W. Herschell, a mathematician of ou own times, who has united to the greatest scientific reputation the rar desire to make the vast possessions of the world of science accessible t all, has given, in his " Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," a instance of the accuracy of such lunar observations, in an account of voyage of eight thousand miles, by Captain Basil Hall, who, without single landmark during eighty-nine days, ran his ship into the harbour o Rio as accurately, and with as little deviation, as a coachman drives hi stage into an inn-yard. But what has this, you say, to do with the pric of clothing ?—Exactly this : part of the price arises from the cost of transport. If there were no " lunar distances" in the Nautical Almanac, th voyage from New York to Liverpool might require three months instead o three weeks. But go a step farther back in the influence of science upo navigation. There was a time when ships could hardly venture to leav the shore. In the days of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, a man who ha made three voyages across the Straits was entitled to rank as a thane, o nobleman. This feat, then held of so much difficulty, and therefore s highly honoured, is now as easy as crossing the Thames from Westminste to Lambeth. Long after this early period of England's navigation, voyage across the Atlantic could never have been attempted. That was before the invention of the mariner's compass; but even after that invention, when astronomy was not scientifically applied to navigation, long voyages were considered in the highest degree dangerous. The crews both of Vasco de Gama, who discovered the passage to India, and of Columbus, principally consisted of criminals, who were pardoned on condition of undertaking a service of such peril. The discovery of magnetism, however, changed the whole principle of navigation, and raised seamanship to a science. If the mariner's compass had not been invented, America could never have been discovered; and if America, and the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, had never been discovered, cotton would never have been brought to England; and if cotton had never been brought to England, we should have been as badly off for clothing as the people of the middle ages, and the million of working men and women, manufacturers of cotton, would have been without employment.

'Astronomy, therefore, you see, and navigation, both sciences the results of long ages of patient inquiry, have opened a communication between the uttermost ends of the earth; and therefore have had a slow, but certain effect upon the production of wealth, and the consequent diffusion of all the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of civilized life. The connexion between manufactures and science, practical commerce and abstract speculation, is so intimate that it might be traced in a thousand striking instances. Columbus, the discoverer of America, satisfied his mind that the earth was round; and when he had got this abstract idea firmly in his head, he next became satisfied that he should find a new continent by sailing in a westerly course. The abstract notion which filled the mind of Columbus that the earth was a sphere, ultimately changed the condition of every living being in the Old World that then existed, or has since existed. The course of the great river Niger, in Africa, has just been discovered by an enterprising man who was servant to a naval officer who perished in attempting to make the discovery. The knowledge of the course of this river, and its connexion with the sea, may, in process of time, have the greatest influence upon the commerce of England; but the problem to be solved—the difficulty of determining its course—had occupied the minds of the scientific men of Europe long before the question was set at rest by this persevering traveller, after so many others had sunk under the dangers and fatigues of the attempt. In the year 1488, the first geographical maps and charts that had been seen in England were brought hither by the brother of the great Christopher Columbus. If these maps had not been constructed by the unceasing labours of men in their closets, Columbus would never have thought of discovering "the unknown land" which occupied his whole soul. If the scanty knowledge of geography which existed in the time of Columbus had not received immense additions from the subsequent labours of other students of geography, England would not have twenty thousand merchant ships ready to trade wherever men have anything to exchange,—that is, wherever men are enabled to give of their abundance for our abundance, each being immensely benefited by the intercourse. A map now appears a common thing, but it is impossible to overrate the extent of the accumulated observations that go to make up a map. An almanac seems a common thing, but it is impossible to overrate the prodigious accumulations of science that go to make up an almanac.

With these accumulations, it is now no very difficult matter to construct a map or an almanac. But if society could be deprived of the accumulations, and we had to re-create and remodel everything for the formation of our map and our almanac, it would, perhaps, require many centuries before these accumulations could be built up again; and all the arts of life would go backward, for want of the guidance of the principles of which the map and the almanac are the interpreters for popular use.

'Science, we see, connects distant regions, and renders the world one great commercial market. Science is, therefore, a chief instrument in the production of commercial wealth. But we have a world beneath our feet which science has only just now begun to explore. We want fuel and metallic ore to be raised from the bowels of the earth; and, till within a few years, we used to dig at random when we desired to dig a mine, or confided the outlay of thousands of pounds to be used in digging, to some quack whose pretensions to knowledge were even more deceptive than a reliance upon chance. The science of geology, almost within the last quarter of a century, has been able, upon certain principles, to determine where coal especially can be found, by knowing in what strata of earth coal is necessarily formed; and thus the expense of digging through earth to search for coal, when science would at once pronounce that no coal was there, has been altogether withdrawn from the amount of capital to be expended in the raising of coal. That this saving has not been small, we may know from the fact, that eighty thousand pounds were expended fruitlessly in digging for coal at Bexhill, in Sussex, not many years ago, which expense geology would have instantly prevented; and have thus accumulated capital, and given a profitable stimulus to labour, by saving their waste.

'Whatever diminishes the risk to life or health, in any mechanical operation, or any exertion of bodily labour, lessens the cost of production, by diminishing the premium which is charged by the producers to cover the risk. The safety-lamp of Sir Humphry Davy, by diminishing the waste of human life employed in raising coals, diminished the price of coals. The magnetic mask, which prevents iron-filings escaping down the throats of grinders and polishers, and thus prevents the consumption of the lungs, to which these trades are peculiarly obnoxious, would diminish the price of steel goods, if the workmen did not prefer receiving the premium in the shape of higher wages, to the health and long life which they would get, without the premium, by the use of the mask. This is not wisdom on the part of the workmen. But whether they are wise or not, the natural and inevitable influence of the discovery, sooner or later, to lessen the cost of production in that trade, by lessening the risk of the labourers, must be established. The lightning conductor of Franklin, which is used very generally on the Continent, and almost universally in shipping, diminishes the risk of property, in the same way that the safety-lamp diminishes the risk of life; and, by this diminution, the rate of insurance is lessened, and the cost of production therefore lessened. Lightning is one of the destructive forces of Nature, in particular cases, which science knows how to control. A few years ago, all the timber in the Hartz Forest in Germany was destroyed by a species of beetle, which, gnawing completely round the bark, prevented the sap from rising. This destructive animal made its appearance in England; and science very soon discovered the cause of the evil, and provided for its removal. If there had been no knowledge of natural history here, not a tree would have been left in our woods;—and what then would have been the cost of timber?'—pp. 140—147.

The connection of the sciences and arts with morality and religion, with order, the due administration of justice, and the general cultivation of the mind, shews that the profitable labourers of the community are not merely those who are engaged in manual occupations; and that therefore it is ridiculous, as well as improper, to class the workmen, in the way that has lately been attempted in this country, for political purposes. The schoolmaster, the author who applies his mind to the elucidation of important truths, the judge who impartially administers the laws, the advocate who faithfully defends the rights of his clients, the medical man who cures disease, the soldier and the sailor who protect the honour and independence of the country,—are all labourers, fully as useful in their respective departments, as the silk-weaver, the cotton-weaver, the potter, the saddler, the glazier, the smith, or any other of those numerous workmen, who occasionally make their complaints in the loudest terms. Nay, even the poet, the novelist, and the painter, are useful labourers in their way. Although they deal chiefly with the world of the imagination, their productions afford enjoyment and relief; they explore the utmost depths and resources of the mind, and frequently animate the exertions of those, whose occupations wear a more serious form. They moreover afford employment to paper-manufacturers, printers, and engravers, and thus are, in fact, doubly useful.

'It was an ignorant fashion amongst the mental labourers of other days to despise your class, the physical labourers. They have learnt to know your value; and you should learn to know theirs. Both classes are working-classes. No one can say that the mental labourers are not workers. They are, we may truly affirm, taken as a class, the hardest workers in the community. No one ever reached eminence in these pursuits without unwearied industry: the most eminent have been universally despisers of ease and sloth, and have felt their highest pleasures in the absorbing devotion of their entire minds to the duties of their high calling. They have wooed Knowledge as a mistress that could not be won without years of unwearied assiduity. The most eminent, too, have been practical men, despising no inquiry, however trifling it might appear to common eyes, and shrinking from no occupation, however tedious, as long as it was connected with their higher duties. The *positive* influence even of the labours of the poets and the artists, upon the advance of other labour, might be easily shown. In their productions, especially, supply goes before demand, and creates demand. It has been calculated, by an American writer, that the number of workmen who have been set in action—paper-makers, printers, binders—by the writings of Sir Walter Scott alone, in all countries, would, if gathered together, form a community that would fill a large town. The Potteries of Etruria, in Staffordshire, could not have existed unless Mr. Wedgwood had introduced into our manufacture of china the forms of Grecian art, bequeathed to us by the taste of two thousand years ago, and thus created a demand, which has furnished profitable labour to thousands. But this, as we have already shewn you, is not the principal way of viewing the influence of science, and literature, and art, upon all other industry. To reduce every labour in art, or literature, or science, to the same standard of value by which manual labour is measured, would be as absurd as the tasteless ignorance of the Spaniards, who applied a rare and valuable antique bust to serve as the weight to a church clock. Any attempt to put the mental labourers upon the same footing of value as the labourers without skill, would be as impossible as it would be mischievous, if it were possible; for in that case production would decline, and ultimately cease altogether, for the fountains of labour with skill would be dried up. Capital must go forward working with accumulation of knowledge; and fortunately, if you, the working-men, adapt yourselves to this natural energy of capital, you will yourselves become the accumulators of knowledge. Manual labour is only in the highest degree required in the early settlement of a country. When a dense population succeeds to a scattered one, labour with skill is called into action. Your counter-control to the absorbing power of capital is the equally absorbing power of skill—for that also is capital. Knowledge is power, because knowledge is property.' —pp. 152—154.

Knowledge, capital, and labour, then, are the three presiding powers, which set the community in motion upon terms of the greatest advantage to that community, in a collective point of view. Capital could not be usefully applied without knowledge, and neither could exist without labour. It should therefore be the business of those who divide the three powers amongst them, to stand upon the most friendly relations with each other, for they cannot go on without constant mutual assistance. The Indian hunter is a labourer when he pursues the moose deer, and clothes himself with its skin. But he cannot manufacture cloth, because he has neither the knowledge nor the capital, which are necessary to carry on the different parts of the process, essential to the production of that article. The largest capital in the world would be comparatively useless, if it were applied to production without being directed by knowledge; and the same capital so applied by the most consummate knowledge, would be utterly ineffective without the co-operation of labour, which is again rendered more powerful in proportion as it is skilfully divided. Let us take as an instance of the necessity that exists, for even the most minute divisions of labour, the conversion of wool into a coat.

'The first class of persons who prepare the wool, are the sorters and pickers. It is their business to separate the fine from the coarse locks, so that each may be suited to different fabrics. There is judgment required, which could not exist without division of labour; and the business, too, must be done rapidly, or the cost of sorting and picking would outweigh the advantage. The second principal operation is scouring. Here the men are constantly employed in washing the wool, to free it from all impurities. It is evident that the same man could not profitably pass from the business of sorting to that of scouring, and back again,—from dry work to wet, and from wet to dry. When the wool is out of the hands of the scourers it comes into those of the dyers, who colour it with the various chemical agents applied to the manufacture. The carders next receive it, who tear it with machines till it attains the requisite firmness. From the carders it passes to the slubbers, who form it into tough loose threads; and thence to spinners, who make the threads finer and stronger. There are subdivisions of employment which are not essential for us to notice, to give you an idea of the great division of employment, and the consequent accumulation of peculiar skill, required to prepare wool to be made into yarn, to be made into woollen cloth.

'The next stages in the manufacture are the spinning, the warping, the sizing, and the weaving. These are all distinct operations, and are all carried forward with the most elaborate machinery, adapted to the division of labour which it enforces, and by which it is enforced.

'But there is a great deal still to be done before the cloth is fit to be worn. The cloth, now woven, has to be scoured as the wool was. There is a subsequent process called burling, at which females are constantly employed. The boiling and milling come next, in which the cloth is again exposed to the action of water, and beaten so as to give it toughness and consistency. Dressers, called giggers, next take it in hand, who also work with machinery upon the wet cloth. It has then to be dried in houses where the temperature is sometimes as high as 130 degrees; and where the men work almost naked. It is evident that the boilers and dressers could not profitably work in the dry-houses; and that there must be division of employment to prevent those sudden transitions which would destroy the human frame much more quickly than a regular exposure to cold or heat, to damp or dryness. The cloth must be next cropped or cut upon the face, to remove the shreds of wool which deform the surface in every direction. When cut, it has to be brushed dry by machinery, to get out the croppings which remain in its texture. This done, it is dyed in the shape of cloth, as it was formerly dyed in the shape of wool. Then come a variety of processes, to increase the delicacy of the fabric:—singeing, by passing the cloth within a burning distance of red-hot cylinders; frizing, to raise a nap upon the cloth; glossing, by carrying over it heavy heated plates of iron; pressing, in which operation of the press red-hot plates are also employed; and drawing, in which men, with fine needles, draw up minute holes in the cloth when it has passed through the last operation. Then comes the packing; and after all these processes it must be bought by a wholesale dealer, and again by a retailer, before it reaches the consumer. Between the growth of the fleece of wool, and the completion of a coat by a skilful tailor,—who, it is affirmed, puts five-and-twenty thousand stitches into it,—what an infinite division of employments! what inventions of science! what exercises of ingenuity! what unwearied application! what painful, and too often unhealthy labour! And yet if men are to be clothed well and cheaply, all these manifold processes are not in vain; and the individual injury in some branches of the employ is not to be compared to the suffering that would ensue if cloth were not made at all, or if it were made at such a cost that the most wealthy only could afford to wear it.'—pp. 160—163.

But how could all this varied process have been completed without the *assistance of capital,* and how could capital ever be applied to this, or to any purpose requiring extensive premises and machinery, if capital were not held sacred and inviolable? If the workmen of Lyons eventually succeed in establishing a higher scale of wages than the profits of the silk trade enable their employers to pay, we may predict that the silk trade will soon disappear from Lyons altogether. It is recorded that the cloth trade quitted another town in France, Verriers, where it was once established, because the morals of the people were so depraved, and the police so ineffective, that the thefts committed in the various stages of the manufacture were calculated at no less than eight per cent. High wages, when the state of the market does not afford them, are but a different form of plunder, and if they be sanctioned by an order of the magistrate, he may as well set fire to all the silk factories in Lyons at once. Capital is endangered not merely by the want of legal security, but by all unjust encroachments, and especially by those irritations which, when encouraged amongst workmen by mischievous persons, lead to combinations and frequently to the destruction of property. Fair wages they have a right to obtain; but any demand beyond that point, is not only unreasonable upon their part, but injudicious in the extreme, and injurious to themselves, for it very often causes a suspension of employment, and produces, if we may so express ourselves, a system of agitation, embarrassment, and uncertainty, which renders the capitalist anxious to withdraw both his money and his skill from business altogether.

The workmen may be convinced that those are their best friends, who, like the author of the excellent little treatise before us, at the same time that they inform them of their rights, convey to them also a knowledge of their duties. No individual, or divisional number of individuals, living in a civilized community, can have separate rights for themselves, unconnected with the rights of others. Perhaps we should speak more properly if we were to say, that the word "rights" ought to be exclusively resolved into "duties," for as long as we are connected in society with our fellow men, we are bound towards each other by reciprocal obligations, which best express the relations in which we all stand towards each other. One man can have no right to do that which is injurious to another: to abstain from this is an imperative duty. The labourer is worthy of his hire. To pay the hire is the duty of the employer. Civil liberty is the right of the subject. To secure that liberty is the duty of the legislature, and of the executive. Thus rights on one side are duties on another, and we should contemplate them chiefly in that point of view, because it is the one that leads us most powerfully to feel that we are, in fact, members of one community, in which the interests of one individual are the interests of all.

ART. II.—1. *The Truths of Revelation Demonstrated by an Appeal to existing Monuments, Sculptures, Gems, Coins, and Medals.* By a Fellow of several Learned Societies. 8vo. pp. 276. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

2. *The Unknown Tongues discovered to be English, Spanish, and Latin; and the Rev. Edward Irving proved to be erroneous in attributing their utterance to the influence of the Holy Spirit.* By George Pilkington. 8vo. pp. 36. London: Field and Bull. 1831.

THE proofs which exist, beyond the internal evidence of the Sacred Writings, in support of their divine origin, cannot be too frequently brought before the public eye in times like these, when the tide of opinion is setting in with tremendous force against the frail foundations of the established church. Its destruction has been already sealed in Ireland. The speech of his Majesty on opening the present session of Parliament, candidly admits the fact that there is, among the people of that country, a settled system of opposition to the payment of tithes, and that no hope being entertained of conquering that opposition by the application of law, or even the force of arms, the tithes must be given up altogether, and another financial system for the support of the Protestant clergy substituted for that ancient and most odious tribute. England will not long remain behind Ireland in getting rid of a similar nuisance. But there is great danger that the discussions to which these measures may give rise, will indispose the great mass of the people to the truths of Christianity, when they come to understand, as they will soon understand, that those precious truths have, in fact, been used as instruments for plundering them of their money, in order to maintain hosts of hypocrites under the name of clergy. It would be a serious, and, we fear, an irreparable evil, if the thorough reformation, or rather subversion of the Anglican church, which we hope one day to witness, were to be followed by indifference on the part of the people to the just claims which Christianity, in its own true and heavenly beauty, has upon their attention. It was, therefore, with unfeigned satisfaction, that we opened the little volume whose title stands at the head of this article, as it contains, within a convevient compass, almost every thing that can be said concerning the extrinsic evidence in support of the truth of Revelation.

In executing the task which he assigned to himself, the author has not affected to be original. Indeed, Mr. Howard's work on the Structure of the Globe, to which we adverted in our journal for November last, embraces most of the points upon which the present writer has insisted. To these, however, he has made some additions, which we shall briefly notice. After shewing from several contradictory facts, that geological systems are not to be depended upon, as correctors of chronology; that from the recent inquiries into the hieroglyphics and monuments of Egypt, they are by no means of such high antiquity as has been frequently claimed for them; that instead of impugning the Scriptural chronology, in reference to the age of the world, they, on the contrary, confirm its evidence; that the pretensions set up for the remoteness of Indian chronology are altogether unfounded, and the legends of its deities mere fable; and that the system of Pagan mythology manifestly contains several things having a distinct reference to Scripture,—the author proceeds to place before us the evidence which has recently been collected by different travellers, with respect to particular events which are recorded in the Bible. For instance, the remains of the tower of Babel still attest that the original structure was struck, and a great part of it in some degree vitrified, by lightning of more than ordinary power. The waters of Marah, which the Israelites, when wandering in the wilderness of Shur, could not drink on account of their bitterness, still retain the same taste; it has been proved by chemical experiment, that the same waters can be made sweet by the infusion of oxalic acid, and therefore any plant containing that acid would produce the same effect. We are not then surprised to find that Moses actually made those bitter waters sweet by throwing a plant into the well that held them. The oasis in which the Israelites pitched their tents, and in which there were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees, is still recognised by the united testimony of several travellers, as possessing similar features. The miraculous supply of manna is another topic, upon which the author has advanced the most satisfactory evidence.

' "When the dew that lay was gone up, behold *upon the face of the wilderness* there lay a small *round* thing, as *small as the hoar-frost*, on the ground." We are further told, that "*when the sun waxed hot it melted;*" and when preserved until the following day it became corrupt, and "*bred worms.*" To preserve the extra measure which they collected on the sixth day, Moses directed that on that day of the week they were "*to bake and seethe*" what should be required on the morrow, as on the sabbath none should fall. It is further added,—"And the house of Israel called the name thereof *manna:* and it was like coriander-seed, *white;* and the *taste of it was like wafers made with honey.*" * Such are the curious and interesting particulars supplied by the Sacred Text. It is well known that a substance is used in medicine under this name, chiefly obtained from the Calabrias, and is collected from the leaves of the *ornus rotundifolia* (fraxinus ornus, of Linnæus), and a somewhat similar substance obtains in the onion; but from its purgative qualities, it is sufficiently obvious that the manna of the Scriptures is altogether different. According to Seetzen, Wortley Montague, Burckhardt, and other travellers, a natural production exudes from the spines of a species of tamarix, in the peninsula of Sinai. It condenses before sunrise, but disolves in the sunbeam. "Its taste," it is added, "is agreeable, somewhat aromatic, and as sweet as honey. It may be kept for a year, and is only found after a wet season." The Arabs collect it and use it with their bread. In the vicinity of Mount

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* 'Exodus xvi. 14. and 31.'

Sinai, where it is most plentiful, the quantity collected in the most favourable season does not exceed six hundred weight. The author of the " History of the Jews," has a note to the following effect : " The author, by the kindness of a traveller, recently returned from Egypt, has received a small quantity of manna ; it was, however, though still palatable, in a liquid state, from the heat of the sun. He has obtained the additional curious fact, that manna, if not boiled or baked, will not keep more than a day, but becomes putrid and breeds maggots. It is described as a small round substance, and is brought in by the Arabs in small quantities mixed with sand."* It would appear from these very interesting facts, that this exudation, which transpires from the thorns or leaves or the tamarix, is altogether different from the manna of the manna-ash. We cannot doubt, from the entire coincidence in every respect, that the manna found in the wilderness of Sinai by the Arabs now, is *identical* with that of the Scriptures. That the minute particulars recorded should be every whit verified by modern research and discovery, is worthy of great attention. As Moses directed Aaron to " take a pot and put an omer full of manna therein, and lay it up before the LORD, (in the ark), to be kept for the generations of Israel," as a memorial; so the remarkable phenomenon remains in evidence of the truth of the narrative. The *miracle*, however, remains precisely as it was. There is sufficient to appeal to, as an existing and perpetual memorial to all generations. The MIRACLE, from which there can be no appeal, and which allows of no equivocation, consisted in its ample abundance, in its continued supply, and its complete intermission on the sacred day of rest. Nutritious substances have fallen from the atmosphere in some countries ; such, for example, was that which fell a few years ago in Persia, and was examined by Thenard. It proved to be a nutritious substance referable to a vegetable origin. We have before us, at the moment of writing these pages, a small work, printed at Naples in 1793, the author of which is Gaetano Maria La Pira ; it is entitled, " Memoria sulla pioggia della Manna," &c. : and describes a shower of manna which fell in Sicily, in the month of September, 1792. The author, a Professor of Chemistry, at Naples, gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which it was found, together with a variety of interesting particulars, some of which we shall select, and we do so to prove that a similar substance may have an *aerial* origin, though carried up in the first instance, it may be, by the process of evaporation ;—this would considerably modify the product. On the 26th September, 1792, a fall of manna took place at a district in Sicily, called *Fiume grande ;* this singular shower lasted, it is stated, for about an hour and a half. It commenced at *twenty-two o'clock*, according to Italian time, or about five o'clock in the afternoon : the space covered with this manna seems to have been considerable. A *second* shower covered a space of thirty-eight paces in length, by fourteen in breadth. This second shower of manna, which took place on the following day, was not confined to the *Fiume grande*, but seems to have fallen in still greater abundance in another place, called *Santa Barbara*, at a considerable distance : it covered a space of two hundred and fifty paces in length, by fourteen paces in breadth. An individual, named Giuseppe Giarrusso, informed Sig. G. M. La Pira, that about half-past eight o'clock, A. M., he witnessed this shower of manna, and described it as composed of extremely minute drops, which, as soon as they fell, congealed into a white concrete substance; and the quantity was such, that the whole surface of the ground was covered, and presented the appearance of snow: the depth, in all cases, seems to have been inconsiderable. This aerial manna was somewhat purgative, when administered internally; and the chemical analysis of it seemed to prove, that its constituents, though somewhat different from that obtained from the *ornus rotundifolia*,[*] did not materially differ from the latter in its constituents. We give Sig. La Pira's description of its appearance: being of a white colour, and somewhat granular or spherical, it seems to have had some resemblance, externally, to that of the Scriptures; but it is not stated that it became corrupt on being preserved. " Questa sostanza zuccherina nella massima parte è caduta in forma di minutissima arena bianca: Osservata colla lente non vi si ravvisa alcuna forma regolare, ma vi si scorge una figura il più delle volte sferoidale, e talora anche perfettamente sferica: I grani maggiori non eccedono $\frac{1}{6}$ di linea di diametro: Posti sul vetro ed osservati colla lente si veggono semi-trasparenti: Non hanno alcun aspetto grasso o umido, ma bensì un' apparenza del tuto secca, ed alquanto polverosa; da ciò nasce quel panno, che si forma sulla superficie interna delle bottiglie di cristallo nelle quali ci conservano."[†]

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* ' History of the Jews, vol. 1. p. 92.'

' At the rock, in Horeb, called *Meribah*, Moses miraculously supplied the people with water. He smote the rock, and an abundant stream immediately issued: this extraordinary source of supply is now dried up, but there is still left sufficient evidence to confirm the fact. It will suffice for our purpose that we quote, in corroboration, the description of an eye-witness and recent traveller: " We came to the celebrated rock of Meribah. It still bears striking evidence of the miracle about it; and it is quite isolated in the midst of a narrow valley, which is here about two hundred yards broad. There are four or five fissures, one above the other, on the face of the rock, each of them about a foot and a half long, and a few inches deep. What is remarkable, they run along the breadth of the rock, and are not rent downwards; they are more than a foot asunder, and there is a channel worn between them by the gushing of the water. The Arabs still reverence this rock."[‡] Dr. Clarke only spoke the truth when he asserted that the BIBLE was the best itinerary that the traveller in Palestine could possess.'—pp. 195—198.

The author's remarks on the " Tables of stone," upon which the law was written by the finger of God, appear to us to be inconsecutive. We do not understand to what they lead. Milman had already remarked, that Mount Sinai, even to this day, shows every token of a volcanic eruption: " blazing fires, huge columns of smoke, and convulsions of the earth." The geologists, however, have decided, and upon such a point as this their opinions are entitled to weight, that from the geological formation of the mountain, it has never been subject to the agency of internal fire. Sir Robert Ker Porter bears witness that the banks of the Euphrates are hoary with reeds, and with grey osier willows. It was upon the banks of this river that the Hebrews wept when they remembered Zion; it was here that they hung upon the willows their harps, for which in their grief they no longer had any use. The discoveries of Belzoni, and M. Champollion, have produced abundant evidence of the truth of Scripture with respect to the war made by Necho or Pharaoh-Necho upon the Hebrews and Babylonians; and the siege of Jerusalem by Shishak, the king of Egypt. The ancient medals which have been collected, and are mentioned by the author, seem to bear with considerable force upon the existence and divinity of Christ; upon this part of the subject, however, we need not dwell, as the histories of Tacitus, and Josephus, and the letters of Pliny, leave no reasonable doubt as to the presence on earth of the personage, to whom we give the title of the Redeemer.

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[*] ' Also the *oak*, *ilex*, *chesnut*, &c., though less abundant and more rare than on the leaves of the manna-ash. The ordinary manna collected in Sicily, comes from districts in the *Val Demone* and the *Val di Mazzara*, at some distance from the localities where this aerial manna fell.'

[†] ' " Memoria," &c. In Napoli, 1793, p. 23.'

[‡] ' Letters from the East, 2 vols. Lond. Second Edit. 1826, vol. 1. *p. 226.*'

Much as we commend the views of the author of the little work just noticed, we confess that we have always considered the internal evidence of inspiration, which appears throughout the Sacred Writings, as by far the most satisfactory proof that can be given of their divine origin. That evidence will at once flash upon the mind of every man who sits down to peruse the Scriptures with the requisite dispositions. If we open the Bible with an intention to criticise it, and to subject the variety of facts which it narrates, and of precepts which it inculcates, to the canons of mere human reason, we shall flounder at every page. Reading the sacred volume by the flickering and puny light which our own intellect affords, we shall often behold nothing before us but a confused and unintelligible mass of words, which afford no uniform rule of religion, nor perhaps even of moral conduct. With respect to religion, it cannot be denied that almost every sect that now exists, or that ever has existed, since the commencement of Christianity, has found one or more passages apparently in favour of its peculiar tenets, in the Old or New Testament. The mere moralists, who have looked to the same sources for maxims of conduct, have also boasted of similar success, and not without plausible grounds upon which they have rested their assumptions. These classes of Bible readers never contemplate the volume as a whole. They satisfy their inquiries when they have found a few isolated sentences which countenance their own favourite doctrines; and it is very seldom that they can be persuaded to take a more comprehensive view of the entire range of the mighty truths, which those wonderful productions disclose.

It seems to us to be impossible for any person of ordinary intelligence to become thoroughly conversant even with the writings of the Evangelists, not to speak of the Pentateuch and the Prophecies, without feeling that the world which we inhabit is but a small part of a mighty system, whose extent no mental effort of ours can enable us to comprehend. The words ascribed by those faithful historians to the founder of Christianity, are every where fraught with a meaning, which indicates not only a supernatural origin, but an experience with other worlds, in which perfection dwells not in its highest state alone, but in several degrees. The inexpressible tenderness towards mankind, which actuates that truly amiable Being on all occasions, from the moment we hear of his terrestrial presence until his disappearance, shows not the God alone, but the Person who had already visited other globes, who had enlightened them by his wisdom, who had felt compassion for their wants, and cheered them by his promises. We are expressly told, that after his crucifixion, and before his ascent to heaven, he went to another world called Limbo, which is popularly understood to be a region bordering upon hell, where there is neither pleasure nor pain. He also alludes, more than once, to the many mansions which are contained in his Father's empire, to some of which he had probably shown himself before he came to our habitation; others of which he has perhaps since visited, or is now visiting, for the purpose of confirming the hopes of the good, and recalling the vicious to repentance. For it is not presumptuous to think that there are beings on distant globes, if not so imperfect as we are, at least not sufficiently perfect in the mass, to merit supreme and unchangeable happiness, without the assistance of the Redeemer.

If we can once lift up our minds to even a faint idea of a universe of inhabited worlds, filling the immensity of space—both that space which may be said to be comprehended within our solar system, and that infinitely larger space which probably lies beyond that system, we may then, without much difficulty, persuade ourselves that there are many passages in the Bible, the right interpretation of which is not indeed contrary to our reason, but above its reach. We may then feel and acknowledge, that the great truths which it announces have descended to us from a divine intelligence, and that it is our duty not to seek for conviction with respect to them, but for faith. If we are assured by a chain of irresistible evidence, that the Scriptures are authentic, and contain the word of God, then we are bound, at the peril of a loss which we never can repair, to believe rather than to discuss, to accept rather than to question, every portion of the system thus revealed for our guidance.

The terrible mistake committed at the "Reformation," upon which it is essentially founded, from which the myriads of sects now existing in the Christian world have, with one or two exceptions, sprung, and which will long continue to be the prolific source of the most lamentable errors, proceeded upon the supposition that the Gospel is matter for *conviction*, and not for faith; that it is the inalienable right of every man to interpret the Scriptures for himself, and that there was then established no general authority, to which all men might look up, for the true exposition of the doctrines of Christianity, as handed down from the period of the Apostles. This supposition was the immediate offspring of the personal arrogance of Luther—an arrogance that was nurtured by superficial learning, and the depraved habits of his life. It is a supposition founded in a false claim of human reason, affecting to set itself up as a judge in matters above its comprehension, to raise itself to an equality with the God who came on earth to establish his church, and even to dictate to Him, by declaring that He should not call upon men to believe in mysteries which they could not comprehend: as if it were possible that the link which binds us to the Creator, could be fabricated altogether by human hands! If it had been, how could it reach HIM?

We have already, on several occasions, exposed the absurdities and impostures which Mr. Irving has succeeded to a certain extent in palming upon his hearers, under the shelter of this right of private interpretation. It was no difficult task for us to exhibit his follies and falsehoods to the world, even from the appearance which they assumed in the face of his congregations. But of the trickery that was carried on behind the curtain, of the preparations that were made for the specious representation afterwards to be enacted on the stage, though we entertained abundant suspicion, we have not had any distinct evidence, until we received Mr. Pilkington's pamphlet. The reader may remember the promises which Irving gave to his disciples, that although the tongue in which the gifted spoke was at present unknown, a tribe of interpreters would arise in his church, who would be inspired with a knowledge of that tongue, and reveal its meaning to the world. Mr. Pilkington, it seems, was persuaded into the belief that he was one of these destined interpreters. He informs us, that he regularly attended the prayer-meeting at the Caledonian Chapel at half-past six every morning in the months of July, August, and September last; that during that period he frequently heard exhortations from two individuals in what he calls the "Tongue," and which he did not at first comprehend; because, from one, the brother, it burst forth in a crash, from the other, the sister, in a chaunt. Of the sound that issued from the former we may have some idea if we suppose the words *cras-cran-cra-crash* to be uttered with a sudden and rapid vociferation. As these voices were during the period in question always heard in the morning services, and not on the Sabbath, or before the general congregation, the author for some time thought they were nothing more than the effusions of a high religious feeling in the persons who gave vent to it. On one occasion, however, the brother, after holding forth in the "tongue," concluded, without pausing, in English, "Oh, Britain! thou anointed of the Lord, thy destruction is at hand! Fear not, ye people of God." On another occasion the sister prophecied the approach of a pestilence.

Uniformly after these bursts of inspiration there was a solemn silence, when Irving rose and commented upon the manifestation of the Spirit which had taken place.

It is necessary to explain, that these morning prayers consisted of three services, each of about half an hour's duration, the first of which was conducted by the president, Irving; the second, by any person present who chose to undertake the office; and the third, again, by the president. The person thus officiating was called for the time, the "mouth" of the congregation; he gave out a psalm, which the congregation, usually consisting of about seventy disciples, joined in singing; he next read a chapter from the Bible, and ended with an extempore prayer.

A day or two after the utterance of his prophecy of the destruction of Great Britain, the brother was called on to be the "mouth" of the congregation, when a "crash of tongue" came from him, at the conclusion of which he asked in English, "Where are the witnesses?" adding, "There are no witnesses." Irving, upon this, exclaimed that the disciples present were the witnesses, that it was their duty to bear testimony to the world of the prophecies which they had heard, and that they would be committing a sin if they did not forewarn all men of the destruction which was predicted. This solemn injunction had its intended effect upon Mr. Pilkington, who now began to think more seriously of the gift. Nothing material occurred until the 8th of October, when Irving, correcting a mistake that was made by his assistant, the missionary, during his (Irving's) short absence from town, who took it upon him to silence the sister, proclaimed that women might also obtain the gift; and straight three sisters, one after another, astonished the brethren by their proficiency in the "tongue." In order to give time for these displays, the second service was now dispensed with, and the half hour allotted to it was devoted to the manifestation of the Spirit.

No permission was yet given for the utterance of the tongue before the congregation at large on the Sundays; in consequence of which, one of the sisters, feeling herself moved on Sunday the 9th of October, was obliged to run into the vestry to vent the inspiration of which she was full. The voice was heard by the congregation, and great confusion ensued. Upon the sister's return from the vestry, Irving addressed her in an affectionate tone from the pulpit, saying, "Console yourself, sister! Console yourself." In the evening of the same day he advised the congregation to be tranquil if such an occurrence should take place again, and to listen to the voice with attention. Mr. Pilkington proceeds:

'All went on quietly till the end of the sermon, when the Brother was moved, and suddenly burst out the crash of Tongue, followed by these words in English, "God is amongst us, and if you fly from him now, where will you fly in the day of judgment?" The confusion was greater than that of the morning; several persons were very much alarmed, and one young lady near me screamed and fell in a fit upon her mother's lap.

This created a noise, and some exclaimed "Order! Silence! Order!" Many stood on the seats, and several on the tops of the pews, whilst others left the church; but great as the tumult was, the Brother's voice was still audible. Order being at length restored, after some expostulation from Mr. Irving the service was concluded.'—pp. 11, 12.

Mr. Pilkington was now caught with the contagion. He seriously believed every thing that Irving said about the gift being derived from the Holy Spirit; and observing the ridicule with which it was treated by some of the congregation, he in turn became a prophet, foreseeing that this difference of opinion would necessarily give rise to dissension. His narrative of what followed, is *naive,* and really curious.

'Being thus interested, when I attended prayers on Monday morning, my devotional meditation—during the solemn and imposing silence which as usual occurred after some of the "gifted persons" had spoken, and which never failed to fill me, as if by sympathy, with a holy sensation—was occupied with a visionary figure of contention, and I was strongly excited by a very powerful feeling which I am unable to describe, to exhort and forewarn them of impending difficulty; but I resisted it until Mr. Irving in his discourse said it was sinful to suppress such movements.—I could no longer restrain, and, with a sudden burst of utterance, used the following detached sentences;—"The second sword is now drawn in this church."—"Combat with love and unity."—"Deny me no more."—"Peace be with you." Mr. Irving praised God for having opened "another mouth" in the church, and said "we heard the voice of the Shepherd." He then offered a solemn prayer for me. I now concluded that the excitement I felt was the same as that which influenced the "gifted persons," but that they experienced it in a higher degree, which produced the utterance of Tongue. When the service closed, Mr. Irving begged that the dear Brother who had spoken would remain, that he might confer with him after the meeting had dispersed. I did not expect this invitation: I complied, however, with his desire, and on entering the vestry with him and the Missionary, Mr. Irving introduced me to the former, who observed, "I have not the pleasure of knowing the Brother." I said I was a stranger in their church. Mr. Irving's behaviour was kind and affable—that of the Missionary more reserved. In reply to a question as to the regularity of my attendance at Divine Worship, I said that I had attended their morning service for nearly three months, during which time I was once only absent—that prior to this period, having heard that Mr. Irving was preaching and publishing a false doctrine, I was afraid to comply with the recommendations of my friends to hear him preach, because, having been but a few years converted from Deism to a belief in Our Lord Jesus Christ, I felt myself not sufficiently established in doctrine to resist the power of his eloquence—that an accidental circumstance obliged me to hear him one Sunday evening, when, in the course of his Sermon, he declared that he never intended to introduce the doctrine which persons attributed to him, by perverting the meaning of his words—that I was satisfied I was misinformed, and ventured to hear him the following Sunday evening, when I was much gratified by his discourse, and pleased when I heard him announce that Prayer Meetings were held at half-past six o'clock every morning; from attending which I derived much comfort and consolation. Mr. Irving praised God for this; and having asked the Missionary if he had any more questions to put to me, and received a negative, he requested him to pray for me; which, being done, we parted with a request from Mr. Irving that I would meet him the following day at ten o'clock in the Church.'—pp. 12—14.

Irving, it seems, was rather fearful of this gifted novice. He was particularly anxious to know how he was influenced to speak, saying that the power which compelled the favoured brethren and sisters to speak, was felt by them "*on the end of their tongues!*" Pilkington answered, that it all arose from an irresistible impulse of feeling, and that he moreover thought that he understood the "tongue," and could interpret it; that the words which he had heard went generally to convey the idea of love and solicitude; and that the literal meaning of those which last struck his ear were —"Pour out your soul and I will hear." Upon this Irving exclaimed, "God be praised!" and used other words, 'which expressed a hope that God *was answering the prayer for an interpreter.*'

'He then requested,' continues the 'author, that I would attend a Prayer Meeting in the evening, at which I would meet the "Gifted Persons;" and if I should then understand any of the Tongues, he begged I would acquaint him of it immediately. I explained, that, as I understood several languages, I might have heard some familiar sounds; but that if he, whose knowledge of the Classics must be greater that mine, agreed with me, I should be more confident. To this he replied, he had not the least idea of the meaning of the "TONGUES," and he "aspired to be no more than the humble Pastor of the flock." This humility in such a talented man, by which he seemed to confess an inferiority to me, filled my heart with a mixture of love and admiration for him during the whole time he was closetted with others, who were in attendance; for he had requested me to wait in the body of the church until he ministered to them.

'He now took me to his private residence, and on the way remarked that he observed I was deficient in Theological Knowledge, but that I had a deep sense of my duty to God. To this I assented; and he said he would instruct me in Theology. On arriving at his house he conducted me to his library, and introduced me to a person (whom I shall in future call Mr. *A**), who was writing at his desk, and who, I concluded, was either in his employ or one of his assistants in the church, to whom he said, "Our Brother fancied he understood the Tongues." The stranger replied, "Such an occurrence happened in Scotland; and the gentleman who interpreted, spoke by the power of the Spirit, without the agency of his own understanding." "This was not as it occurred to me," said I. Mr. Irving said, "I knew a man who heard in English what others heard in Tongue"—"Neither was it thus with me," said I—"and I knew a person who heard sounds like words, which he understood in other languages." "This was my idea," said I. Mr. Irving, after a pause, said, "Let us pray." He then offered prayer to the effect, that the Lord would perfect the gift of Interpretation in me, if He had begun the work; that he would not leave it unfinished. Thus finding myself in a very awful situation, I fervently prayed for the Gift; and knowing what a devout minister of the gospel was the mouth of the little group, as also that I understood a portion of what I already heard, I prayed, with a most undoubting belief that my petition would be granted, for the benefit of the Church. Mr. Irving requested I would call again at his house, about three o'clock, to meet the "Gifted Persons" and others; also at the Vestry at four, where there would be a larger meeting of the congregation. I left him about one o'clock, and spent the interval in prayer and meditation—so abstracted from all secular considerations, that my mind was exclusively with God; and if importunate in any one point more than another, it was, that He would give such proof that I really did interpret, as to render it impossible that I could be considered an impostor.'—pp. 15, 16.

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* 'I do not wish to publish the name of this individual, who has not as yet been so placed before the public, particularly as his inconsistency (to say the least of it) becomes an essential part of this narrative.'

It is difficult to repress laughter while we read this passage. Here is the principal impostor acknowledging that he had not the least idea of the meaning of the Tongues, which, as he represents, have been sent in answer to his prayers! We behold him first endeavouring to bring Pilkington to believe that his alleged power of interpretation was inspired, which Pilkington would not admit; next, that he heard in English, from the same voice of inspiration of course, what the gifted uttered in tongue, to which Pilkington also objected as a matter of fact. And, finally, he is apparently contented with finding out that Pilkington had rather a secondary sort of inspiration, by hearing "sounds like words, which he understood in other languages!" To this Pilkington assents. A very odd sort of inspired interpreter truly! For if sounds were uttered resembling words already contained in languages which he understood, he needed not the aid of inspiration to translate them. But let us mark what follows.

'I attended according to appointment at Mr. Irving's residence at three o'clock, and was shewn into the library, where I saw about nine or ten persons, of whom I knew none except the Missionary, Mr. Irving (to whom I had previously been slightly introduced), and Mr. *A.* They took no particular notice of me, except that of requesting me to sit down, and I found myself directly in front of the "Gifted Sisters,"* who appeared to be interesting, lady-like, and exceedingly intelligent. The GIFTED BROTHER,† was on my right, as was also Mr. *A.*, and the Missionary took the chair. After praying, the chairman addressed the meeting thus:— "We thought it prudent to assemble in this private manner, to take your opinion, prior to going to the meeting at four o'clock, as to the propriety of permitting the manifestation of the Spirit in the congregation on Sundays, to which there is great opposition, or merely to confine it to the prayer-meetings, and invite the congregation to attend; so that it should be gradually introduced, and thus avoid a repetition of that alarm which was created last Sunday: your opinion is requested accordingly?" There was now a solemn silence. Of course considering myself called upon to interpret, if I could, I had my eyes open to observe the action of the mouth, in order to assist my sense of hearing. On surveying the party, I soon perceived that the Gifted Sister 1 * was about to speak, by the violent agitation or working of her whole frame, of which it is difficult to give a written description, without appearing to ridicule the parties, which is very far from being my intention—for I perfectly agree with Mr. Irving, that "condemnation is not proof, nor is ridicule argument,"—however, as I write for the information of the Christian reader, I will explain that her whole frame was in violent agitation, but principally the body, from the hips to the shoulders, which worked with a lateral motion—the chest heaved and swelled—the head was occasionally raised from the right hand, which was placed under the forehead, whilst the left hand and arm seemed to press and rub the stomach. She was but a few seconds in this state, when the body stayed, the neck became stiff, and the head erect; the hands fell on the lap, the mouth assumed a circular form, the lips projected, and the "Tongue" and English came from her in an awful tone. During the utterance I observed a violent exertion of the muscles at the back of the jaw-bone, and that the stiffened lips never touched to aid the articulation of the "Tongue," but they closed sufficiently to express the labials of the English part of the delivery, and instantly resumed the circular form. Rivetted as my eyes were upon her, and attentive as I was to the "Tongue," I was still firm in the belief that my prayer would be answered, and lively in the conviction that I was there in God's service; hence, I cannot describe the gratification I felt when I heard in the Tongue these words, which are the only part of the sound I can commit to paper: "*gthis dil emma sumo.*" † I immediately wrote as a translation, on a slip of paper, "*I will undertake this dilemma,*" supposing that *sumo* was Latin; but I afterwards recollected that the word was *assume*, and that the first syllable was lost by the preceding word ending in a vowel. I quickly gave the paper to Mr. *A.*, supposing he would understand what I meant, but he passed it to the Missionary, who read the sentence, and, with an appearance of surprise, asked me what I intended by it? I replied, "It is what I understood the tongue to mean." "How can *you*, Sir, undertake to interpret the words of God? Do you wish to upset the Church?" "No, Sir: I came here for the purpose of endeavouring to interpret, as Brother *A.* will testify." The Missionary gave an inquiring look at the Brother, who appeared ignorant of the circumstance!! at which I was exceedingly hurt, and, turning to the Missionary, said, "I offer the words with all humility; if they be of no value, I trust you will believe that I have merely done what was required of me." To which he replied, "You cannot interpret by human understanding; interpretation must be given by the Spirit." Gifted Sister 2 now spoke, but uttered nothing in Tongue, except half a dozen musical tones.—[Solemn silence.]—Gifted Sister 3 spoke entirely in English.—[Silence.]—The Gifted Brother spoke in Tongue and English: I supposed the meaning of *his* Tongue to be " *Contemn opposition;*" but, of course, I was silent. The Missionary now asked all, except the Gifted and myself, what was their opinion? Each replied, " I will be guided by the Spirit:" in particular, one very old man answered—in a faltering voice, with tears rolling down his cheeks—" I will follow the Spirit, even though by so doing I am *separated from my daughter.*" It was now four o'clock, and they adjourned to the church.'—pp. 17—19.

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* Misses Hall, *Cardale*, and Smith. † Mr. Taplin.

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* 'Not having been introduced to the Sisters, I may be allowed, for distinction's sake, to designate them numerically as 1, 2, 3.'

† 'The *m's* in these words, having been uttered in the manner already explained, sounded like *eng* softened; and the sentence evidently referred to the perplexity which had produced this consultation. If the reader will fix his mouth as I have described, he may utter "I will" in an intelligible manner, but in a sound which cannot be expressed by orthography.'

Amongst all the reveries of Joanna Southcote and her followers, we remember nothing half so ridiculous as this scene. It is a thorough specimen of theological quackery. The rehearsal takes place before the curtain is raised, the parts having been already assigned to the different actors; but the appearance of the stranger amongst them, and his assumption of a knowledge without inspiration, seem already to have caused alarm. The missionary is outrageous, on learning that Pilkington could interpret without the divine assistance, for this was the point, manifestly, to which they wanted him to screw up his courage. But he did not understand the aim which the cabinet of impostors had in view; and we shall soon find, that not being a man for their purpose, he was discarded. We shall not stop to analyse the tongue which the first of these weird sisters is said to have spoken upon this occasion. We may, however, remark, that if her words be rightly reported, she must be an arrant and practised cheat, to attempt to pass off such words, as dictates of the Holy Spirit, for they are evidently a clipping of his Majesty's English. We now proceed with our interpreter to the church; we perceive at once that he is in bad odour with his new friends, and not on the best terms with himself.

'On leaving the house no attention whatever was paid to me as a stranger; however, I accosted Brother *A.*, and walked with him until we arrived at the corner turning to the church, where I missed him, and, having slightly turned my head, observed he was alone and looking after me; by which I concluded he had some secret reason for not wishing to be seen with me. The Gifted Brother now followed, and accosted me—" Pray Sir, are you the gentleman who spoke in the church on Monday?" " Yes, Sir." " How did you feel, Sir? could you avoid it, Sir?" " I think I could have avoided it." " Well, since you have confessed that, allow me to advise you not to speak again unless you cannot help it:" so saying, he parted from me, and on entering the vestry, in which were forty or fifty persons sitting on forms, Mr. Irving gave me a seat in the front, close to his chair and that of the Missionary.—[Psalm. Prayer. Silence.]—The Gifted Sister 1 commenced, I heard the words, *Hozeqhin** *alta stare:* the remaining sounds I cannot clearly remember, though, as translated from the Latin, the meaning was—" will take care of this house:" she concluded in English, urging that the Spirit should speak in the congregation—[Silence.]—Gifted Sister 2 uttered in Tongue no more than "*Holimoth holif awthaw!*" and finished in English to the same effect as Sister 1. I took advantage of the silence which followed, to tell Mr. Irving that I was informed by the Missionary it was not correct to interpret except by the Spirit, and that that which I otherwise interpreted would not be received. " O yes, Sir [anxiously]; what did you hear?" I replied " Sister 2 said (in English) ' Holy, most holy Father;'* and Sister 1 said (in Latin) ' Jesus, who is in the highest, will take care of this house.'" Neither Mr. Irving nor the Missionary asked me any questions about the Tongue in English, no doubt because they did not believe she used this language—I heard Sister 2 say to her neighbour, in a low voice, " I didn't speak in English, did I?"—but they questioned me closely about the Latin. I said I translated it; which the Missionary declared " was not interpretation—that interpretation should be given by the Spirit:" to this Mr. Irving assented; and although I remarked that it might have been given me by the Spirit in *answer to the prayers that had been offered for me*, they eluded the observation.—[Silence.]—Sister 1 spoke again in Tongue, *Hozehamenanostra*," which she repeated three times; and in English she said, " Jesus will take care of us." I was now satisfied beyond all doubt that I understood the Tongue, and that God had given me the opportunity of proving that I was no impostor; I therefore promptly said, ; " The interpretation of the Tongue is, ' *Jesus will take our hands*,' or ' *Jesus will direct us*.'" " How do you know that, Sir (said Mr. Irving)?" " Because I heard it in Latin." I recited the above Tongue, as uttered, and remarked that it was repeated three times by the Sister. " Well, Sir, how do you make Latin of that?" " *Hoze* is Jesus; *ha* is a contraction of *habeo*; *mena*, hands; *nostra*, ours." Mr. Irving admitted this; but said the Spirit might have " another meaning." I then remarked that *the Spirit gave the same interpretation* in English, which he evaded; and on my reciting the whole Tongue and English, as it came out of the mouth of the Sister (without assuming the awful tone), he said, " Say no more about it."—[Silence.]—A member of the meeting suggested that if the Gifted Persons were to speak in the congregation, they should endeavour to say *as little as possible at first*, and that they should be placed in such a part of the church as would enable the congregation to see them without any effort, in order to avoid the noise arising from an anxiety to see as well as hear. Gifted Sister 2 (in English only): " Do you not know that the Spirit burneth in the bone?—burneth in the bone?" †—[Silence.]—Gifted

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* 'I had rendered this " Hosanna in the highest;" but on comparing it with her second utterance, " *Hozehamenanostra,*" I discovered that I should have made it " Jesus in the highest." '

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* ' At first I thought " *moth*" was the broken sound of *mother*; but supposing that a Presbyterian could not mean to say " Holy Mother," I rendered it " Holy Father;" but afterwards, by practising the sounds with my mouth fixed as already described, I discovered that *moth* was *most*: and the reader must observe, that the imperfection of the other sounds here and hereafter quoted arises from a want of a perfect knowledge of the languages which those Gifted Persons were thus contriving to utter.'

† ' This I considered as a reply to the proposal that the Gifted were *to speak as little as possible*.'

Sister 3 uttered in Tongue, "*Casa sera hastha caro;*" and concluded in English to the same effect as the others.—[Silence.]—The Gifted Brother now uttered a crash of Tongue, and spoke to the same effect as the Sisters. —[Silence.]—I whispered Mr. Irving, "Do you wish to know what the Sister said in Tongue?" "Yes, Sir [anxiously]." I told him, "This house will still be in my care;" that I heard it in Spanish, and that as there was an objection to my manner of interpreting I did not wish to speak it aloud. He replied, "I thank you for that, Sir." Having prayed, after the usual blessing we parted at half-past six. Thus closed a day so entirely devoted to prayer, that I directed my steps homeward without remembering that I had eaten nothing since nine in the morning, till accident reminded me that I had not dined.

If this narrative had not been written by a person who says he saw and heard what he relates, we should have almost looked upon it as incredible. May we ask the author in what language he found the uncouth term *Hozeqh,* as standing for Jesus? He professes to say that he could only interpret some languages already known: but he must have surely received some little gleam of the gift, to make out such a meaning for such a combination of letters. And yet how could he be supposed to have been even partially inspired, since he at one time interprets them to be Hosanna, at another Jesus? For at all events the Spirit must be supposed to be infallible and consistent. His interpretation of the second sister's speech would, we presume, have been attended with less difficulty if he had written them thus—"Holy moth holy fawthaw"—for sister No. 2, in her *ore rotundo* style, evidently spoke pompously in disguised English, although she affected ignorance that she had done so. The author's note on "*Moth*" is truly laughable—if indeed any thing can be ludicrous in such profane and wicked impostures as these. Even if we should concede that the sisters spoke in the English, Latin, or Spanish languages, the sounds which are here written for them, is there anything in the announcements, which they are represented by their interpreter to have made, which required inspiration? What new precepts have they propounded? What new truths have they discovered? What have they said in the "Tongue" which they might not as well have said in plain English? Where is the proof of their mission? What conversions have they wrought? Mr. Pilkington proceeds:

'When the Missionary rebuked me in a tone of asperity at the meeting, in Mr. Irving's house, for "*presuming* to interpret the words of God," as already stated—knowing as he did, that I was a stranger, and, if not worthy of christian love, at least entitled to the courtesy due to hospitality—I was forcibly reminded of the expressions in one of the very chapters on which all these proceedings were founded, namely, "Though I speak with the tongues of Men and of Angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinckling cymbal. Charity doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." And when Mr. *A.* would not admit that I was invited there by Mr. Irving, to endeavour to interpret, although only two hours had elapsed since he joined that Reverend Pastor in praying that I might be so gifted, I confess that " my spirit was overwhelmed within me, and my heart within me was desolate;"—no by-stander could here have exclaimed, " See how these christians love one another!" hence, considering that, as the sap passes through the trunk and branches of the vine, a wound inflicted on a part is sensibly felt by the other members, and each contributes relief in proportion to its luxuriance, so the Holy Spirit permeates and nurtures a christian assembly, I reasonably expected that the " Gifted Persons" would sympathize in the feelings of a spirit so wantonly afflicted, and furnish relief from the abundance of their talent, by the most trifling remonstrance;—but all were silent. These were my reflections, and this the moment when reason first began to assert its right. I now suspected that those " Gifted Persons," though rather *deluded*, were desirous to over-awe the negligent, and restore them to a sense of their duty to God, and had adopted this means for that purpose; but the speaking in " Tongue," under such circumstances, was an impious utterance of language, professed to be " *mysteries* known only unto God." And when I reflected that they were consulted as oracles, to decide on the future conduct of their Church,—I could not help shuddering, both for their own safety (lest pride and vanity should seize the empire of their minds) and for that of their Christian Brethren, who bowed to their decisions and utterances with no less a reverence than if they were the shrines of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. Nor did my suspicion want authority, when I remembered how instantaneously they burst forth, as if the trigger of a loaded gun had been pulled, when Mr. Irving declared, that the law permitted them to speak by the Spirit—how suddenly they could stop its utterance on Saturday the 8th October—how conveniently they could reply to the question asked in the meeting at Mr. Irving's residence—and how suitably they could restrain the Spirit till the second service of the Prayer Meeting (which was the time allotted for them to give vent to utterance by the pastor), apparently with as much ease as the owner makes use of a stop-watch; which, although concordant with the " Commandments of the Lord," that " the Spirits of the Prophets are subject to the Prophets," yet is by no means consistent with the sudden and unexpected intrusion of it on Sunday, the 9th of October; which Mr. Irving declared to be " the Will of God," in obedience to which he introduced the subject, and sanctioned the proceeding in his congregation.—pp. 23, 24.

The author now began to entertain some suspicion that the sisters were not disposed to receive his interpretation. In fact he was too rational a man for them, since he discovered a part of their system for the fabrication of an unknown tongue, by the huddling together words from different languages, and by mispronouncing their own. Matters were soon brought to a crisis. At a subsequent morning service he conceived that he heard one of the sisters say " Yeo cogo nomo," while speaking under the influence of inspiration. Here was a mixture of Spanish and Greek, " yo conosco nomos;" or all Spanish; "yo conosco norma," which it was easy for him to translate by the words, " I know the law." These he pronounced aloud in the church, whereupon Mr. Irving returned thanks in prayer for the appearance of such an interpreter! and calling to him, said

"Now, Mr. Pilkington, I believe you really are in the Spirit!!" The favour which the author now enjoyed was, however, of short duration; for, in proportion as his power of dissecting the tongue, and of showing that it consisted of words already known in other languages, became manifest, the gift of the sisters and the brother turned out in fact to be no gift at all, but merely a system of pious fraud. He has already told us his opinion, that they were 'rather deluded'; he now began to feel that they were deluding others, and as they were not great admirers of his skill in their tongue, he was resolved that they should be exposed.

'Being now convinced that all was not correct, I went home, and immediately wrote a note to Mr. Irving, requesting him, in the most solemn manner, to call witnesses to hear my relation of circumstances connected with my conduct in the church; to which I received no answer, and I therefore recorded a transcript of it from memory. It is as follows:—

'"In the name of God, Amen; I ask, Dear Sir, for witnesses to hear an explanation of the circumstances which influenced and encouraged me to publicly proclaim the interpretation of the Tongue spoken by the mouth of a Gifted Sister this morning. I remain, Dear Sir, your affectionate Brother in the Lord Jesus. '"GEORGE PILKINGTON."'

'"*Oct.* 19. 1831."'

'I went to the prayer meeting the next morning, where a Gifted Sister spoke at great length in Tongue, and as much in English. It was impossible to recollect the whole, particularly as the connecting of broken Latin words was in itself almost as much as my understanding could compass. However, I understood some words, and by the assistance of my own ingenuity, aided by a desire to rebuke evil—which I more than ever feared was existing—I collected the matter and spoke as follows:—" The interpretation of the Tongue uttered by the mouth of the Sister, is this:—" I am grieved; I am grieved; for there are persons here who are wise in their own conceit; and there are sinners here whose sins shall be washed away with tears." To this Mr. Irving said, " Very good words, Brethren, by whomsoever they were spoken," and, I think, cautioned us not to say more than the Spirit compelled us to utter. After the meeting, I returned home to breakfast; which I had scarcely finished, when the church-keeper called on me to say that " Mr. Irving wished to see me immediately at the church."

'I obeyed the summons; and when I proceeded as far as the top of the centre aisle, Mr. *A.* (who was sitting in the pew along with Mr. *B.**) called me, and said that Mr. Irving was engaged, but would see me immediately. I took a seat in the same pew, and being attracted by the words " *Truth is such a comprehensive word, and so beautiful,*" and finding that their discourse was of a religious nature, I closed up to join in the conversation. The speaker (Mr. *B.*) continued, and said, " Purity is also a word I am fond of using in prayer—it flows from the mouth so sweetly; and then he repeated it once or twice, as if it were honey on his lips. I was very much pleased with his remarks, and thought he was (as indeed he appeared to be) a very pious man. It was a singular coincidence that I should have entered the pew at the very moment when he was describing the beauty of these words to the very person who, at Mr. Irving's house, two hours after he had prayed that I might be so gifted, pleaded ignorance of the cause of my attempting to interpret; and as God had been so solemnly invoked, so I thought this was His method of reminding Mr. *A.* of his conduct. Mr. Irving being at leisure, called me and my companions into the vestry. Having offered a prayer that God would incline our hearts to speak the TRUTH, Mr. Irving desired us to be silent, and said he had received a note from me yesterday; in consequence of which he requested the attention of these Brothers as witnesses, on whom he "COULD DEPEND." He then asked me to relate the circumstances, and I commenced a statement of what I now publish; but I had not proceeded very far when he interrupted me (for the first time) with a slight degree of hastiness, by saying, " You will occupy all our time, Sir." I must confess I was very much surprised at this; for I thought that Mr. Irving's time could not be better spent than in paying strict and very minute attention to any information that would help him to discern the purity of the Spirit which he was introducing into his church. I asked him what he wished me to state?—" I wish to refer to what you said in the church:—was it by your own understanding or by the Spirit?" " I don't exactly understand what you mean by the Spirit," said I. " Were you in the Spirit (said he), you would know; because the GIFTED PERSONS say that it is impossible to mistake the feeling." " I felt that I was under the powerful feeling of piety and devotion," said I. Mr. *B.* said, " If I understand you rightly, it was a mere excitement of the flesh, under the influence of devotion, which compelled you to utter expressions dictated by your own understanding?" " Certainly," said I, " it was so, except when I interpreted." " But were your interpretations merely translations?" ' They were," said I, " from expressions which I heard in English, Spanish, and Latin." Mr. *B.* was very glad I was now satisfied that I was not in the Spirit. Mr. Irving said, " But you say you heard the Tongue in English; pray how did you know where the English commenced?" " By the same means that you would know the first from the second part of a tune." To more particular inquiries I said the Tongue was broken English.—" Did you ever hear it in English before I said, at my house, that a person had heard the Tongue in English?"—" No."—Mr. Irving now concluded I was superstitious or fanciful: I insisted that I was correct. " But, Sir, Mr. *A.* was present, and did not hear English. Mr. *A.* having positively affirmed she did not speak a word of English; " I doubt not you, my friend," said I, " but neither should you doubt me," at the same time touching his arm, which he drew from me, as if he had been polluted by an unclean person. " What did she say?" I repeated. Mr. *A.* " I never heard the word *dilemma.*" " I assure you," said I, " I heard it three times.'—Mr. *A.*: " I not only did not hear it, but the Sister herself said she DID NOT UTTER IT.—" Well, Sir, I am much surprised and alarmed at this; but I heard the words," said I. Mr. *A.*: " You told me at the house that the English was an interpretation of the Tongue; whereas the English was ' I will not be restrained.' " " I may have said so," said I, "but I intended to say the English was in keeping with the Tongue." Mr. *A.* then began to write down what I said, but I protested against any such formal record of expressions which I had used with the best intention amongst Christian Brethren. Mr. Irving told him he was wrong: to which he answered, "I am only taking notes to assist my memory." Having, in reply to further interrogatories as to the power under which I was compelled to speak, again admitted that my understanding dictated the words, and that I could restrain myself, Mr. *B.* said, "Should you ever feel so disposed again, I would recommend you *to keep silence, and tell Mr. Irving what you intended to say.*" I replied, "You may depend on it I will not speak again in the church;" at which they seemed pleased, and Mr. Irving (who ever appeared to me to be conscientious on this point) added—"*unless you cannot possibly* AVOID *it.*" To this Mr. *A.* subjoined, "Nor even then! *for the Gifted Sisters tell me they* CAN RESTRAIN *themselves by prayer.*" Mr. Irving now prayed for us, and after we had retired, Mr. *B.*—, THE WITNESS on whom Mr. Irving said he COULD DEPEND, (!!) told me not "TO REPEAT PUBLICLY WHAT HAD HAPPENED, BECAUSE THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION ON THE SUBJECT." I was by this more than ever confirmed in my suspicions, and was not a little astonished to hear such a recommendation from the very mouth which but a few minutes before was descanting on the beauty and sweetness of Purity and Truth!!! Our Blessed Saviour says—"Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy; for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known."'—pp. 27—31.

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* 'If any good purpose is desired to be effected by ascertaining the real name of this person, or that of Mr. *A.*, the reader has only to make the necessary inquiry of Mr. Irving or the church-keeper; my object being to expose the measure, and spare the individual.'

The party were now mortally offended with their interpreter. It was clear that he made an attempt to pass upon the congregation for an interpretation of the tongue, an invective which he uttered against the gifted sisters and brother, and that he was becoming a dangerous disciple. Mr. Irving, even after this ingenious trick, did all he could to get Pilkington to acknowledge that he interpreted by the aid of the Spirit; but the man was too vain of his knowledge of language to make any such admission, and eventually he was bowed out of the conclave. It is to this treatment of him that we owe the present pamphlet, which is well worth preserving as a proof for aftertimes, of the gross absurdities that have been enacted at the Caledonian Chapel. It furnishes also abundant proof of the increasing errors, already too numerous, arising out of the power which for the last three centuries men have assumed, of interpreting the Scriptures according to their own opinions. If the Bible were ever intended to be so used among mankind, we have no hesitation in saying that it would be a curse instead of a blessing. But as it is impossible that the Great Inspirer of that volume can for a moment be considered as the author of evil, it is equally impossible that He could ever have suggested or sanctioned the "Reformation," which established the pernicious principle of "private judgment." Doubtless the present impostures of Irving, which have already nearly died away, will soon be followed by some other tricks of a similar, or *perhaps* still bolder nature. We should not be surprised if, for the sake of another novelty, now that his eloquence has lost all its former charms, he should get up and announce in his pulpit, that he is himself a prophet, that he cures the sick, and raises the dead to life; that, in short, he is the Christ himself. He will have his imitators in the other connections, as they are called, and the age of miracles will return again. We confess that we shall behold these things without much pain, seeing that they are the direct and inevitable consequences of the "Reformation;" and that until *these* shall be fully developed, *this* can never be thoroughly understood, as the most atrocious mockery ever palmed upon a civilized, and, in other matters, an intelligent community.

ART. III.—*Letters from the North of Europe, or a Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia, and Saxony.* By George Boileau Elliott, Esq. of the Bengal Service, of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Member of the Royal Geographical Society. 8vo. pp. 475. London. Colburn and Co. 1832.

MR. ELLIOTT makes no pretensions to literary eminence. He has here recorded, in a familiar manner, the impressions which his mind received in the course of a tour, now too frequently made to be productive of much novelty in the hands of any author. He very modestly admits as much, and pleads as his excuse for publication, 'the desire to make known to his countrymen the beauties of nature lying within their reach in the almost unexplored mountains of Norway; a tract of country which offers to the traveller, not an isolated prospect, but a succession of richly varied landscapes, rivalling those of the Alps and Himala!' After admiring the dykes and towns of Holland, he proceeded by the steamer to Hamburgh, and thence to Holstein, over perhaps the worst road in Europe, its deep sand being occasionally exchanged for deeper water. The vehicles used upon this road are in keeping with its barbarous character. They are composed of wooden benches, ranged in a kind of basket, which is placed without any springs upon four wheels, so that when the journey is over, the traveller feels as if he had been soundly beaten on his shoulders and lower limbs all the way. There is, however, some compensation for this fatigue, in the pleasure of travelling at *midnight* by the light of the sun!—that luminary being, for a certain portion of the year, visible in the northern latitudes during nearly the whole of his course. This novelty, however, upon experience, does not turn out to be so pleasant as it might at first appear. A day twenty-four hours long, is by no means satisfactory to those who are not accustomed to it. The constant light becomes as wearisome as the mirror, that is generally found in the *coupé* of the French diligences. 'It seems,' the author justly observes, 'as if certain functions of the human system were influenced, like those of plants, by light and darkness; and as if the alternation of these were essential to the healthy action of body and mind. It is unpleasant, and seems unnatural to go to sleep in daylight; and a town perfectly still, exhibiting no sign of life, except a straggling dog, or muffled watchman, in the broad glare of day, wears an aspect, melancholy and deathlike!'

The traveller's accommodations at Kiel were truly deplorable: on reaching his destined hotel, if such it may be called, he found all its inmates asleep; and when, by dint of much knocking and perpetual ringing, he gained admittance, he had the satisfaction of learning that he could get no bed, as the house was full. In a corner of the building, however, he espied a clean basket, somewhat like a cradle, and about five feet long, of which he forthwith took possession, and by means of a rug, and some sheets, he contrived to rough it through the night. Upon reflection, he found that he was much better off than if he had obtained a regular bed, for in almost every part of Germany, it is well known, that a man of ordinary stature cannot get one long enough for him. He is always obliged to act the Procula, the little wife of Codrus, whose bed was still less than herself. He is, moreover, obliged to bear the heat of a feather bed under him, and of another over him; and thus either to remain in a vapour bath all night, or, if he throw off his covering, to catch a rheumatism, which will long continue to remind him of Germany.

Another steamer, for those miraculous vehicles are now to be found everywhere, wafted our author from Kiel to Copenhagen, which, according to his account, is manifestly upon the decline, its population not now exceeding a hundred and eighty thousand. The Danes impute the degeneracy of their nation to the English, who are, in consequence, very far from being popular amongst them. They have reason. We destroyed their fleet and deprived them of Norway. But even if these acts of gross injustice had not been perpetrated, it must be confessed, that the Danes of the present day are very unlike those who in former ages were the masters of the northern seas. They are far behind the rest of Europe in the sciences and arts. 'They are slow in conception, dull in execution, fond of money, and addicted to liquor.' The author, in proof of the third article of this impeachment, mentions a vexatious incident which occurred to him at Fredericksburgh, on his way to Elsineur. Having ordered fresh horses, but no refreshment, he went out to look at the King's celebrated stud, which is kept at that place. On his return he found his carriage ready. The landlord, who was also the post-master, contrary to the usual custom, demanded payment in advance for his cattle, which was acceded to; but change being required, which he had not at hand, our traveller entered the inn, which he had not done before, and waited five or ten minutes, until the landlord brought the silver, when his demand was paid; but on going out, he adds, 'the man stopped us rudely, and demanded four marks, or eighteen pence, for the use of the room. This, of course, we resisted. He said we had sat on the couch and occupied the room for ten minutes, and that we should not quit the house till he was paid.' And to this gross imposition he and his travelling companion were actually obliged to submit. We have heard of similar tricks having been practised in other parts of Europe.

In Sweden the high roads are good, and, exclusive of the expence of purchasing a carriage at the outset, the travelling remarkably cheap, the average not being much more than a penny per horse per mile. The dinner bill is upon a similar scale of economy, seldom amounting to more than a shilling for three or four kinds of meat. The breakfast is not dearer, though it consists of coffee, bread, butter, smoked salmon, and strawberries. The scenery in South Gothland is flat and dreary; the increase of wood, and of the number of little bays, called "fiords," along the coast, characterize the approach to Norway; and from the top of a mountain near its frontier town, Frederickshall, one of its finest landscapes meets the view.

'On the right an extensive lake supplied by five rivers, whose confluent waters here unite to form the noble river Glomen, presents to the eye its leafy banks, and three or four picturesque islands covered with luxuriant fir-trees; the surface was calm as we surveyed it, and a few northern birds reposed peacefully on its bosom. On the left, in the foreground, the Glomen rushes violently down a precipice in three successive cataracts, being hidden from the view, before the waves have regained a tranquil state, by a forest rising on the projecting angle of a chain of hills. In the distance, through a defile of woody mountains, we overlooked a fiord, at the extremity of which the town of Frederickshall is seen in miniature, with a back ground of dark green forests on the heights above. A break in these disclosed the channel where the sea gains admission, and forms the fiord, here, as always, the characteristic of a Norwegian scene.'—pp. 88, 89.

This picture does credit to Mr. Elliott's powers of painting in language. It is at once distinct and comprehensive. An artist would have little difficulty in transferring it to canvass. Christiana, the capital of Norway, is, like Copenhagen, in a declining state, although the place where the Storthing, or Norwegian parliament meets. Scarcely any vehicles are ever seen in its streets, and it seems as if all the inhabitants had been swept away by a plague. The streets are ill paved, and if we rightly understand the author, he could not find a bookseller's shop in the whole town. The author, however, had here the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Professer Hungstein, who appears to have recently made some valuable observations on the variation of the needle.

'Yesterday I visited Professors Hungstein and Esmark; the one a great geologist in this *berçeau* of the science; the other an adventurous and scientific traveller. Professor Hungstein has lately returned from Siberia, where he went for the purpose of making observations on the variation of the needle. He thinks he has proved, that there are two magnetic axes cutting each other in the centre of the globe; that their northern poles are, the one near the spot where Parry and Franklin fixed it; the other in Siberia: and their southern poles, of course, at the vertically opposite points. To illustrate this, he arranged the experiments made by travellers in different parts of the world, especially those of navigators, and showed that the variation of the needle depends always on its distance from these two poles. But observations were wanting in Siberia. He stated his belief that the needle would be found to deviate from the north in a certain manner at certain places, in that country. Having sketched a map of supposed variations, he undertook the journey, under the sanction of the emperor of Russia, to ascertain the truth of his theory, and had the satisfaction to find his hypothesis verified by the result. I obtained permission to copy the map he has drawn of magnetic deviations throughout the world, and regard it as one of the most interesting things seen in my tour. From Professor Hungstein I have gained some new ideas—the only real wealth.'—pp. 94, 95.

From Christiana to Dramen, a town about thirty miles southwest of the capital, the road lies along the shore of a fiord celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, consisting of a succession of hill and dale, which almost fatigue the eye by the richness and variety of their charms. A traveller who went to Norway for the purpose of exploring its picturesque resources, could not fail of paying a visit to the famous waterfall of Riuken. Having left at Kongsberg every trace of civilization, he pursued his route through forests of lofty firs, which have rarely felt the axe of the woodman; and over mountains, which are often without the slightest marks of even a bridle-road. The scene at the waterfall is indescribably grand. 'The Maen rushes through a rock blackened by time, and falls from a height of four hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly, into a cauldron of the same dark material. The foam, or riuken, rises so high, as to conceal from the distant spectator the depth of the fall, which he could duly appreciate only when lying on the ground, and looking over the edge of the precipice at its highest point.' The earth seems to tremble under the continual fall of the torrent. Mr. Elliot mentions a singular circumstance which occurred to himself and his companions, the truth of which we suppose we must not doubt, though it appears to us to be irreconcileable with the ordinary laws of optics. 'The sun,' he says, 'burst from behind a cloud, and shining upon the falling water and the playful spray, cast obliquely on the dark back-ground a perfect double rainbow, approaching nearly to a circle.'

From the Riuken he proceeded to Bergen, crossing the chain of mountains called in the maps the Hardanger Fjeld,* which, he observes, had never been passed but in one direction, and then only by three Englishmen and one Norwegian. He and two Englishmen, by whom he was accompanied on this occasion, resolved to attempt a pass which had been yet quite unexplored. The distance to Bergen was two hundred miles, more than one half of which was over trackless mountains. They had neither animals, nor clothes, nor provisions, suitable to such a journey. The peasantry could afford no information about it. Having passed through a great extent of forest, they at length reached the point where vegetation almost ceases, supposed to be about three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The forests which they had passed seemed now to be lost in vallies, and the clouds were beneath their feet.

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* 'Fjeld, or fi-eld, as it is pronounced, being a dissyllable, is a term applied to the high land on a chain of hills, or sometimes to the hills themselves.'

'The peasants told us that the Hardanger rising above their heads, opposed an insuperable barrier between them and the natives of the western districts. No man would venture to guide us over upwards of a hundred miles, where no road was to be seen; and where, in many places, the snow had accumulated from the first subsidence of the waters of the flood. A transient fear crossed our breasts, that we might be compelled to relinquish a trip to the dangers and interest of which we were now wrought up. It proved, however, but transient. We learned that, some miles off, a mountaineer maintained a solitary, but friendly communion with the winds and woods. He was believed to know something of the Alpine waste. A summons brought this wild child of Nature. He said he had succeeded in a former attempt to cross the Hardanger, and knew the bearings of Bergen; so he agreed for seven dollars to accompany us. Some unleavened bread and bacon were added to our little store; and, the necessary preparations being made, we started from Tessungdale, at one in the afternoon of Thursday, the 22nd of July.

'The party consisted of Messrs. Fowler and Gurney, myself, our servant, the guide, and a man who accompanied the horses. Of these we had four, one of which carried the provisions. Like the horses of Switzerland, those of Norway are very small. They seldom exceed twelve or thirteen hands in height; but they are hardy and sure-footed. On the rocks they scramble like goats, sometimes perhaps to the alarm, and always to the surprise, of the rider.

'Four miles from Tessungdale, we passed a couple of huts, and then commenced the arduous ascent. Firs and birch gradually disappeared, as before. Our guide tore from the last stragglers of the forest a few branches, which were fixed on the backs of the horses, and served afterwards to kindle a fire in time of urgent need. At four o'clock, the trees were all left behind. Wild flowers, however, appeared in great profusion; especially the heart's-ease, the encubalus, the strawberry blossom, many species of chrysanthemum and campanula, and a great variety of others peculiar to Norway, with whose names I am unacquainted. We were particularly struck with a shrub resembling in its leaf the sage, and with a sweet flower like honeysuckle. The mosses and heaths are very numerous. Before five, the rein-deer moss appeared, and prepared us to see a herd of those beautiful animals shortly afterwards dart across our way. They were the first I ever beheld: nor is it improbable that we were the first persons who had ever intruded on their mountain privacy. At six we saw some ptarmigan; and at nine heard a cry like that of the eagle.

'The sun set in the N.N.W. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight, over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens, thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of the flower of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself.

'The weather was inclement. It rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and for two successive hours the guide had been saying, that we were within a mile of a hut, which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along. Hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and perhaps never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness, as we did this pile of stones; for suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements.

'The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together. A hole in the centre let out the smoke, and admitted the fresh air. The former had no other exit; the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters, which nearly filled the hut. The intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were bowls of milk and cream, the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an unaccustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse-blankets were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently, that it was not possible to repose for any length of time.

'The morning dawned, disclosing the full wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squalid filth of the women was exceeded, if possible, by that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting-place.

'After breakfasting on some smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dryness and inequalities, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their progress down the throat, we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours of hard marching, over trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and in a drenching rain, we accomplished three-and-twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers, whose plaintive cry consorted well with the discomfort of our condition, scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen.'—pp. 116—120.

The succeeding night they were obliged to content themselves with the miserable shelter which a pile of stones afforded, and to sup upon the blackest rye bread, unleavened and full of husk, with cheese and half cooked bacon. The only habitation, if such it can be called, which they encountered the following day, was another hollow pile of stones, where they found three women engaged in manufacturing cheese from the produce of a herd of cows, which grazed at some distance among the mountains. Here they obtained a full meal of coarse rye flour boiled in cream, a diet which the women called "floottegroot." They had come from the western side of the Fjeld, and purposed to stay two months, unless the snow fell and deprived their cows of provender. They were dressed in white woollen gowns, black drawers of the same material, and white socks. Their hair was tied up with worsted, and their grotesque costume was completed by the addition of a waistcoat with metal buttons and short sleeves. Among the few birds which attracted the attention of the travellers in those regions, were the small hawk peculiar to Norway, the large falcon, the eagle, and the white owl. The rocks were in many places peopled with lemmings, whose natural history is curious.

> 'This creature is as large as a rat, with pointed head, short round ears, small black eyes, straight whiskers, and two long cutting teeth in each jaw. The fore legs are very short; and the toes, of which there are only four, (a sharp claw or spur being substituted for the fifth) are covered with hair. The skin is of a dusky hue, with a tinge of yellow prevailing more towards the stomach, which is yellow and white. They appeared in hundreds, perhaps thousands, running in and out of holes under the rocks. Sometimes they descend from their elevated abodes, and migrate into Lapland, in swarms defying numerical calculation, and destroying, like locusts, every green thing. The Norwegians and Laps have many superstitions connected with these curious animals; amongst others, they fall from the clouds. I object only to the word *fall;* for that they dwell above the clouds I can attest from ocular demonstration. Some of their habits, however, are singular enough to feed the credulity of the ignorant Nordlanders. The father of Mr. Broder Kruitzdon, from whom I received great kindness at Christiana, once saw an army of lemmings crossing a river. The foremost plunged in, ranging themselves one in advance of the other, so that the head of each was supported on the back of another, while the links of this living chain were formed by the *dovetail* of their little legs. In this manner they constructed a continuous bridge from bank to bank, on which the Lilliputian army passed over. The one holding to land on this side then let go: and the rearmost ascending, one after another, crawled over the backs of their fellows till many had attained the shore. During this movement, the rest of the line being gradually carried down the stream, like a string of boats fastened at one end, each was conveyed to the opposite bank, and resumed his place in the line of march.'—pp. 124, 125.

Still ascending, the party soon reached the region of glaciers, one of which, supposed to be some hundred feet in thickness, and ten miles in circumference, they beheld majestically reposing upon the top of an inaccessible mountain, along whose cleft uneven side a cataract rolled. Upon passing this part of the Hardanger, they began to descend, and reached a succession of hills of granite, extending about ten miles, utterly naked, devoid even of moss or lichens, and dreary in the extreme. At length they lighted, as if by magical assistance, upon a scene which compensated them for all their past labours.

'Without the least warning or expectation, we came to the edge of a mountain, and saw the termination of our labours. The delight we felt was ecstatic. The sun shone upon the valley stretched out three thousand feet below. At an angle formed by the meeting of a double chain of hills, four cataracts pour their waters from different elevations into a river which seeks the neighbouring fiord. For four days we had not seen a tree. A whole forest now lay before us. In the valley, the Lilliputian haymakers were tossing about the grass in all the short-lived gaiety of a northern summer. The church and parsonage smiled upon the scene. The most beautiful fiord in Norway expanded itself to our view, on the other side a ridge of mountains rose perpendicularly to the height of perpetual congelation. Their snow-clad summits now appeared beautiful, because distant from us, and formed a contrast with their richly-wooded slopes and the fertile valley. A descent of seven miles occupied two hours and a half. As we approached nearer to its blue waters, the Sol fiord, the village of Opedal, and the rural parsonage of Ullensvang seemed to multiply their charms. The view of the Skreeken-foss and Rinken-foss, (or "noisy" and "vapory" waterfalls), the two largest of the cascades, is more imposing from below, where their size is more justly appreciated. The first fall of the former from the top of the cliff, three thousand feet above the fiord, may be about four hundred feet. It then rushes down a precipitous slope of somewhat greater extent, still presetving its character as a waterfall. From that point it runs along an inclined plane of forty-five degrees for two thousand feet, and is lost in the river.

'I am afraid to express what we felt when standing on the summit of the cliff, surveying the scene around: but each of us thought that our labours were more than repaid. We were probably the first, except a straggling unobservant huntsman, who had ever beheld this masterpiece of Nature's works. We were assuredly the first who had ever dwelt on it at the end of such a journey, with minds so prepared to receive and contemplate its beauties. It is a bold assertion, but true—that I cannot recollect any view on the Alps or the Himala, which, uniting the minute beauties and grand outlines, the loveliness and sublimity, the varied objects, so numerous and so perfect of their kind, is altogether equal to this coup-d'œil.'—pp. 135, 136.

After experiencing the hospitality of the parsonage, the party embarked in a boat, and were rowed to Bergen across the fiord; the voyage of eighty-four miles occupied three days, on account of a contrary wind. The scenery on both sides of the fiord is described as enchanting. About twenty miles from Bergen they had a fine view of the magnificent glacier of Folge Fund, calculated by Professor Esmark to be nearly forty miles in length, and twenty in breadth. Its summit is said to be five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The ice is green, and when the sun shines strongly upon its broken masses, they act prismatically, and exhibit various combinations of the constituent rays of light, like fragments of a rainbow grotesquely shaken together.

From Bergen to Vossevangen, about fifty-six miles on the way to Christiana, the road lies through vallies in which all the beauties of Norwegian scenery are concentrated. Sometimes 'the mountains rise on either side, with forests of birch and fir spreading over their gentle slopes: at others they seem like perpendicular walls of granite blackened by time, and terribly grand in their sterile loftiness.' The pervading features of these scenes are the fiords, which are frequently arms of the sea, extending a great distance inland, and flanked by mountains covered with eternal snow; and at every mile the scene varies, Norway being the country of forests and waterfalls, of mountains and fiords. The inns are generally of the worst description; a bed of hay, with a blanket off the horse's back, being usually the traveller's only resource for the night, and often he has to lament the want even of this. The waterfall of the Voring-foss, said to be the largest in the world, with the exception of that at Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, is the great "lion" of Norway. Yet Mr. Elliott states that this natural wonder has been visited by only four Englishmen and one Norwegian. It is situated nearly fifty miles from Vossevangen, at the extreme point of a valley, which becomes gradually narrower as it completes a second semicircle, in the form of an S. The river falls perpendicularly, without a single contact with the rock, nine hundred feet, into a valley scarcely broader than itself.

'The effect is very grand. The body of water is, perhaps, equal to that of the Nandek, in Switzerland. Before reaching the edge of the precipice, it has acquired such velocity from its course down a gently sloping plane, that it is projected several feet in advance, and forms a succession of folds, like flakes of snow, of an enormous size and convex figure. These seem for a moment to pause in mid air, as if supported by their own buoyancy; then gradually sinking, they lose their peculiar character, and, joining in the rush of water, dash themselves into the abyss.

'We stood for some minutes contemplating with a mixture of surprise and terror, this savage spectacle. In the gulf below was the blackness of darkness: a glimmering of light reflected through the sinuous valley, just made the "darkness visible," and discovered "shades" in which the ruins of some stony buttresses of the world lie mingled together in mighty fragments, and in strange confusion. All is naked and abrupt. The common terms of language are lost in the description of a spot probably unrivalled in point of savage wildness and fearful sublimity. The surrounding country consists with the impression this scene is calculated to inspire. All nature stands aghast. The very mountains seem petrified by the sight. Their bare surfaces of gneiss are unvaried by a single tree or moss; and animals fly from a wild which may almost be said to terrify the vegetable creation.'—pp. 167, 168.

The latter part of this passage savours of the bombastic, and we should have set it down upon the side of a vicious taste, had we not known the enthusiasm which an extraordinary spectacle of this description is capable of exciting. As if to prove the adage that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the party, soon after quitting this magnificent cataract, fell in with a parson, a bustling little man, fond of his bottle and pipe, who understood a little German, Latin, and English, but so little, that he could converse in no language except his own. The salutation of "good morning" at nine at night, had fathomed the depth of his English. Now and then a German word was dropped, and a sentence commenced in Latin was sure to end in Norse. 'The scene was ridiculous to a degree; and one part of it, in which he strangely perverted the meaning of a common Latin word that admitted of no easy explanation, overcame us all!'

Nothing appears more singular to a foreigner than the transparency of the waters in Norway. At a depth of a hundred, or a hundred and twenty feet, the surface of the ground beneath is perfectly visible. Sometimes it may be seen wholly covered with shells, sometimes only sprinkled with them; now a submarine forest presents itself to view, and now a sub-aqueous mountain. Mr. Elliot confirms the observation of Sir Capel de Brooke, that when a boat passes over a sub-aqueous mountain of a certain height, 'the visual illusion is so perfect, that one who has gradually in tranquil progress over the surface ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vertex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice!'

So much for the scenery of Norway, which has called forth Mr. Elliott's admiration. He is not, however, insensible to subjects of a more common interest, as we may perceive from the attention which he paid to the Storthing. He found it sitting at Christiana, in August, 1830.

'The Storthing, or parliament, is convoked every third year. It imposes taxes, regulates the courts, and audits the public accounts. The king has a veto, but this can be exercised only twice on the same proposition from the Storthing; so that if that body pass an act for the third time, it becomes law, *malgré le roi*. In fact, therefore, the power of the king, when opposed to that of the people, extends only to the protraction of the period of a law's first operation to the ninth year, on the meeting of the third representative body.

'The Storthing is now sitting. I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle. Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth, like blanketing; with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, broad-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather reading, their opinions, attests the unsophisticated simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand; the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reform. After the labours of the day, the members all dine together in a large room on the first floor of the hotel in which I lodge. The table is laid out neatly but not sumptuously; and decorated with flowers, a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries.

'The constitution is purely democratic. Abhorrence of an aristocracy is carried to such an extent, that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway; and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only distinction between man and man.'—pp. 189, 190.

Our author next visited Stockholm, his description of which could hardly be expected to exhibit anything new. He ascribes to Bernadotte his usual character for military frankness, and the most affable manners. It appears that this fortunate individual has lost no part of the popularity, which he has now maintained, without any material interruption, since his accession to the throne. The press is under a very moderate censorship. General satisfaction with the government, and universal contentment prevail. Amongst our author's acquaintances, he had the good fortune to number the Austrian ambassador, an enlightened Polish nobleman, whose observations upon the laws of English society may be taken as the expression of the opinion of every enlightened mind in Europe.

'To-day I have received a visit from one of the most intelligent foreigners I have met. Count de Voyna is the Austrian ambassador to the Swedish court. During his visit, England was the topic of conversation. He is quite enamoured of her public institutions, and the liberal opinions of her sons. Her tenure of India, with all the civil and political arrangements dependent on it, is the object of his highest admiration. He delights in her literature and her poetry. Yet, notwithstanding this high opinion of our country and her moral emanations, there are some things he strongly reprobates. "I cannot," said he, "approve by any means your social laws. You are proud and haughty towards each other, and towards all. However intellectual, however fascinating in conversation, if a man belong not to a particular *coterie*, he is not a desirable acquaintance. This lord has not received him, or that lady has frowned on him; or he has not admittance to Almack's. Such a disaster is sufficient to keep a man of merit out of view. I cannot approve the system. Rank, birth, and office, are mere names. It is mind that makes the man. I have a few private friends in England; but they are all among the country gentlemen. I hope to realize my ardent wish of visiting your country in the ensuing year; and as soon as I can obtain release from public duties, I shall retire into the country, and there my intercourse shall be with minds, however clad, from whose stores I can enrich my own." In this strain he spoke at length. It was gratifying to listen to his just encomium on what I hold so dear. It was interesting to hear a man, the representative of the third sovereign of Europe, place mind and mental treasures above rank and its mere contingencies. I endeavoured to persuade him that those amongst us, whose sentiments he would value, held opinions on this point coinciding with his own. Time stole away rapidly during this interview, which was curtailed by a man entering to remind me of an engagement. As we parted, the Count put into my hand a letter of introduction to the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, whom he represented as one of the few kindred spirits he has met. Count de Voyna is a Pole by birth. His person and manners are peculiarly engaging. He talks English like an Englishman; and tells me is equally at home in French, German, and Swedish. He spoke with great feeling of his country, and of the sufferings and moral degeneracy of his countrymen. They bear reluctantly, he says, the yoke of Russia, which has smothered, but not quenched, the fire of their spirits; at the same time, the illiberality of her political system has exercised a pernicious influence over the expansion of the public mind, and fostered hatred in the hearts it has enslaved.'—pp. 238—240.

The following remarks of Mr. Elliott upon some of the coins of Russia, may be of use to persons visiting that country for the first time.

'The coin commonly current is a ruble, divided into a hundred copper kopecks. Of this there are two sorts, the paper and the silver ruble; the former nearly equal in value to eleven-pence of our money; the latter to three shillings and four pence. Originally, the one was merely a representative of the other, as our one-pound-notes were of twenty shillings; but latterly, paper has been so depreciated by an excess of issue and other causes, that its value has been diminished in the proportion just stated. In the middle of the seventeenth century, bars of silver were used instead of coins. These were marked at regular distances with notches, *(rubli)*, according to which a greater or less portion of the bar was cut off to settle an account. The word *kopeck* is derived from the word *kopea*, a spear, because formerly the copper coin was stamped with an impression of St. George spearing the dragon. I have seen no gold in the country. A platina coin, called an "Imperial," has been lately struck. Its value is not quite a guinea. This is the first piece of money that has ever been coined from platina. The metal is generally found as an oxyde. Dr. Wollaston was the discoverer of a mode of combining it with chemical agents, so as to render it tractile and fit for coinage. On his death-bed he disclosed this secret to Mr. Herschel, the astronomer, under whose instruction a person, named Johnson, was employed in the preparation of the metal; and when the Russian government sent to England for some one who could undertake the superintendance of a platina coinage at St. Petersburg, this man was selected for the purpose. The metal was prepared, and a coin struck with great skill and neatness: but in the mean time the value of platina had been much depreciated, by a large importation, from America; and it was considered inexpedient to put into circulation a metal that would be liable to very great fluctuations in value. Hence the "Imperial" has never left the mint, except when purchased by visitors as a curiosity.—pp. 294, 295.

The Emperor Nicholas, according to Mr. Elliott, is one of the best sovereigns. He may be so for Russia, but we fear that the Poles would give a very different account of his Czarship.

'In the hey-day of life, with unlimited power, health, and every inducement to seek his own pleasure, the present emperor devotes his whole time to his subjects. From dawn of day till the afternoon, he is engaged in public affairs. Nor is his attention turned only to politics, legislation, and military arrangements; on the contrary, the moral state of the people, the prisons, almshouses, and similar institutions, are objects of his special regard. Unhappily for the country, the aristocracy are not as disinterested as the emperor. Their aim and their attainment are to keep him in comparative ignorance, or to counteract his efforts for the improvement of the present state of things. A determination on his part to carry into execution the desire of his heart for the liberation of the serfs, would excite among the nobles a conspiracy which would probably end in the loss of his crown. It is the power of an illiberal aristocracy that prevents Russia from rising to the elevation she would otherwise attain.'

'The Emperor, or "Autocrat of all the Russias," is as absolute as a monarch can be. He has no hereditary advisers and no chosen counsellors. The prime-minister of the empire is styled the chancellor. Each of the departments has likewise its peculiar minister, all of whom are ex-officio members of a council consisting of thirty-five, who superintend the public offices. Imperial *ukases* are issued through a body, called a senate, who are employed as a mechanical instrument, and have no deliberate power, except when they sit as a judicial court of appeal from inferior tribunals. Governors are deputed to the provinces of this extensive empire, who carry on the duties of their governments by means of subordinate employés and a host of gens-d'armes, who correspond to the *Omlah*, with which a civil functionary is surrounded in India. But with the number and duties of these, all resemblance ceases. The talent, patient investigation, laborious assiduity, and undeviating integrity, which characterize British civilians in the east, are for the most part wanting in the Russian governor. Money is the sole passport to justice. To obtain money is the main object of almost every judicial officer. This evil will never be remedied so long as the present inadequate stipends are continued to public servants, whose salary seldom amounts to a quarter, and often not to a tenth, of what they are expected and obliged to spend. In some offices it remains nearly the same as it was a century ago, notwithstanding great changes in the relative value of money and in the habits of the people. The whole system of government is bad.

'At the present time the Russians are in a state to feel most keenly the effects of an absolute monarchy, a cruel aristocracy, and the want of a middle class. They are too civilized not to be conscious that they are slaves. They are too little advanced in civilization to exercise any check on the autocrat and nobles through the medium of public opinion. Government, conscious that knowledge must burst the chains which now gall the people, has imposed a strict censorship on the press. A miserable unmanly policy is pursued to prevent men from speaking what they think, or knowing what others think. Every foreign newspaper is held back if it contain an account of a mutiny or a sentiment favourable to liberty. In short, mind and body are alike enslaved in Russia, and despotism is complete.

'I have made the courts a subject of particular enquiry, and, strange to say, I have not been able to meet with an individual who could inform me of the legal mode of recovering a debt, or prosecuting a criminal. The only answer I have obtained is unsatisfactory indeed. "*Il n'y a point de loi, il n'y a que des ordonnances.* (*Ukases*)." Nor is this an exaggerated statement. A gentleman who has shown me much kindness is now poor, because there is no legal mode by which he may recover large debts due to him from Russian nobles. This deficiency in the system of jurisprudence cannot fail to influence commerce prejudicially. Here a man's word is worth nothing without a bond; a bond is useless without law; and since there is no law, there is neither bond nor faith, neither credit nor enterprise. The whole external commerce of Russia is conducted by foreigners. Ships are commanded by Germans, insured and freighted by English, and often manned by Swedes or Fins. To remedy this state of things, the emperor has ordered a digest to be arranged of the *ukases* of his predecessors, and laws to be framed in accordance with them: but the nobility retard, as much as possible, this desirable work, because its completion will involve a restriction of their power.'—pp. 391—395.

As we deem it unnecessary to follow Mr. Elliott in his visit to Moscow and other parts of Russia, we shall here take leave of him, thanking him for the pleasure which his work has afforded us. His descriptions of Norwegian scenery are excellent, and his remarks upon the manners of the different communities which he visited, appear to have been guided by a conscientious adherence to truth. His notions upon points of policy are crude, in consequence, perhaps, of his Indian education, which could not have been of a very liberal character. He is given too much to religious cant. He never meets with a Bible or a Psalter, but he offers up a prayer of thanksgiving for his good fortune. This is superfluous, to say the least of it, particularly in Norway and Sweden, where, owing to the exertions of our Bible Societies, religious books are found in greater abundance almost than in any other country, England excepted; and where, at the same time, less of religion is visible in the principles and conduct of the great mass of the people, than in any other part of Europe.

ART. IV.—*Traditions of Lancashire, Second Series.* By J. Roby, M.R.S.L. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

IN reviewing the first series of the 'Traditions of Lancashire,' we alluded to the great disadvantage under which Mr. Roby had laboured, in consequence of the meagre and inefficient nature of the materials upon which he had set himself to work. We perceive, from the volumes before us, that he has had again to encounter the same source of embarrassment; but still, we are happy to add, as in the former case, the impediment comes only to stimulate him to make fresh demonstrations of his ability to conquer it.

If we were to treat the narratives contained in this new series, merely as a set of pleasant tales contrived for the innocent recreation of the intelligent classes; destined, perhaps, for no more permanent use than to vary the festivities of an approaching Christmas, we should be obliged, in candour, to abstain from affording to them any extraordinary commendation. But it so happens, that they possess much higher claims to our attention, than any which could be conferred upon them by their own intrinsic value. They form a portion of the authentic records of an interesting and ancient county of England. They are not drawn indeed from the parchment scrolls or the ponderous folios of the learned; neither were they composed at the beck of a tyrant, nor modified to the taste of a faction; nor yet have they been interpolated or partially defaced. Such annals as these, written upon the durable tablets of a people's memory, are cherished with sacred respect by each succeeding generation, and are delivered, like domestic heir-looms, from sire to son, under the safest of all guarantees for their preservation. This is the process to which the term tradition is applied. Mr. Roby, with great justice, complains of the little consideration which has ever been paid in this country to the authority of tradition. He ridicules that spirit of pride and dogmatism, which, amongst our literati especially, would consign to oblivion, as unworthy of attention, all accounts of facts which purport to have had an existence prior to the invention of books. This gentleman, however, does not seem to be aware, that there are peculiar causes in our national condition for that undoubted disposition, so peculiar to English writers, to reject tradition. Is it not plain to his understanding, that if we placed any reliance upon it—if we admitted its authenticity to be even on an equality with that which we so readily concede to written documents, then upon what pretence could we have renounced a religion almost wholly resting on such a foundation? Our pride, our sense of consistency, impel us to a uniform preference of written testimony; and so deeply has this feeling been implanted into the national character, that traces of it may be distinctly observed in every department of our letters.

It is of great importance to know, that from the course which men's minds are now selecting for their inquiries, we may, in no little time, expect to see the claims of tradition fully acknowledged. Every day produces a fresh example of the fidelity of that authority. The test of experience sooner or later will prevail over all theory. For further and very striking views on this great subject, we must refer the reader to Mr. Roby's excellent Introduction prefixed to these volumes.

The number of legends or traditions which the author furnishes for our present entertainment, prose and verse, amounts to eleven. They are of very unequal merit, save as to execution, which appears to be pretty uniform throughout these pages. It is quite evident that Mr. Roby is minutely acquainted with every rood of the soil of Lancashire, including of course "all that thereon doth dwell;" its hills and its vallies, the streams that fertilize its plains, the numerous ivied towers and castles that lie scattered within its precincts, and that recal the days of feudal sway, beneath which its inhabitants groaned; these, no doubt, formed the chief objects of Mr. Roby's youthful dreams, and still are remembered by him in association with the happiest era of his life. To this intimate knowledge of the scenes amidst which the events and incidents of his stories take place, are we indebted for those vivid and accurate descriptions of beautiful sites, which so frequently attract our attention in perusing these volumes. Mr. Roby may indeed be charged with a very unseasonable ambition after what is called fine writing, considering the simplicity, and, not unfrequently, the great homeliness of his subjects. We can, however, say, that whatever may have been his aim, that which he has attained is a lucid and vigorous style, always careful, and adequate to express his thoughts, and often animated by a bold, but still a disciplined, fancy. His skill in the management of dialogue is truly dramatic; and he seems to have prepared himself for all the details of his interesting pictures, by thoroughly studying the manners, the mode of life, and costume, of the people belonging to the particular periods to which his legends refer.

The more interesting portion of the narratives contained in these volumes, relates to characters which have flourished in British history. The 'Grey Man of the Wood,' the second of the series, consists of a very interesting account of the concealment and final arrest of Henry VI., at Waddington Hall, whither he had retired after the defeat at Hexham. The outline of this event which the common histories afford, is amply filled up in the tradition to which we allude; and Mr. Roby has not forgotten to do justice to the obstinate propensity of the weak and unfortunate Henry, to the mystic study of alchemy. Memorials of the royal fugitive are still exhibited in the neighbourhood, in the shape of gloves, boots, and a spoon; and a well, where he was wont to bathe, and which still bears his name, is even to this time in great repute amongst the peasantry for its healing virtues. The 'Peel of Fouldrey' is the title of a tradition, which lets us into the details of the unsuccessful attempt of an impostor, named Lambert Simnel, to recover the crown of England, which had been but recently so valorously won by Henry VII. This pretender gave out that he was the real Earl of Warwick, nephew to Richard III., and that he had but just escaped from the Tower, where he had been immured by the new government. In a succeeding tale, entitled 'Windleshaw Abbey,' a passage from one of the most critical periods of the famous Prince Rupert's life, forms the groundwork of a very interesting legend.

The greater part of the traditions now before us, derive a considerable share of the interest and value they possess, from the circumstance of their furnishing an adequate explanation of the origin and history of many curious relics of antiquity, which are familiar to the eyes of most of the inhabitants of Lancashire. A terrific, and, we can truly add, a very amusing specimen of this class of legends, is the 'Dule upo' Dun.' This phrase is the brief description of a design painted on a sign, which at the present moment, we believe, waves over the door of a public-house in a small village not far from Clitheroe. In this rude work of art is represented the sable King of Terrors himself, mounted on a scraggy dun horse, without saddle, bridle, or stirrup, whilst in the distance a figure, which all the world would forthwith recognise to be a tailor, is seen in the attitude expressive of the most unbounded joy, evidently at the rapid flight in which his Satanic majesty seems to be reluctantly engaged. Tradition assigns the first idea of this curious group to the history of a real tailor of the village, who, being impressed from practical experience with a knowledge of the miseries of wanting money, and indulging in the most exaggerated visions of the bliss of possessing it in abundance, had, in an evil hour, the hardihood to sell himself, body and soul, to the arch enemy of mankind, for a valuable consideration. When the appointed time for fulfilling his part of the contract was approaching, the tailor naturally became more alive to all the horrors of his fate. In the midst of his despair, he had recourse to the councils of a holy man, who dwelt in a neighbouring solitude. This wise advocate, having heard the whole details of the transaction, bade the trembling defendant to keep up his spirits; and being profoundly skilled in all the intricacies of ecclesiastical law, he gave such instructions to his client, as enabled the latter, at the critical moment, completely to baffle the Dule, and ultimately to send him out of court, in the rapid and compulsory style which we see so graphically recorded on the sign-post. The ludicrous catastrophe is so well described, that we cannot withhold it from the reader.

'The time now drew near. The very week—the day—the hour, was come; and when the sun should have climbed to the meridian, Michael knew that he would have to face the cunning foe who had beguiled him. His wife would have tarried; but he peremptorily forbade. He would not be disturbed in his intercessions. All that morning, without intermission, he supplicated for wisdom and strength in the ensuing conflict. He had retired to a little chamber at one end of the house, and here he secured himself to prevent intrusion.

'Noon was scarcely come, when, true to the engagement, a loud thunder-clap announced the approach and presence of this terrific being.

'"I am glad to find," said he, "that thou art ready."

'"I am not ready," replied the trembling victim.

'"How!" roared the sable chief, with a voice that shook the whole house, like the passage of an earthquake; "dost thou deny the pledge? darest thou gainsay this bond?"

'"True enough," replied the debtor, "I signed that contract; but it was won from me by fraud and dishonest pretences."

'"Base, equivocating slave! how darest thou mock me thus? Thou hadst thy wishes;—the conditions have been fulfilled—ay, even to the letter."

'"I fear me," again said the victim, who felt his courage wonderfully supported: "that thou knewest I should never be a pin the richer or better of thy gifts; and thine aim was but to flatter and to cheat. It is not in thy power, I do verily believe, to grant me riches, or any great thing that I might wish; so thou didst prompt, and in a wicked manner, force me to those vain wishes, unthinkingly, by which I have been beguiled."

'"Dost thou doubt, then, my ability in this matter? Know, that thy most unbounded wishes would have been accomplished, else I release thee from this bond."

'"I say and will vouch for't, that all thy promises are lying cheats; and that thou could'st not give me a beggarly bodle, if thou wert to lay down thy two horns for it; so I demand my bond, according to thy pledge."

'"To shew thee that I can keep this bond, even conformable to the terms of my own offer just now, and thy pitiful carcase to boot, I'll e'en grant thee another wish, that thou mayest be satisfied thou art past all hope of redemption. Said I not, that if I could not fulfil any wish of thine, even to the compass of all possible things, and the riches of this great globe itself, I would release thee from this bond?"

'"Yea," said Michael with an eager assent."

'"Then wish once more; and mind that it be no beggarly desire. Wish to the very summit of wealth, or the topmost pinnacle of thy ambition, for it shall be given to thee."

'"Then," said the tailor hastily, as though fearful the words would not come forth quick enough from his lips, "I wish thou wert riding back again to thy quarters, on yonder dun horse, and never be able to plague me again, or any poor wretch whom thou hast gotten into thy clutches!"

'The demon gave a roar loud enough to be heard to the very antipodes, and away went he, rivetted to the back of this very dun horse, which Michael had seen through the window, grazing quietly in the lane, little suspecting the sort of jockey that was destined to bestride him. The tailor ran to the door to watch his departure, almost beside himself for joy at this happy riddance. Dancing and capering into the kitchen, where his wife was almost dying through terror, he related, as soon as he was able, the marvellous story of his deliverance.'—vol. i. pp. 265—267.

The third class of Traditions in this series which remains to be noticed, comprehends a very inferior portion indeed, as contrasted with the other legends, of those qualities which are calculated for the amusement of the general reader. They are founded principally on that most extravagant credulity, which once existed in this country, in the existence of goblins, or spiritual messengers of good or evil to human beings. Scenes where such agents are the chief actors, can scarcely afford the means of rational recreation, in an age which has survived too long the explosion of such superstitions. We should, however, in justice, except from the effect of the above remarks, a legend called the 'Demon of the Well,' which, though admitting into the system of its machinery the influence of the spirits of the air, may still deserve to be considered on the whole as affording a strong discouragement to a hasty reliance on ghost stories. It presents, up to a certain stage of the narrative, a series of incidents so truly marvellous, that leave us no alternative but to admit that they were the result of preternatural interference; yet the secret springs of all these wonders are afterwards shown to have been brought about by the most simple and ordinary causes; and no one, we should think, could rise from the perusal of the entire legend, without having his mind more accessible than ever to suspicion, when cases of spiritual visitations are offered for his belief.

Much greater imperfections than any to which we have recently alluded, would be amply compensated for, were they to be so fortunate as to be placed within the same cover as the beautiful and impressive story of 'George Fox,' to which, as the flower of the whole collection, we beg to invite the attention of the reader.

The ground-work of the legend, we may observe, has been employed to embellish many a catalogue of moving adventures, and disastrous chances, before; and, if we mistake not, the illustrious founder of the Quakers himself, whose name has been just stated, figured as the hero of the piece. Mr. Roby, indeed, alludes to these circumstances, which, so far from casting a damp on the expectations of the reader, ought rather to stimulate his curiosity towards a narrative, whose claims to popularity have been thus so unequivocally attested. The personage whose name is adopted as the title of this story, once occupied the mansion called Swartmoor Hall; and as, by his many virtues, he had endeared himself to his neighbours, and as amongst the descendants of those neighbours, the tradition which we are about to detail, has been cherished from time immemorial, it is only reasonable to conclude, that the identity of the real hero is now unerringly established. Another consideration which gives confirmation to this view is, that George Fox devoted a great portion of his time to solitary excursions, having no immediate destination appointed, but trusting, as he always declared he did, to the guidance of his God. The legend is ushered in by Mr. Roby with a few remarks on the wisdom of believing in the current doctrine of the supremacy of a special providence. In descanting on this topic, Mr. Roby is, indeed, betrayed from his accustomed propriety of style; but his hallucinations are of such rare occurrence, that it would be a pity to visit them with any degree of severity. We shall therefore proceed to the scene of wild and perilous loneliness, where, by the favour of our author, we are first introduced to the principal actors in this strange drama.

'One chill and misty evening, in the year 1652, being the early part of a wet, and, as it proved, a tardy spring, two strangers were benighted in attempting to cross the wild mountain ridge, called Cartmel Fell. They had purposed taking the most direct route from Kendal to Cartmel; having however missed the few points which indicated their track, they had for several hours been beating about in the expectation of finding some clue to extricate themselves, but every attempt seemed only to fix them more inextricably in a state of doubt and bewilderment. A dense fog had been rapidly accumulating, and they began to feel something startled with a vague apprehension of a night-watch amongst the hills, unprovided as they were with the requisite essentials for either food or lodging.

'The elder of the two, though not more than mid-way between thirty and forty years old, was clad in a strange uncouth garb, of the coarsest materials, and his lank long hair hung matted and uncombed upon his shoulders, from a "brim" of extravagant dimensions. This style of dress was not then recognized as the distinctive badge of a religious sect, as it is now of the people called "Quakers," or, as they are more favourably designated "Friends." The person of whom we speak was the founder of this society, George Fox; who, only about five years previous to the date of our story, after much contemplation on religious subjects, took upon himself the public ministry. In the year 1650, he was imprisoned at Derby, for speaking publicly in the church after Divine service: on being brought before a magistrate, he bade the company "*tremble at the word of the Lord*;" the expression was turned into ridicule, and he and his friends received the appellation of "*Quakers.*"

'His appearance was stout and muscular: and his general demeanour of that still, undisturbed aspect which, if not one of the essentials of his own religion, is, at least, looked upon as its greatest ornament, betokening the inward grace of a meek and quiet spirit.'—vol. ii. pp. 90, 91.

Ralph Seaton, the companion of Fox, is described as presenting in his general costume, but particularly as to a brief brimmed hat which he wore, a ludicrous imitation of the appearance of the celebrated knight of the rueful countenance. Being of a more worldly disposition than his Apostolic fellow traveller, Seaton exhibited a very justifiable impatience at remaining all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather. After speculating for some minutes on the course which it was most proper to adopt, the elder of the party at last declared that he had perceived a light in a certain direction, and that he was determined to follow it. This resolution he communicated to Seaton, whom he requested to follow him closely, adding, however, an invitation, which must be allowed to be of a very doubtful nature indeed; '"It is the inward light," exclaimed Fox, "of which I have spoken to thee before: a token of no ordinary import. To-night, or I am deceived, we are called on to pass through no common allotment of toil and tribulation. Oft hath this light been outwardly manifest, and as often has it been the precursor of some sharp and fiery trial! Again! But thou seest it not. Yet mayst thou follow in my steps. Take heed thou turn not either to the right hand or to the left. But," the speaker's voice here grew fearfully ominous and emphatic, "hast thou courage to do as I shall bid thee? I must obey the will of the spirit; but unless thou hast faith to follow the light that is within me, rather pass the night on that cold unsheltered rock, than draw back from his witness. Remember, it is no slight peril that awaits us."' Seaton having promised implicit obedience, the party proceeded in the quarter where the light first appeared, and, after a tedious journey, arrived at the door of an humble hut, which was dignified by the name of a public-house. The inhabitants of this homely residence presented in their appearance and manner, very little that was calculated to inspire confidence in the strangers. They were particularly struck with the figure of a man who sat by the chimney, and in whom they thought that they observed all the characters of mental derangement. The eye of the creature 'rested for a moment, with a vacant and undefined stare, upon the strangers; then, with a loud shrill laugh, which made the listeners shudder, he again bent his head, basking moodily before the blaze.' The party at length sat down to supper on a 'flesh pie,' as the hostess called it; but as they were about to eat, a signal from the idiot, which could not be misunderstood, induced them to abstain. Drink was then profferred, but apparently consenting to take it, they were careful not to allow a drop of it to enter their lips. The conduct of the people of the house was altogether of a nature, to leave no doubt that they intended to make these guests their victims; and it was under the firm conviction that an attempt would be made upon their lives that night, that Fox and his companion retired to the detached apartment which was prepared for their reception. When they were left alone, Fox groaned heavily, and confessed to his partner in misfortune his belief that the night would not pass "ere faith had its test." "I have had," he added, "a sore struggle. Our safety will be granted; but through inward guidance, rather than from our own endeavours: yet must we use the means." And with this he enjoined silence on Seaton. The latter, notwithstanding the force of his apprehensions, soon fell into a profound reverie; a troubled sleep succeeded, during which visions of the most terrific kind visited his imagination. His slumbers were at last terminated by a vehement effort which he made to avoid a deadly blow, which some fancied figure was about to inflict upon him.

'For awhile he was unable to recollect, precisely, the nature of his situation. The apartment was quite dark. He groped confusedly about him, but to no purpose. At that instant a ray seemed to glide from the casement. It was a moon beam, struggling through that almost impervious inlet. By this light he beheld a figure, intently gazing towards the window. At the first glance he did not recognise his companion; but, as he started from the couch, the former approached him, and laying one hand on his shoulder, whispered that he should be still. He obeyed; and remained motionless. The reason for this admonition was soon apparent. He heard a slight pattering, at intervals, on the few brittle fragments which the window yet retained. Seaton at first thought it might be the rain, especially as the wind had considerably abated; but he soon found there must be some other cause, from the rattling of sand, and other coarser materials, upon the floor and bed. He crept close to the window, looking out below, but was unable to find out the reason of this disturbance. Suddenly a volley of pebbles bounded past his face, and the moon shining forth at the same instant, a figure was distinguished anxiously attempting to arouse and excite their attention. To his great astonishment, he recognised the wayward being whose glance had startled him so disagreeably a few hours before. He recollected the idiot's former signal, and felt convinced that this was a more direct and friendly interference. Seaton carefully pulled away a portion of the stuffing, and was thus enabled to bring his head closer to the bars. This movement was observed; and, with an admonition to silence, the strange creature pointed to the ground, at the same time he appeared as if urging them to escape. Seaton comprehended his meaning; but the iron fastenings were an apparently insurmountable impediment. He laid hold of one of the bars with considerable force; and, to his great joy, it yielded to the pressure. Apparently there was no other individual beneath, or this friendly warning would not have been given. It seemed as if the tenants of the hovel were too secure of their prey to set a watch. He descended cautiously to his companion. A few whispers were sufficient to convey the intelligence. Again he mounted to the window; and, on looking down, found that their providential monitor had disappeared. There was no time to be lost. Seaton again tried the bar, and succeeded in removing it. Another was soon wrenched from its hold, and a few minutes more saw him safely through the aperture, from which he let himself down, with little difficulty, to the ground. His companion immediately followed; and once more outside their lodging, a new difficulty presented itself. Seaton knew of no other path than the one by which they had previously gained the cottage; and this would, in all probability, afford a leading track to their pursuers, who might be expected shortly to be aware of their escape. But he was relieved from this dilemma by his companion making a signal that he should follow. "Remember thy promise," said he. Seaton was prepared to obey, feeling a renewed confidence in the discretion of his guide. Turning into a pathway near the place where they had alighted, their course was towards a river, which they beheld at no great distance twinkling brightly in the moonbeams. They cautiously yet rapidly proceeded down a narrow descent, fear hastening their flight, for they expected every moment to hear the footsteps of their pursuers. In a little while they turned out of the road, and, by a circuitous path, which the guide seemed to tread with unhesitating confidence, they came to the river's brink. By the brawling of its current, and the appearance it presented, the water was evidently shallow, and might be crossed without much difficulty. Seaton was preparing to make the attempt, but was prevented by his comrade.

'"I have some inward impression that we may not cross here. We shall be pursued; and our adversaries will imagine that we have passed over what is doubtless the ford of this Jordan. I know not why, but we must follow its banks, and for some distance, ere we pass."

'Seaton urged the danger and folly of this proceeding, and proposed crossing immediately, but met with a decided and unflinching refusal from his companion. They now kept along the river's brink, but with much difficulty. The rain having swollen the waters; they were often forced to wade up to the knees, through the little creeks and rivulets that intersected their path. They journeyed on for a considerable time in silence, when the elder traveller made a sudden pause.

'"It is here," said he. Seaton looked on the river; but the broad and deep wave rolled past with frightful impetuosity. The moonbeams glittered on a wide and rapid flood, whose depths were unknown, but to which, nevertheless, it seemed that they were on the point of committing themselves.

'"The river is both wide and deep!" said the youth.

'"Nevertheless, we must cross," replied his more taciturn companion. Without further parley, the latter plunged boldly into the stream. Urged on by his fears, and preferring death in any shape to the fate that was pursuing them, Seaton followed his example. For some time they struggled hard with the full sweep of the current; and it seemed little short of a miracle when they arrived, almost breathless and exhausted, on the opposite side.

'"Praised be His name who hath given strength! Though deep waters have encompassed us, yet His arm is our deliverance."'—vol. ii. pp. 102—105.

Scarcely had they gained the opposite bank, when the noise of the trampling of horses, the voices of men, and the baying of a hound, brought them intelligence that they were vigorously pursued. They climbed up a tree, and beheld, at some distance up the river, three men on horseback, preceded by a large dog, who, true to the scent, was following steadily on their footsteps. The animal stopped at the part of the bank where Fox and his companion had plunged in; but the horsemen, who observed the violence of the current at that spot, concluded either that the dog was mistaken, or that if the party had attempted to cross they could not escape drowning, abandoned the pursuit, and returned home. The remainder of this beautiful legend is so well told by Mr. Roby, that we must give it in his own words.

'Seaton could not but recognise the very finger of Providence, which had pointed out the means of preservation. No other way was left, apparently, for their escape. Whatsoever course they had taken, save this, must have inevitably thrown them into the very toils of their pursuers; and he determined to follow, fearlessly and without question, the future impulse of his companion.

'"Shall we attempt to flee, or must we tarry here a space?" he hesitatingly enquired.

'"Nay, friend," said his guide, "I wis not yet what we shall do; but, methinks, we are to abide here until morning."

'Seaton shivered at this intimation. His clothes were drenched, and his whole frame stiffened and benumbed with cold. His position, too, crouching amongst decayed branches and alder twigs, was none of the most eligible or easy to sustain. He felt fully resolved, however, to follow the leadings of his friend, being convinced that his ultimate safety depended on a strict adherence to this determination.

'The country was very thinly inhabited, and their enemies were in possession of the only outlets by which they could escape to the nearest village. Aided, too, by the sagacity of the dog, their track would inevitably be discovered before day-light enabled them to find shelter. These considerations were too important to be overlooked, and Seaton quietly resolved to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He wrung out the wet from his clothes, chafed his limbs, and ere long, to his inexpressible relief, the first symptoms of the dawn were visible in the east. Just as a glowing rim of light was gliding above the horizon, they ventured to peep forth, cautiously, from their retreat. To their great mortification they saw, at a considerable distance, a horseman stationed on the brow of a neighbouring hill, evidently for the purpose of a more extended scrutiny. Signals would inevitably betray their route, should they emerge from their concealment; and escape now seemed as hopeless as ever.

'In this fresh difficulty, Seaton again sought counsel from his friend, who replied with great earnestness—

'"There is yet another and a more grievous trial;"—he lifted up his eyes, darkening already with the energy of his spirit;—"but, I trust, our deliverance draweth nigh. We must return!"

'"Return!" cried Seaton, his lips quivering with amazement. "Whither? Not to the den we have just left?"

'"Even so," said the other, with great composure.

'"Then all hope is lost!" mournfully returned the enquirer.

'"Nay," replied his companion, "but let me ask what chance, even according to thine own natural and unaided sense, there is of deliverance in our present condition? Hemmed in on every hand, without a guide, and strangers to the path we should take, if the watchman from the hill miss our track, there is the hound upon our scent!"

'There was no gainsaying these suggestions; but still a proposal that they should return to the cabin, whence they had with such pains and difficulty made their escape, in itself was so absurd and inexplicable a piece of manœuvring, that common sense and common prudence alike forbade the attempt. Yet, on the other hand, common sense and common prudence appeared to be equally unavailing, as to any mode of escape from the toils in which they were entangled.

'Again he determined to follow his friend's guidance; who, addressing himself immediately to the task, made the best of his way to the ford, which he had refused to cross the preceding night. They now took the direct road to the house. The morning was sharp and clear. Seaton felt the cold and raw atmosphere cling to his frame, already chilled to an alarming degree; but the excitation he had undergone prevented further mischief than the temporary inconvenience he then suffered. As they came nearer the hut, his very faculties seemed to escape from his control. A sense of danger, imminent and almost insupportable, came upon him. Bewildered, and actuated with that unaccountable but instinctive desperation which urges on to some inevitable doom, he rushed wildly into the dwelling. It was not as they had left it. Several horses were quietly standing by the door; and a party, who had merely called for the purpose of half an hour's rest and refreshment, were then making preparations to depart. Seaton took one of them aside, and disclosed the terrible circumstance we have related. By a judicious, but prompt application of their forces, they prevented any one from leaving the house, and were prepared to seize all who should return thither. A close search soon betrayed the quality and calling of its inmates. A vast hoard of plunder was discovered, and proofs too abundant were found, that deeds had been there perpetrated of which we forbear the recital. The old woman was seized, and her capture was followed by the apprehension of the whole gang, who, shortly after, met with the retribution merited by their crimes,

'The maniac proved to be a son of the old beldame. At times, the cloud unhappily clearing from his mental vision, had left him for a short space fearfully cognisant of the transactions he was then doomed to witness. On that night to which our history refers, a sudden providential gleam of intelligence flashed upon him, and an unknown impulse prompted his interference in behalf of the unfortunate, and, as he thought, unsuspecting victims. Ere leaving the country, they saw him comfortably provided for; and, as far as the nature of his malady would permit, his mind was soothed, and his darkest moments partly relieved from the horrors which humanity alone could mitigate, but not prevent.'—vol. ii. pp. 106—110.

It would be the greatest injustice to this work if we did not notice the series of beautiful illustrations which adorn it. The designs are drawn by Pickering, and the engravings are executed by Finden. Having mentioned these names, we need scarcely add, that these plates deserve to be ranked amongst the very best specimens of modern art.

ART. V.—*Conjuration d'Etienne Marcel contre l'Autorité Royale; ou, Histoire des Etats Généraux de la France pendant les Années* 1355 *à* 1358. Par J. Naudel, Professeur de Rhétorique au Collège de Henri IV. 2de Edition. Paris: 8vo. 1830.

ONE of the greatest wants in the literature of history, is a good account of the attempts at civil and religious reform, which were made in Germany, Italy, France, and England, at different times preceding the grand Reformation, which took place in the beginning of the 16th century. These attempts are generally described by several eminent German writers as the *Reformatio ante Reformationem*. In the preface to Beausobre's History of Lutheranism, we are informed, that this eminent writer had composed a work upon this subject, and left it behind him in a state quite ready for the press. We have made enquiries for it both in the London and foreign markets, but without success. The most important publications on this subject, of which we have any information, are, Bossuet's History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches, and Baillet's History of the Reform Churches. Each of these productions discovers the prejudices of its author; but each is written with learning and moderation. Mr. Gibbon has assigned to the same subject his chapter on the Paulicians; it has all the merit and defects ascribed to his celebrated work. It is a great treat to those to whom the subject is familiar: but to those to whom it is new, it presents little distinct information. More is given us by Mosheim. He generally informs us, that about the time of the Reformation, there lay concealed in almost every part of Europe, particularly in Bohemia, Moravia, Switzerland, and Germany, many persons, who adhered tenaciously to the doctrines which the Waldenses, Wickliffites, and Hussites had maintained; some, in a disguised, and others in a more open and public manner; that the kingdom of Christ was an assembly of true and real saints, and ought, therefore, to be inaccessible to the wicked and unrighteous; and also exempt from all those institutions, which human prudence suggests, to oppose the progress of iniquity, or to correct and reform transgressions. These tenets are more fully particularized by other writers; but, generally speaking, they dwell entirely on the religious opinions of those sectaries, and are almost silent on their political opinions. The Abbé Barruel has attempted, in his Memoirs of Jacobinism, to show, that the doctrines of liberty and equality so fearfully propounded in our times, were not unknown to the Knights Templars, the Albigenses, and the Lollards. But the Abbé was a man of an ardent imagination, and too much inclined to believe, without sufficient evidence, all he hoped or feared. We wish some one of our own countrymen would take the subject in hand, and make it the theme of a full and elaborate history; we are sure that it would repay his trouble. But we think it probable, that to do it complete justice, it would be necessary for him to examine the printed and manuscript treasures of the continent. We know no person better qualified for this task than Dr. Macrie, the author of many works on the early history of Protestantism. But the subject is open to all.

The work before us describes the jacquerie, or the war of the peasantry in France towards the middle of the fourteenth century. It is agreeably written, and is, upon many accounts, highly interesting. In an introduction, the author presents us with a succint view, drawn by the hand of a master, of the state of France at the period which immediately preceded the events it describes, and which directly led to them. His account of them shews that there was, at that time, a greater ferment of mind, more information, and a more determined disposition to improve the state of society, and the forms of government, than is generally supposed.

We have been often struck with a letter from Cardinal Julian to Pope Eugenius the Fourth, which Bossuet has inserted in one of the first pages of his History of the Variations. "The minds of men," says the cardinal, "are big with expectation of what measures will be taken, and are ripe for something tragical. I see the axe is at the root; the tree begins to bend, and instead of propping, while we may, we hasten its fall."

The passage affords us a singular instance of political foresight: might it not at present be addressed to the ministering powers of almost every state in Europe?

We have heard that, in the year 1793, a lady of distinction asked Lord Mansfield, when the French revolution, which began about that time to disclose all its horrors, would terminate: and that Lord Mansfield replied, that it was impossible to foretel its termination, as it was an event without precedent, and therefore without prognostic. "History," continued his lordship, "abounds with relations of insurrections of the poor against the rich. Thus far there is a resemblance between those events and the present. But we have now the press, the post, and the post road; and each of these renders the present revolution a new event in the history of mankind." Is it not probable that, if the press, the post, and the post roads had existed at the time we have been speaking of, the *jacquerie* would have been much more extensive, and of much longer duration?

ART. VI.—*Tales of My Landlord, Fourth and last Series, Collected and Arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, School-master and Parish-clerk of Gandercleugh.* In four volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh: Cadell. London: Whittaker. 1832.

2. *The Romance of History. Italy.* By Charles Macfarlane. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1832.

3. *The Usurer's Daughter.* By a Contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." In three volumes, 8vo. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1832.

4. *Cameron. A Novel.* In three volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1832.
5. *The Algerines; or The Twins of Naples.* By M. C. Green, Author of "Alibeg the Tempter," &c. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Newman & Co.
6. *The Jew.* In three volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has taken his departure, we hope not for ever, from our shores, in a state of health which almost forbids us to think of commenting on his new and 'last' series of the 'Tales of My Landlord.' He who has now for nearly sixteen years been continually occupied in ministering to the rational amusement of the public, and thus occupied too, with degrees of success, which, if not always uniform, have still left most of his rivals far behind him, may perhaps be fairly allowed, after so great a length of service, to claim the indulgence of the critical tribunals. It could hardly be expected, that the imagination of man, limited as it is by the conditions of our existence, should be constantly exercised for so lengthened a period, without being in danger of exhaustion. If we should find in the present work too many proofs of this remark, we could hardly have been altogether unprepared for them. We confess that we have for some time lost much of the relish which, in common with a great majority of the reading world, we had once felt for the Waverley Novels. The spirit that animated the earlier volumes, seemed to us to be gradually fading away, in every one of those which have succeeded the "Pirate." In the tales now before us, we can with difficulty trace a single spark of the true Promethean fire.

They consist of two stories, 'Count Robert of Paris,' and 'Castle Dangerous.' Upon the latter we think it superfluous to make any remark, as it is scarcely possible for any person to read it to the end, though it fills up but one of the four volumes. The scene is laid in Scotland, and the tale forms one of the thousand episodes which have been derived from the fortunes of the house of Douglas. It looks like a feeble and awkward imitation of the great painter of Scottish scenery and manners, rather than a work from his own hand. Sometimes the once divine inspiration of the poet seems struggling, as it were, to break through the clouds that surround it. But we find at once that the winter of its day has set in, and we see but a faint glimmer of the beams that in the summer were so resplendent. The same sort of hectic flushings occasionally lighten up the adventures of 'Count Robert of Paris;' but though not quite so decided a failure as 'Castle Dangerous,' it is upon the whole an unfortunate production. The scene is laid principally at Constantinople; and from the elaborate attempts which the author has made, to introduce into his narrative the matchless picturesque beauties of that capital, we should conjecture that these were the attractions which induced him to turn his attention to that quarter.

The history of France has so many counts named Robert, that it is difficult to know which of them the author has selected for his hero. By giving to him the epithet of the *strong*, he has confounded him with a prince of that name, who died nearly a century before the events recorded in this story took place. Those events are connected with the life of Alexius Comnenus the First, who usurped the crown of the Greek empire, after shutting up Nicephorus, the lawful heir, in a cloister. Alexius is a character well known in the annals of the crusaders, under Godfrey of Boulogne, whose expedition he had nearly frustrated by denying them provisions, for which they were actually obliged to fight a sanguinary battle, about the year 1097. The victory which they gained over him, as well as an idea that to his arm alone the recovery of Jerusalem from the Infidels naturally belonged, rendered him exceedingly jealous of the crusaders, and he did every thing in his power to embarrass their subsequent proceedings. Although one of the most cruel and unjust men that ever held the "rod of empire," his character is painted as one of almost unqualified perfection, by his daughter, the celebrated Anna Comnena.

As the story here goes, Robert of Paris is one of the crusaders who were detained for some time at Constantinople, on their way to Palestine. He is accompanied by an Amazonian wife, for whom the author has throughout exerted himself to create a strong interest, but without, as it seems to us, the least success. There is something so repulsive in her manners, and even in her costume, and her beauty is altogether of so masculine a character, that we never encounter her presence without reluctance. The fair historian, Anna Comnena, is an infinitely more interesting character, though rather too pedantic. The portrait of Alexius Comnenus himself, is drawn with fidelity; but his cruelties to Nicephorus, as well as the pompous etiquettes of his court, render him a very unfit personage to take a leading part in a romance. Another person of the drama almost equally disgusting, is Agelastes, a kind of philosopher, who had not yet lost his attachment to the pagan system of faith. Count Robert is a very fair specimen of the chivalry of the day, but he is badly treated by the author. At one time he fights with a seeming lion, which turns out to be nothing more than a composition of machinery; at another time he is obliged to waste his bravery upon an immense ouran outang, of which the author, with a perversion of taste for which it would be difficult to account, makes a great deal of use in this story. There may perhaps be some novelty in the introduction of such a monster into a romance; but it reminds us of the similar resources to which the theatres royal are driven, when, from an incapacity to produce legitimate entertainment, they are obliged to crowd their stages with wild beasts from Mysore.

The only pages throughout the volumes occupied with this tale, in which we recognise any thing like the pencil of the master, are those in which he describes the battle that took place between the imperial fleet and that of the crusaders, under the command of

Tancred. This description we shall extract, as a token of our respect for the author.

'"You are a wise man, neighbour," said Lascaris, "and possess such a mixture of valour and knowledge, as becomes a man whom a friend might be supposed safely to risk his life with. There be those, for instance, who cannot show you the slightest glimpse of what is going on, without bringing you within peril of your life; whereas you, my worthy friend Demetrius, between your accurate knowledge of military affairs, and your regard for your friend, are sure to show him all that is to be seen without the least risk to a person, who is naturally unwilling to think of exposing himself to injury.—But, Holy Virgin! what is the meaning of that red flag which the Greek Admiral has this instant hoisted?"

'"Why you see, neighbour," answered Demetrius, "yonder western heretic continues to advance without minding the various signs which our Admiral has made to him to desist, and now he hoists the bloody colours, as if a man should clench his fist and say, If you persevere in your uncivil intention, I will do so and so.

'"Run! run! friend Lascaris," said Demetrius, "or you will see more of that than perchance you have any curiosity for."

'Accordingly, to add the strength of example to precept, Demetrius himself girt up his loins, and retreated with the most edifying speed to the opposite side of the ridge, accompanied by the greater part of the crowd, who had tarried there to witness the contest which the newsmonger promised, and were determined to take his word for their own safety. The sound and sight which had alarmed Demetrius, was the discharge of a large portion of Greek fire, which perhaps may be best compared to one of those immense Congreve rockets of the present day, which takes on its shoulders a small grapnel or anchor, and proceeds groaning through the air, like a fiend over-burdened by the mandate of some inexorable magician, and of which the operation was so terrifying, that the crews of the vessels attacked by this strange weapon, frequently forsook every means of defence, and ran themselves ashore. One of the principal ingredients of this dreadful fire was supposed to be naphtha, or the bitumen which is collected on the banks of the Dead Sea; and which, when in a state of ignition, could only be extinguished by a very singular mixture, and which it was not likely to come in contact with. It produced a thick smoke and loud explosion, and was capable, says Gibbon, of communicating its flames with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress. In sieges, it was poured from the ramparts, or launched, like our bombs, in red hot balls of stone or iron, or it was darted in flax twisted round arrows, and in javelins. It was considered as a state secret of the greatest importance; and for well nigh four centuries it was unknown to the Mahometans. But at length the composition was discovered by the Saracens, and used by them for repelling the crusaders, and overpowering the Greeks, upon whose side it had at one time been the most formidable implement of defence. Some exaggeration we must allow for a barbarous period; but there seems no doubt that the general description of the crusader Joinville should be admitted as correct! —"It came flying through the air," says that good knight, "like a winged dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the report of thunder and the speed of lightning, and the darkness of the night was dispelled by this horrible illumination."

'Not only the bold Demetrius and his pupil Lascaris, but all the crowd whom they influenced, fled manfully when the commodore of the Greeks fired the first discharge; and as the other vessels in the squadron followed his example, the heavens were filled with the unusual and outrageous noise, while the smoke was so thick as to darken the very air. As the fugitives passed the crest of the hill, they saw the seaman, whom we formerly mentioned as a spectator, snugly reclining under cover of a dry ditch, where he managed so as to secure himself as far as possible from any accident. He could not, however, omit breaking his jest on the politicians.

'"What, ho!" he cried, "my good friends," without raising himself above the counterscarp of his ditch, "will you not remain upon your station long enough to finish that hopeful lecture upon battle by sea and land, which you had so happy an opportunity of commencing? Believe me the noise is more alarming than hurtful, the fire is all pointed in a direction opposite to yours, and if one of those dragons which you see does happen to fly landward instead of seaward, it is but the mistake of some cabin-boy, who has used his linstock with more willingness than ability."

'Demetrius and Lascaris just heard enough of the naval hero's harangue, to acquaint them with the new danger with which they might be assailed by the possible misdirection of the weapons, and, rushing down towards the lists at the head of a crowd half desperate with fear, they hastily propagated the appalling news, that the Latins were coming back from Asia, with the purpose of landing in arms, pillaging, and burning the city.

'The uproar in the meantime, of this unexpected occurrence, was such as altogether to vindicate, in public opinion, the reported cause, however exaggerated. The thunder of the Greek fire came successively, one hard upon the other, and each, in its turn, spread a blot of black smoke upon the face of the landscape, which, thickened by so many successive clouds, seemed at last, like that raised by a sustained fire of modern artillery, to overshadow the whole horizon.

'The small squadron of Tancred were completely hid from view in the surging volumes of darkness, which the breath of the weapons of the enemy had spread around him; and it seemed, by a red light which began to show itself among the thickest of the veil of darkness, that one of the flotilla at least had caught fire. Yet the Latins resisted, with an obstinacy worthy of their own courage, and the fame of their celebrated leader. Some advantage they had, on account of their small size, and their lowness in the water, as well as the clouded state of the atmosphere, which rendered them difficult marks for the fire of the Greek.

'To increase these advantages, Tancred, as well by boats as by the kind of rude signals made use of at that period, dispersed orders to his fleet, that each bark, disregarding the fate of the others, should press forward individually, and that the men from each should be put on shore wheresoever and howsoever they could effect that manœuvre. Tancred himself set a noble example; he was on board a stout vessel, fenced in some degree against the effect of the Greek fire, by being in a great measure covered with raw hides, which hides had also been recently steeped in water. This vessel contained upwards of a hundred valiant warriors, several of them of knightly order, who had all night toiled at the humble labours of the oar, and now in the morning applied their chivalrous hands to the arblast and to the bow, which were in general accounted the weapons of persons of a lower rank. Thus armed, and thus manned, Prince Tancred bestowed upon his bark the full velocity which wind, and tide, and oar, could enable her to obtain; and placing her in the situation to profit by them as much as his maritime skill could direct, he drove with the speed of lightning among the vessels of Lemnos, plying on either side, bows, crossbows, javelins, and military missiles of every kind, with the greater advantage, that the Greeks, trusting to their artificial fire, had omitted arming themselves with other weapons; so that when the valiant crusader bore down on them with so much fury, repaying the terrors of their fire with a storm of bolts and arrows no less formidable, they began to feel that their own advantage was much less than they had supposed, and that, like most other dangers, the maritime fire of the Greeks, when undauntedly confronted, lost at least one-half of its terrors. The Grecian sailors, too, when they observed the vessels approach so near, filled with the steel-clad Latins, began to shrink from a contest to be maintained hand to hand with so terrible an enemy.

'By degrees, smoke began to issue from the sides of the great Grecian argosie, and the voice of Tancred announced to his soldiers that the Grecian Admiral's vessel had taken fire, owing to negligence in the management of the means of destruction she possessed, and that all they had now to do, was to maintain such a distance as to avoid sharing her fate. Sparkles and flashes of flame were next seen leaping from place to place, on board of the great hulk, as if the element had had the sense and purpose of spreading wider the consternation, and disabling the few who still paid attention to the commands of their Admiral, and endeavoured to extinguish the fire. The consciousness of the combustible nature of the freight began to add despair to terror; from the bolt-sprit, the rigging, the yards, the sides, and every part of the vessel, the unfortunate crew were seen dropping themselves, to exchange, for the most part, a watery death for one by the more dreadful agency of fire. The crew of Tancred's bark, ceasing by that generous prince's commands, to offer any additional annoyance to an enemy, who was at once threatened by the perils of the ocean and of conflagration, ran their vessel ashore in a smooth part of the bay, and jumping into the shallow sea, made the land without difficulty; many of their steeds being, by the exertions of the owners, and the docility of the animals, brought ashore at the same time with their masters. Their commander lost no time in forming their serried ranks into a phalanx of lancers, few indeed at first, but perpetually increasing, as ship after ship of the little flotilla ran ashore, or having more deliberately moored their barks, landed their men, and joined their companions.

'The cloud which had been raised by the conflict, was now driven to leeward before the wind, and the strait only exhibited the relics of the combat. Here, tossed upon the billows, the scattered and broken remains of one or two of the Latin vessels which had been burnt at the commencement of the combat, though their crews, by the exertions of their comrades, had in general been saved. Lower down were seen the remaining five vessels of the Lemnos squadron, holding a disorderly and difficult retreat, with the purpose of gaining the harbour of Constantinople. In the place so late the scene of combat, lay moored the hulk of the Grecian Admiral, burnt to the water's edge, and still sending forth a black smoke from its scattered beams and planks. The flotilla of Tancred, busied in discharging its troops, lay irregularly scattered along the bay, the men making ashore as they could, and taking their course to join the standard of their leader. Various black substances floated on the surface of the water, nearer, or more distant to the shore; some proved to be the wreck of the vessels which had been destroyed, and others, more ominous still, the lifeless bodies of mariners who had fallen in the conflict.

'The standard had been borne ashore by the Prince's favourite page, Ernest of Apulia, so soon as the keel of Tancred's galley had grazed upon the sand. It was then pitched on the top of that elevated cape between Constantinople, and the lists, where Lascaris, Demetrius, and other gossips, had held their station at the commencement of the engagement, but from which all had fled, between the mingled dread of the Greek fire and the missiles of the Latin crusaders.'—*Count Robert of Paris*, vol. iii. pp. 106—116.

Italy has for many ages been the land of romance. Several of Mr. Macfarlane's tales, he informs us, have been written under the influence of the climate of Naples, and his descriptions, generally, he adds, are taken from notes which he made during his travels. These are points of great importance in favour of any person, who endeavours to exhibit the romantic features of that interesting country. Hence, we think that we may say, without fear of being considered partial, that his sketches are by far the best of all those that have yet been given as specimens of the romance of history. His principal fault is, that he commences them at rather too early a period. The Lombard epoch from 568 to 633 might have been very well passed over, as unproductive of materials capable of being worked up into a romantic narrative, in the modern sense of that epithet. Even in the period which follows that, from 633 to 664, there is much more of superstition, than of romance to be found. Indeed, we should say that Mr. Macfarlane might have very well commenced his labours with the eleventh century, when the Normans were first observed to form establishments in Italy. That enterprisng race of men supply subjects for the novelist and the minstrel, wherever they appear in thedifferent countries of Europe. We have here a very delightful account of a pilgrimage, made by a party of these people, to the sanctuary of Mount Garganus, which affords a favourable presage of the tales that follow. The scenery of the mountain is prettily described. The pilgrims ascending it, are stopped at a pass by the sentinels appointed to protect the sanctuary from violation; preparations are immediately made to dispute the authority of the guard, but upon further explanation, the party are allowed to ascend, and perform their devotions at the cave of St. Michael. Having gone the rounds of the little chapels, into which a portion of the cave was divided, each ornamented by its silver crucifix and lamp, the pilgrims were finally admitted to the spot, where the saint himself is supposed to have resided. On their return from the sanctuary, the pilgrims, always as ready for fighting as for praying, are easily persuaded by a noble Italian, named Melo, to join him in rescuing the plains of Apulia from the domination of the Greeks. Something like this was in fact the origin of the settlement of the Normans in Italy. Their successes in a few years made these adventurous pilgrims counts of provinces, and masters of those regions which now form the kingdom of Naples. In this and several other tales, the narrative is varied by the introduction of songs and ballads, the versification of which, however, is by no means of a superior order.

This story is followed by one that is still better told, entitled, 'The Brides of Venice.' It was an ancient custom in that celebrated republic, to bestow portions every year, upon twelve poor virgins, all of whom were married on Candlemas day, to young men to whom they had been previously betrothed. On one of these occasions, when Vetter Urseolo was the doge, just as the nuptial ceremonies were about to be commenced with great pomp, in presence of all the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the city, a troop of Istriot pirates suddenly landed, and after obtaining much booty in gold and silver, demanded that the twelve brides should be given up to them. The demand being of course resisted, the pirates, following the example of the Roman rape upon the Sabines, took away the destined brides by force, and hurried away with them in their gallies. As soon as the Venetians recovered from the first effects of their surprise, they pursued with their fleet, and succeeded in regaining the women. The event had the effect of turning the attention of the citizens of the republic, to the necessity of extirpating the pirates who infested the Adriatic: a duty which they executed with unremitting care, until their empire passed away to other hands.

The sanguinary contest so long maintained by the league of the free cities of Lombardy, against the Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, was terminated in the year 1176, in the favour of the former, by the battle of Legnano. This great event furnishes Mr. Macfarlane with the subject of an excellent sketch, 'The Carroccio.' This was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and drawn by four oxen arrayed in scarlet. In the centre of the car a mast was raised, crowned by a golden orb, upon which was hoisted the banner of Milan. Behind and before the mast platforms were erected, upon which the most valiant soldiers of the state were stationed, for the defence of the national ensign, which was made still more sacred, by being accompanied with a figure of the Saviour extended on the cross. Whenever the Milanese took the field, the carroccio was conducted in the midst of the army, and the sight of it was supposed to inspire with indomitable courage the breasts of the combatants.

In point of romantic character, we look upon 'The Nun and the Crusader' as decidedly the best tale in the whole collection. We cannot introduce it to the reader in a more striking way than the author has done.

'" Hark!—Vespers have commenced in the monastery of St. Christina! We are near; let us thither and hear the sweet singing of the nuns!" said a young nobleman of Bologna to his companion.

'" I would we went rather to the Church of St. Clare!" said the other, carelessly; " it is cooler there, and this is a sultry evening."

'" But the music is not so good, and it is much farther to go," said the first speaker; " the service may be over before we arrive at St. Clare's; so prithee follow my guidance for once, and let us hear vespers where we are;" and, taking his half-reluctant comrade by the arm, the young nobleman walked up to the door of the church attached to the monastery, whose threshold was not again to be crossed by one of them with so light and indifferent a heart, and entered the place of worship, which was already crowded by the devout.

' Indifference to religion (would that the religion of the middle ages had been better and purer in itself!) was not among the vices of those times; and though the young Bolognese had entered the church with careless minds, or occupied with the worldly affairs and the pleasures of the day, they were very soon warned to devotion by the beautiful music they heard. There were no instruments, but a chorus of female voices left nothing to desire in harmony, sweetness, and touching simplicity. As the melodious anthem to the virgin floated through the church, its Gothic architecture—(a style introduced into Italy about this period)—its lengthening aisles, clustering pillars, and arched roof, at times prolonged the cadences of the sacred song, and, at others, seemed to condense its notes into one powerful, animating burst of music. But of a sudden the choir ceased, and the voice of one young nun, continued the service. Never was any thing more exquisite than this voice and this *sola*. There was a delicacy and tenuity in them—a deep, penetrating sweetness, that flooded the inmost soul of all within the church with sentiments that, though allied to devotion, were languid and luxurious. Every eye was raised to the gallery above head, where the nun sang like a little bird in the clouds; but no eye with more searching curiosity and emotion than that of Ottaviano, one of the young Bolognese noblemen, and he of the two, as if by some secret presentiment of what was to befal him, who had gone into St. Christina's rather reluctantly.

'" Are those tones mortal?—was there ever music like to this!" were the words he whispered to his companion, as he sought along the gallery the spot whence the sola proceeded. But he did not speak again when he had found out the person of the young nun, who was seated apart from the rest, at an open window, and when he saw a face as angelic, at least, as the music that so enraptured him; and his eye became as motionless as his tongue, for he gazed up at that window as if attracted by something more powerful than mortal spell or fascination. An oval face of the most perfect form,—a complexion purely pale, as if, (which was almost the fact, for the young Lucia had been brought up from her infancy within the walls of the monastery) nor wind, nor sun, had ever played upon it; eyes of oriental size and blackness, looking the blacker from her pallid hue, and upraised to Heaven, as she sang with all her soul; a mouth that would suit a cherub, and sweet as the sounds that warbled from it; a long, lithe, transparent neck and throat, along which her tones were seen to flow like a stream—a continuous stream of melody; an air of extreme youthfulness and loveliness, and holy simplicity, were the principal of the charms that captivated, at first sight, the susceptible heart of Ottaviano. When the singing of the young nun had ceased, she drew her long, black robe and veil about her, and retired from the open window to another part of the gallery. The eyes of Ottaviano were still fixed on her, and he could not be said to see any other object until vespers were finished, and Lucia, with the rest of the nuns, withdrew from the church to the monastery. The two friends then walked from St. Christina's into the streets of Bologna; Ottaviano enduring, in witless silence, the taunts of his less susceptible companion, and dwelling, with passionate and dangerous *fixity,* on the lovely face, the melting eyes, the soul-ravishing music of the voice of the young recluse. Insipient love is most unsociable—old and dear friendships give way in such moments to the all-monopolizing influences of a passion, whose very nature it is, like the snake of Aaron, to swallow up all the rest. Ottaviano wished to be alone, to gloat uninterruptedly over the one image that filled his imagination, and he left his friend without acknowledging by a syllable, the impression made on him by the hearing of vespers at St. Christina's—which he certainly would not have heard had it not been for that friend.

'The night that followed these vespers was a sleepless one for the passionate, enthusiastic Bolognese. Turn him as he would, the delicate face and form of the nun were before him, with grace and loveliness that might drive to madness; and when he shut his eyes and tried to rest, those languishing eastern eyes of her's peered full in his, dispelling sleep, and penetrating into the deepest recesses of his heart. Ottaviano had been in love before; for, in the genial climate of Italy, men do not generally attain his age, of twenty, as strangers to the gentle passion; but the restlessness and impetuosity of former amorous attacks, were repose and coldness compared to what he now felt.

'Long before "jocund day" stood on the fair hills of Bologna, or the carol of the lark had succeeded the lay of the nightingale, Ottaviano was standing under the gloomy walls of the monastery of St. Christina: and soon as the church-door opened for matins, there was he in the aisle, standing opposite the little gallery, and waiting, with beating heart, to see if the lovely nun would be again visible or not. And she came, and she placed herself at the same open place as on the eve of yesterday, when she first captured his soul with heavenly music; and she blessed his eyes with a vision of beauty, more exquisite still than that which had never quitted his imagination since the moment of his first seeing her. The young nun, who had just risen from her fragrant, peaceful couch, was indeed surpassingly lovely. Her face and brow, from which the coal-black veil was parted, looked paler and purer in the cool light of morning dawn, than they had done in the golden atmosphere of evening; her eyes were blacker and more liquid still, and seemed swimming with the essences of youth, of beauty, of love, or of devotion, which, at certain periods, and in certain persons, does so much resemble love. As her charms beamed on the fixed eyes of Ottaviano, he could have fallen on his knees, even there in the house of God, and worshipped her as something superior to earth's daughters; and so passionate and sexually imaginative was this young man, that his breathing came thick, his sight was troubled, his head was giddy, as he looked up to the gallery and caught, at last, a glance meeting his. So great was his emotion, that he clung for support to one of the pillars of the aisle.

'When he again raised his eyes to the window, the young nun was gone; but the next instant her voice, which was to be henceforward the music of his soul, and never, never to be forgotten, struck sweetly on his ear, as she sang a prelude to the matins. Heart, soul, every feeling of his nature, was then transferred to Ottaviano's ears, until the notes of that silvery voice were confounded and lost in the general choir of the holy sisterhood. As the matins finished, the fair Lucia again appeared at the front of the gallery; she stayed there all the time of the mass, though to him it seemed only for a moment; and her disappearance with the nuns, who returned to their cells, was, to the lover in the church, as though the sun had left the hemisphere. Coldness, and darkness, and night, fell upon his heart, and he went away immeasurably deep in love, with only one wish in his mind,—for the arrival of the moment when his eyes and ears might be again feasted by the young nun.'—*The Romance of History—Italy*, vol. ii. pp. 115—121.

Ottaviano was not so ignorant of the sacredness of the vows by which the nun was bound, as not to know from the very beginning, that the passion which he was now nurturing, was doomed to certain disappointment. Actuated by the religious sensibility of the times, he also well knew, that in entertaining such a passion he was violating the divine law. Nevertheless, he still continued to pay adoration at this new shrine, which had so much captivated him; and, if we may believe the story, the beautiful nun was not long inattentive to the supplications which his eyes and manners so eloquently expressed. One of her sisters, who observed the dangers to which she was exposed, warned her in the most affectionate language of the precipice upon which she stood, and pointed out, in forcible terms, the enormous measure of guilt which she would incur by permitting such an intercourse, though but a distant one, to proceed.

'When she took the simple, pure-hearted Lucia apart in the garden of the monastery, and entered with delicacy, but with all a woman's tact—the tact of a woman who has lived in the world, and experienced in herself, and watched in others, the progress of human feelings and affections; —when she withdrew the veil of beauty and glory that concealed from the young nun her true position—when she made her understand the import of the words pronounced by the holy bishop who had given her the veil: "Let this separate your eyes for ever from the eyes of men!"—when, in brief, she had shown Lucia what love was, and what was the extent of her love, and how perilously she sinned against heaven in so loving—the astounded girl fell into her arms, and, with her dove-like bosom beating wildly, and her eyes streaming with tears, supplicated—prayed with trembling accents that sister Orsola, the kind and the good, would protect her from sin—from the irresistible eyes of the youth in the aisle, and from herself.

'The morning that followed this explanation, and at early mass, the ardent Ottaviano was in the church; and at his wonted post; but the open window in the gallery, through which he had taken such draughts of love, was most jealously closed. He looked on the dark shutter, expecting it to open; but, during the whole, long service,—for it was a "missa cantata," in honour of a festival of the Madonna,—it opened not; and though he heard the angel tones of her voice, he went heavily away from the church, without having seen Lucia. For many days he had seen her twice each day; to see her—-to fix his eyes upon her young charms, and sigh beneath her gallery window, had become the sole objects of his life; he had no other motive or desire; and all the places in the world, except the monastery and the church of St. Christina, were indifferent to him. The intervals of other pursuits; the pauses allowed by ambition, or the search after wealth, may be filled up by other occupations and pleasures, and extraneous objects; but the time between the "seeing her, and the moment of seeing her again," is, to a young and passionate lover, during the first impulses of his passion, like Ottaviano, an utter void—a desolate and heart-desolating void! The Bolognese had no where to go—nothing to do—nothing to care about, but when his eyes should be again blessed by the sight of the young nun; and no objects of reflection, save her charms, and the unwelcome chances which had that morning deprived him of the sight of them. But when the Ave-Maria—the hour of prayer and of love—arrived;—when he stood again at his post, and saw the gallery window still closed, and no Lucia appearing, a conviction, chiller to his soul than the ice of Caucasus,—a certainty that there was something more than chance in this, possessed and racked him. He gazed on the closed window as though he would have forced it open with his glances; but it remained closed, and Lucia appeared not. Though deprived of the pleasures of sight, he could still however delight the sense of hearing,—for the voice of his young nun was distinct in the choir from all the rest; and he remained as formerly, but with his arms crossed more sadly on his breast, until the evening service was finished and the church cleared; and then he only removed to the distance of a contiguous hill, where, from a little wood of rustling pines, he could fix his moody eyes on the walls of the monastery and the church. The next morning saw Ottaviano, with a face almost as pale as the white stone crucifixes that formed an avenue to the church, standing beside the church door, impatiently waiting until it should open. As the good people in the neighbourhood of St. Christina's repaired to their matins in the grey, cool dawn, and saw the young nobleman there so early, and with a countenance so subdued, they could not help applauding the warmth and sincerity of his devotion.

'The massy door of the temple at length revolved on its hinges, the people flocked in, and Ottaviano was once more stationed in the aisle,—but so weak from want of nourishment and sleep, that he was obliged to lean all the while against the Gothic pillar. The gallery window was still closed—he only heard Lucia's voice:—he would have given treasures to see her face—her lovely, pale, touching face; but he was never to see it again; and day after day that he repaired to the church of St. Christina at matins and at vespers, though he dragged a consuming fever with him, he could only hear her sing. Still this was something to an impassioned and imaginative lover like himself; to catch the tones of that unseen *chantress,* which could so well recal the looks that had won him;—to hear her voice float on the air, as sweet, and as mysterious like, from her grated concealment, as the hymning of invisible angels at still and dark midnight; and to feel, while his sense of hearing proved she was there, that he was breathing the same atmosphere with her—was within a short distance of her—still, this was pleasure!

'But when, as happened after the lapse of somewhat more than a month from the time of the intrusion of the invidious shutter, he was deprived of that pleasure, and could no longer catch the sound of Lucia's voice, Ottaviano became desperate, and prepared for any extreme measure that might present itself. One morning, as he returned into the busy part of the city of Bologna from St. Christina's, where he now listened as vainly as he had gazed, and whither despair told him never to return, his absent, distracted attention was claimed by a torrent of people that pressed towards the *duomo*, or cathedral church,—and having some indistinct notion of what attracted them, he followed their steps.

'In those days, which were somewhere in the year of our redemption 1192, the city of Bologna was governed by its own bishop and the people's choice, the wise and moderate Gerardode Scannabecchi. This virtuous prætor, or podestà, had authorized an eloquent missionary in favour of crusade, to preach in the cathedral, and to give the cross to as many in the city and territory of Bologna, as might be induced to invest it. The whole of Christendom was then in consternation at the recent events in the Holy Land, where the infidels had taken Jerusalem, the city of our Lord; and an appeal to the generous-hearted and the brave,—to Christians of every class and of every country,—was incessantly made by the Roman pontiffs, and the untiring ministers of the church of Rome, through every degree of the hierarchy, from the mitred priest to the barefoot mendicant friar. Few, however, of the missionaries of the crusade possessed the moving eloquence of him to whom Ottaviano now listened in the cathedral of Bologna. The cries which arose when Peter the Hermit first preached to a devout, a fanatic, and martial people, were repeated by the Bolognese; and Ottaviano's "*Deus vult*" was louder, and every way more energetic than any other voice in the vast church. It surprised him that it should not have occurred to him before, as the only remedy for his hopeless love, to go to Palestine; to consecrate himself to Heaven, as his beloved Lucia was consecrated,—and by a vow as solemn as her's when she took the veil, to detach himself for ever from the world; but now he made that vow with all the ardour of an enthusiastic nature; and receiving from the missionary the cross, the sacred symbol, that, worn on his arm, marked him as the soldier of Christ; he prepared at once to depart from his friends and home, and the beautiful land of his birth.'—*The Romance of History—Italy*, vol. ii. pp. 126—132.

Like all disappointed heroes of those times, Ottaviano turned soldier, and went to the holy wars in Palestine, where he fell fighting for the Cross. The young nun found it impossible to quench the fire which his love for her had kindled in her heart, and she also soon became a victim to its influence.

This is in every respect an Italian story—Italian in the ardour of the lovers, and the religious sentiments by which they were both actuated. *Similar praise is due to* 'The Entranced,' and 'The Fatal

Nuptials.' The former resembles Romeo and Juliet, with this difference, that the lady is happily married after her revival. The 'Condottiero,' and the well-known insurrection of Masaniello, are the gems of the third volume; but we may recommend the whole work to the reader who loves romance, as decidedly the most entertaining collection of tales which we have encountered during the present season.

We cannot say much in favour of 'The Usurer's daughter.' The story grows out of the avarice and ambition of a citizen, named Erpingham, who, after amassing a fortune, is anxious to make what he considers the best use of it, by obtaining for his only daughter, an alliance with some noble family. Her beauty attracts around her numerous admirers, amongst whom she might count even a member of the royal family, though his designs were of a dishonourable character. The fair Margaret, who is in every thing the contrast of her father, felt, however, that she had affections in her heart, which were not easily to be conquered; and, contrary to her father's wishes, she gave her hand to Worthington, a person engaged in one of the public offices, and not above her own degree. The usurer received the newly married pair with a smiling countenance, but a secret malignity of soul, that turned out to be utterly inexorable. He was not the only party to whom the marriage was a disappointment. Lord Singleton, to whom the fortune destined for Margaret would have been peculiarly accceptable, on account of the incumbrances absorbing his estates, had looked forward to her alliance with himself; as his affections, however, if any he had, were wholly disengaged in the matter, he soon recovered from his surprise, and affected only to pity Margaret for the turn which the affair had taken. Old Erpingham, apparently, looked at it in the same point of view: he visited the newly married pair at their cottage, and, as Worthington's official income was sufficient for their present wants, they were determined to seek no pecuniary assistance from the usurer. Through the secret hostility of Lord Singleton, Worthington was deprived of his appointment, and then came the trials of the ardent lovers. As for Worthington, the author, with some knowledge of public life, observes, that 'being out of place, he found it to be a general complaint, that never had there been a time in which it was so difficult to obtain situations; and he heard from many middle aged and elderly gentlemen, a great deal of that kind of talk, which may be called retrospective advice, telling him how he ought to have acted, and how he ought not to have acted; and saying, what a pity it was that when he had such an excellent situation, he could not have been fortunate enough to keep it; and then they all said that they would do any thing to serve him. But none of them had a dictionary in which the word "any thing" was defined; and if they had examined their own hearts for a definition of the word, they would have found that it meant something which would cost them neither time, trouble, nor expence.' Of course

Erpingham now discontinued his visits to a house, upon which the curse of poverty had descended. After much solicitation, he lent Worthington a small sum of money upon the security of his furniture, and when the day of payment arrived, the pledge was insisted upon with the utmost rigour of the law. Their only resource was a petition for delay, urged by Margaret herself, who knew her hard-hearted father too well to expect that she should be successful. The scene between the usurer and his daughter on this occasion, may afford some idea of the powers which the author has brought to the execution of his task.

'Early therefore the next morning, Margaret went to the house of her father; and the servants shed tears when they saw her, for they knew that she was deserted. Her father refused not to see her, but bowed to her very politely, and handed her a chair, and desired her to be seated. Now though she had much presence of mind, and a great deal of self-possession, and though she knew what must be the result of her visit, yet she could not immediately speak, for there was an emotion not to be subdued easily, at the thought of the inhumanity and heartlessness of him to whom she was come as a suppliant. Moreover it suited not the complexion of her spirit to kneel and sue in an agony of tears and a convulsion of hysteric passion. Calmness she inherited from her father; but the calmness which in him was a vice, in her was a virtue; for he bore with calmness the suffering of others, but she her own suffering. For awhile, therefore, she sat silently, and her father was the first to speak. " You have come to me on a matter of business, I presume, will you be kind enough to state it?"

' " The business on which I came," replied Margaret, " I suppose you may easily conjecture, the bond which my husband gave you——."

' " Sold to me, more properly speaking, Margaret, sold to me. He had an equivalent for it."

' " Had he indeed an equivalent for it?"

' " Ask him."

' " He told me what he had, and no doubt he told me truly; but to my mind that was not an equivalent."

' " Pardon me, Margaret, pardon me," replied the usurer," " but there we differ. In my mind it was an equivalent: and in the mind of your husband it was an equivalent. Harry Worthington was always remarked for being an acute and intelligent youth. He would never give for any thing more than it was worth. Look ye—on this table and on this spot, where you see my finger points, lay Harry Worthington's bond for one hundred pounds, and here," pointing with his other hand to another part of the table, " here lay seventy-five pounds; and there stood Harry Worthington—and I said to him take your choice—and he took the seventy-five pounds, every farthing of it, without abatement."

' " All that, Sir, may be very true," replied Margaret, " but still I must say that you took advantage of his necessities——."

' Mr. Erpingham smiled, and replied, " To be sure I did, Margaret, to be sure I did; what is the use of advantages if we do not take them. Go about the city, and look into the shops and counting-houses, and go into the markets, and what do you see there?—Do you not see that all are taking advantages?—*They could not live without.* At all events they could not thrive and get rich without. The simple people who walk about the streets begging, or who abide in miserable homes starving, have not taken advantages."

' "Perhaps they have had none to take," said Margaret.

' "They have certainly taken none," said Mr. Erpingham, "nor would you, when the offer of a coronet was made to you. By this time you might have been a peeress, living in splendour and much luxury, but you would not take advantage of the offer that was made to you. I marvel much, Margaret, that you, professiug so much sorrow and sympathy for the poor, and compassionating their hard lot, should choose to be one of the poor yourself."

' "Surely, Sir," replied she, "you are not serious in using this kind of language. You do not mean to insult your daughter."

' "Oh by no means," answered the usurer, "I insult no one. But you say that you have come here on business—on what business, I pray?"

' "I am come to intreat of you that you would not persist in utterly ruining my husband, but that you would give him a little time, and perhaps he may redeem the bond."

' "No, Margaret, perhaps he may not redeem the bond; and then you know that the interest will accumulate, and that the furniture will be worse for wear, and may not fetch so much when sold by auction, and so I may be a loser.—Besides, the process is commenced, and I would not rudely obstruct the operation of the law."

' "Can nothing move you, Sir, to have a little compassion on your own child?"

' "What shall I get by it, Margaret?" said the usurer.

' "You will have my thanks—"

' "Margaret," replied the usurer, "you were once very fond of buying thanks with your pocket money—where are those thanks now? What is their worth?"

' "They are in my heart, Sir, they are worth much, they console me in my present adversity."

' "Let them. You may go now. Your business is done. You ask me to stay the process of the law: I never did so yet, and never will.—This is not your home, you have left it, and renounced it. You had despised my wealth which I had hoarded up for you, and now you may depart. Go—you were foolish to make the choice; but having made it, you must adhere to it. You had it once in your power to be a peeress—you would not. Your husband had his bond once in his power, but he took my money, and left his bond, and now he repents."

' Margaret had heard and seen much of her father's insensibility and heartlessness, but perhaps never so much as this. It came upon her with such an oppressiveness, that there was no possibility of her expressing he feelings. She was morally stunned and stupified, and she sat for some minutes in a wild silence, scarce one remove from madness; but presently her father roused her from her abstraction, tapping her gently on the shoulder, and saying in his usual mild tone of voice, "Mrs. Worthington this is not your home, and the chair on which you are sitting is not you property. I must desire you to leave it, and depart."

' Margaret rose; but the shock of her father's brutality was too strong for her, and she could with difficulty keep herself from falling. He led he to the door, and a stranger might have supposed, from the appearance of the parties, that Mr. Erpingham was affording the kind support of his arm to an invalid, for he moved very gently and considerately, and he looked anxiously at her: but when he had conducted her to the threshold, and had ascertained that she could walk some few steps without his assistance, he gently closed the door behind her, and left her to find her way to that home, which was presently to be dismantled of its goods.

'Now it was a long way for poor Margaret to walk with an almost broken heart, which was not merely on account of her own destitution, but which owed a great portion of the weight that pressed on it, to the consideration of her father's heartlessness. She was bitterly sorry for him, and would have undergone much more individual suffering herself, could she but so have recalled him to sentiments of humanity. But there seemed to be no point at which he was vulnerable or accessible; he dwelt in a panoply of indifference; tears melted him not, reproaches moved him not, blessings and curses were to him but modulations of air, mere sounds, meaningless as a parrot's prate.—And as she went on her weary way, and as her thoughts came to her again in their ordinary and settled current, recovering from the disturbance which they had experienced from the cruelty of her father, she thought to herself that there was, or that there might be, a point of mental suffering, too much for her strength of mind to bear or meet without sinking. Therefore she trembled with a painful apprehension.

'Frequently has the solitude of great cities been made the theme of remark and declamation, and oftentimes have sufferers thought themselves unheeded, because they have been unnoticed. But the Samaritan in the world cannot stop to bind up all the broken hearts which he may meet with among the myriads which swarm the streets of a great city. Much pity is felt for the afflicted, which they who feel it cannot stop to express. No doubt many an eye looked with compassion on the sorrow-stricken countenance of Margaret, but many who pitied her passed on, and she knew not of the sad sensations which she excited in their bosoms. Some passed her who had known her in the days when no sorrows but those of sympathy were hers; and they almost started at the sad change which grief had wrought; but they were not sufficiently acquainted to speak to her:—moreover some might think that to address her might seem to savour more of curiosity than compassion, and might waken her grief to a louder and stronger expression.

'But there was one whose kind heart was always open to the claims of suffering humanity, who though a man of the city and of business, and growing, more than growing, rich, yet had a compassionate feeling for the destitute and oppresssed, and was ready to assist those who needed. He would not pass without notice one whom he knew and respected. He greeted Margaret in the crowded street, but he spoke so gently and so well, that he distorted not her sorrow into tears. He supposed, and spoke as if he supposed, that the sadness of her countenance was from bodily illness or fatigue; for he knew nothing of the desertion of her by her father, or of the misfortunes of her husband. He offered her the assistance of his arm, and that offer was gratefully accepted, for it was much needed; and while she leaned on his arm she trembled. Now Mr. Francis, for that was the gentleman's name, knew the character of Mr. Erpingham so well, that he supposed, that it was merely in compliance with the usurer's penurious humour that his daughter was walking a distance too great for her strength and present health. So thinking, his benevolent mind immediately contrived a scheme, by which, without offending the lady's pride, he might save her the necessity and toil of walking. Having ascertained that her walk must be at least two miles farther, he pretended business in the same direction, and asked as a favour, that she would wait till his carriage should arrive, and that she would do him the honour to accept a seat in it. So kind an offer from so good a man was not to be refused. During the short journey there was little conversation, and of course there was no discovery, on the part of Mr. Francis, of the real cause of the lady's sorrow. Had he suspected any thing of that kind he would have detected it, for he could ask questions which the mere idly curious would not dare to do; but he not suspecting, and Margaret using caution to conceal their circumstances, nothing then transpired; the benevolent man, however, had reason to imagine that there existed some cause of grief, more than weariness or want of health, and he parted with Margaret under that apprehension.'—*The Usurer's Daughter*, vol. i. pp. 189—199.

The law took its course, and the lovers, for they were lovers still, would have perished, if they had not been kindly admitted under their landlord's roof, where they remained until better days smiled upon them. After much seeking and exertion, Worthington at length obtained an employment, through his noble enemy, Lord Singleton, who found, or rather created business for him in Italy, where he hoped to have him silently put out of the way. But the plot did not succeed, and Worthington upon his return discovers, that from a near relationship that had existed between him and the Singleton family, of which he had been studiously kept in ignorance, he is the heir to their title and estates, which by the death of the lord suddenly devolve upon him. The Usurer's fortune also falls into his hands, and happiness once more shines upon the faithful couple, whose affections had been severely tried by adversity. The story is not marked by any originality of invention: it evinces, occasionally, a deep acquaintance with the miseries of life, which has had no injurious effect, however, upon the moral tone of the author's mind. The character of the Usurer is drawn with an unnatural degree of harshness. Such a character as Erpingham, if it ever really existed, must have been a fiend and not a man. There is not a single feature of humanity about him, except his unlucky ambition.

In one respect the story of 'Cameron' resembles that of Worthington, for he too is kept, for many years of his life, in ignorance of his real origin, and of his claims to the title and estates of Sir Richard Percy. But in all other points, this novel would appear to have been written upon the model of those, which the fair author of "Marriage," and "Destiny," has given to the world. The daughter of an English nobleman, Earl Marsden, elopes with a Scotch officer, Lieutenant Drummond, and after being united in the usual fashion upon the borders, and confirming their marriage in a more dignified way at Edinburgh, they retire to a cottage, where in due time they are surrounded with an interesting family. Years roll over, and Miss Ellen Drummond grows a beautiful girl. A law suit in which her father is engaged, brings to their house a young advocate, in the person of Cameron, who forthwith is captivated by the charms of Ellen. But his equivocal situation as the dependent of Lady Percy, who was the relict of the late Sir Robert, and by whom he, an orphan lad, by some supposed to have been an illegitimate child, was brought up, threw difficulties in his way, which his feelings of honour knew not how to conquer. These difficulties were still farther increased by the arts of Lady Percy, who applied all her ingenuity to the object of effecting a marriage between Cameron and her own daughter. An unfortunate disposition to imitate his master in appearance and dress, which actuated Cameron's groom, a profligate of considerable experience, led also to the propagation of some reports to his discredit, which had nearly lost him the hand of her, in whom all his affections were centered. These mysteries receive their just solution in the course of the story, and the lovers are, as usual, united.

In the earlier part of the novel, the author has endeavoured, not altogether without success, to exhibit a picture of English aristocracy, in its most repulsive features of indolence, pompousness, and excessive disdain for plebeian pretensions. The scene of the latter volumes is chiefly confined to Scotland, where we have rather too much of the Scotch dialect, and of vulgarity of manners, as shown in the lower ranks of life. The characters of Ellen and Cameron are, however, well drawn, and the work may be recommended as sufficiently readable at this season of the year.

Though we cannot agree in all the praises which Mr. Leitch Ritchie has bestowed upon Spindlers's novel of the "The Jew," of which the sixth work on our list is a free translation, yet it must be admitted to possess very considerable claims on our attention. It throws much light, not only upon the state of the Israelites, who are grouped together in different parts of Germany, but also upon the Hebrew character in general, which we take to be a much more amiable, as well as a more honest one, than it is usually represented by Christian writers. It is so full of incidents and episodes, that a mere outline of the whole would occupy a great deal more of our space than we can devote to such an object. We must content ourselves with a single extract from the third volume, which, besides informing us of the injustice with which Jews were treated by the German tribunals, furnishes an affecting scene between a poor persecuted Jew and his affectionate son.

'It happened that, on the evening of the same day on which Dagobert left his home, a fatal broil took place in the city. Situated in the new town was a notorious house, commonly called the Stein, and where many a young citizen had met a fate that led him to curse the day on which he was born. There were celebrated the mysteries of high play and loaded dice; there the wealth of young heirs, and the loose cash of travellers and casual visitors, speedily changed hands without any forms of law. Some left the place complete beggars, who had entered it with the pride and confidence of lords; and many a hopeless wretch, staking his last florin, found himself a man of substance before he again passed its threshold. It too often came to pass, that the detected cheat was thrown headlong into the street, or was delivered over to the arm of justice; and not unfrequently the punishment inflicted was to lose his eyes, in order to stop his sleights-of-hand. The miserable wretch was then left to throw himself into the Maine. Frightful as this retributive execution was felt to be, it had only the effect of rendering the players more wary in their proceedings; and there were still opportunities enough for adventurers from other parts, for light-headed young citizens, inexperienced chapmen, vain lordlings, *et hoc genus omne*, to find means of ridding themselves of their superfluous cash. In case some leader of the band was unlucky enough to be detected, knowing the fearful destiny that awaited him, he drew his weapon, supported by his companions, and the affair was in this way frequently kept secret from the world. The Stein accordingly too often became a scene of open bloodshed, when the force of law was barely sufficient to restore peace and order in this hell upon earth.

'On the evening, then, above mentioned, an Italian sharper, who had been amusing himself at the fair of Franckfort, in spite of the denunciations of the council, had transported the secrets of his craft into their city, giving specimens of his powers at the Stein. As novelty is always found preferable to the old routine, the company of gamblers, many of whom were members of the wealthiest families in the place, entered into the plans of the foreigner, and compelled the owner of the house to adopt the new dice which he had brought from Italy. The reputation they gained was speedily noised abroad. The Italian continued his career of success—his purse grew daily heavier, while those of his opponents were invariably emptied of the last gilder. But losing their patience almost as fast as their money, one of the most irritable seized upon the dice in a rage, and dashing them away, cried out—"Eternal curses be upon thee and upon thy infernal arts, thou most consummate of cheats." The dice having been loaded, always presented, when in the Italian's hand, the highest number, and being now broken by the force of the blow, the cause discovered itself. Upon this the whole of the company rose up; while the man who had been last fleeced of his gold, ran towards the sharper in a rage, and drawing his sword, attacked him in the most desperate manner. The Italian, however, was a practised fencer, and unsheathing his long rapier, not only defended himself, but, in spite of the interference of the company, and the cries of the host, at the third pass laid his assailant on the floor, weltering in his blood. The alarm, and the fall of the aggressor, put most of the party to flight, so that on the entrance of the police, they found neither the murderer nor any witnesses to the fact; there was only the body of the dead man—soon recognised for the son of the chief justice—a wild and dissolute youth. When the affair got bruited abroad, it was generally observed that the public had sustained no loss: the father's feelings, however, were very different. This son was the only child who had survived out of many; and the judge now abandoned himself to the most abject despair. He was found next morning seated by the side of his son's corpse, clasping the clay-cold hand, and brooding over his own unhappy lot. The sun at length rose upon the house of mourning, bright as on that of joy;

and the afflicted father now first seemed to recollect, that the indulgence of his grief could not recal the dead, while his despair had already produced a favourable change in his own bosom—a more mild and humane feeling—for the acuteness of his own sufferings disposed him now to feel for those of others. He no longer, in despair, wished for revenge on the author of his woe; but resigned himself to hopeless sorrow. Trembling, he looked back upon his past life, and sought for some cause of the visitation he had suffered. Deprived of all who bore his name, superstitious terrors were now added to his sufferings, as he in vain tried to follow a link of events which connected his fortunes with his faults. He thought of his official duties; of the severe judgments he had given; of the victims who had perished in his dungeons; and of the few innocent beings who had ever been restored to liberty. Then he recollected the many wretches who had protested their innocence upon the scaffold; and fearful doubts, as to whether he had pronounced just judgments, smote upon his soul. Suddenly he called to mind the fate of the poor Jews, who, from the whole evidence, stood clear of the imputed guilt; liable at most to the infliction of a small fine, yet condemned to linger in prison; and as their images rose to view, he saw also that of the blind and destitute mother, who had been consigned to the flames by his own father, and how it had harassed that father's mind to the day of his death. "Who knows," groaned the unhappy judge, "but the consequences of that direful act may now be the retributive vengeance which has fallen upon me and upon my family. Ah! who knows what more terrific measure of woe may be dealt out to me as I approach the limits of my days! what evils may befal me in old age, when thus visited in my prime of years!" Absorbed in these and similar agonizing reflections, he seemed to struggle with the awful consciousness of some dreadful and pre-destined calamity—some fearful vengeance in store for him; he then suddenly sprung up, manned his soul to the conflict, and, as if fearful of being too late, flew towards the prison where Ben David and his father still lingered.

'The gaoler, upon being questioned relative to the condition of the prisoners, merely shrugged his shoulders; and on being urged, proceeded to say: "The old man, I think, is fast approaching his last hour: since yesterday evening he has fallen away fast, and my son-in-law, who last saw him, says, he is sure he must be about to give up his Jewish soul to the devil, for whom it is only fit."—The chief judge started; yet he ventured not a word of sympathy before the iron-hearted gaoler; observing with assumed indifference, "Has the old wretch had no kind of help whatever?"

'"To what purpose, please your honour?" returned the man; "such vermin as he stand in no need of a doctor. Satan will take care of his own as long as they are alive; and when they go, he too will provide for them. Horler can do him no good; for the old rogue has been these hundred years upon his journey, and he is quite hard and dry enough to feed a fire. The oldest fuel burns best; so, at least, says the worthy priest Reinhold, who has just before paid him a visit, but all in vain, for the Jewish dog would not confess his sins; and the holy father declares that it is a lost case; for sure enough the demon bit, and plunged, and snorted in him, whenever the priest began to pray."

'"Is the son with his dying parent?" inquired the judge. The gaoler shook his head. "Let him be instantly put into his father's cell," continued the dignitary. The man eyed him with an incredulous look. "The saints save us!" he exclaimed, as he began to look for his keys, "the accursed beasts will make a howling and gibbering together, enough to deafen us all; besides, it is of no use." The judge repeated his command, and entered the cell in which the old man was confined. He found him stretched upon a miserable pallet, quite alone; without help or hope, but with death at his side, busied in his final work. His countenance had already assumed those peculiar signs, which old Hippocrates designates as the last that are made upon this side of eternity; his breast heaved heavily and painfully—for there was the lingering struggle between life and dissolution—while his limbs hung or wavered helplessly about, his hand in vain seeking to grasp a small phial of water, which stood at the head of his couch, to refresh for a moment his parched and fevered lips. The judge afforded him the help he wanted, supported his head, at the same time speaking gently and kindly in his ear. The refreshment of a few cooling drops, and the mild tone of the speaker, seemed to restore the sufferer to some degree of consciousness; his closed lids began to quiver, and gradually to unclose; he fixed his eyes at length on the speaker's face, and in the features of his sternest judge, beheld those of a man at the death-bed of a fellow creature.

'"The Almighty will reward you for this," at length murmured the old man, recognising the but too well remembered features; "the happy time is at length arrived, when our Great Master calls us away, and reconciles us to all;—yea, even to our enemies."

'"Yes," replied the judge;" our God will not refuse a reconciliation to those that seek it in death. Do you forgive me the injuries I have done you in performing the stern duty of my office? Will you not curse my name?"

'"O, God, forbid!" replied Joachim, "that I should curse him who refreshed my spirit with kind words—my burning lips with cool water. No; may He be pleased to remove far from you the suffering due to every one of us—to the faults of thy father or thine own I can—I do forgive you for Israel's sake. I will offer a prayer for you in the valley of Jehoshaphat, if indeed you will consent to grant my two last requests."

'"Only speak," replied the judge, "they shall be done."

'"Then drive the priest from my bed-side," said the Jew, imploringly. "His creed is to me a curse and a reproach; and if no learned Rabbi may be nigh me, nor one of my friends, I will pass through the dark path alone, with the angel that brings me rest." The judge nodded assent, and the old man continued:—"I could desire greatly to see my son, and his poor daughter also, my beloved Esther."

'"Of her," replied the functionary, "I have no tidings; but, for thy son, he shall be with thee—he is now coming."

'It is necessary to have witnessed the impassioned feelings peculiar to the people of the South, to form an idea of the overwhelming sorrow that wrung David's heart. He strove to free himself from the hands of his conductors, and, ironed as he was, to fling himself by the side of his expiring father. When disengaged from his shackles, he sank down by the couch, clasped the feeble hands of the sufferer, kissed them, hung over the dying man, as if to protect him from all around, pressed his own pale lips to his, and uttered a sigh so heart-rending and so deep, that it seemed to shake the souls of those who heard it. A flood of tears then came to his relief; and these were followed by loud and piercing lamentations, such as might be expected from the tongues of women, but are seldom heard from those of men. The confusion of this scene, from which the judge, unable to control his emotion, was glad to escape, in order to indulge his secret grief alone, continued for some time. At length, however, the first burst of sorrow subsided into a calm and settled despair, when only sobs and moans were heard from the unhappy pair. Even these soon ceased, as Ben David fixed his tearful eyes upon the ghastly features of his father, and seemed to count the moments he had yet to live. The old man now began to murmur forth a prayer, in which his son joined. When this was over, he sorrowfully addressed a few words to the dying man. “ Raaf, wilt thou give me thy blessing ere thou departest hence, or wilt thou not rather curse my name! From thee I received the breath of life; in return I have devoted thee to death. Alas! it is too true, and well hast thou anticipated our fate. For here thou art dying in Edomitish bonds, and I am the unhappy cause; yes, here thou diest an exile, far from the land of Israel and the tents of Jacob.”

‘“ Son, replied the old man, mildly, “ had you even administered poison unto me, I would yet forgive. Now I die with you, and we shall together meet again in the paradise appointed for our lost children, since we are forbidden to leave them the inheritance of this world. But thou hast not been a bad son; and though the Lord hath chosen to smite me with weakness and affliction, yet hath he granted unto me strength and resolution to meet my fate. I do not depart hence, my son, with mourning, but with joy; since I feel that the holiness of Israel hath triumphed, and our innocence been made manifest. This makes it a joyful departure to me, and I thank thee for it.” David gratefully pressed his father's hand to his lips. “ We have indeed suffered much,” continued the dying father, with a still weaker voice; but joy is stronger than grief. My hand is powerless as a child's, and I am not able to lay it upon thy head as a father should; but I can speak the blessing which I pray may guide thee to the paths of eternal life, whither I am going before thee. May fortune pave thy way with gold, and the Lord strengthen thy hands and thy countenance to enable thee to recover thy lost wealth. May the holy of holies keep thy steps from falling, and make thee ever the companion of the righteous, and thy poor daughter, our beloved Esther, not the less so.—Amen, amen.”

‘ Ben David sighed deeply—the old man felt it, and again essayed to speak. “ Promise me, my dear son, when you shall again have found the lost child, that you will preserve her in the good faith and the pure.”

‘“ Alas!” replied David, “ how can I promise what I have no power to perform? I cannot put bonds upon her heart; cannot undo what hath passed, or even, perhaps, what may still exist.”

‘“ But promise me,” proceeded Joachim, in a more earnest tone, “ that you will not permit her to give herself to that abominable ceremony of baptism, and what they call the new birth; keep thou a keen and steady eye upon her, that she forsake and renounce not, before the people, the heritage of faith which we brought with us from Canaan. Swear!” He the more warmly insisted, as he saw Ben David's hesitation and delay.

" Swear, I say, before the angel of death at my feet raises for the last time his hand to summon me away."

' Half unconsciously, Ben David promised what his father asked ; after which he became perfectly calm, and said, " A blessing be upon this oath, and upon the child ; she is indeed called by the name of the foster-child of Mordecai. And now, my son, bind up my head ; for I feel more and more weak, even in my very bones."

' The old Jew's eyes grew dim, his voice failed—

' " The soul is about to depart," he murmured, under the certainty of his speedy end ; " it trembles at the command of the messenger of doom, who stands before me, and whose flaming eye seems to fill the apartment, from the ceiling to the floor." His mind evidently wandered ; " Take care," he cried, " my David ; take care you do not fall under the sword of the heathen, who is plunging and stabbing like a fiery fencer. Hold fast by me, for that is Samuel, who catches the souls of those who die far away from the Holy Land. Help me, my son ! Give me the Lord's own earth which thou carriest on thy breast ; that so I may die in possession of my native soil, and the angel Gabriel be ready to receive my soul." Ben David took the packet from his bosom, and placed it under the head of his dying parent, whose looks evidently betokened the mournful pleasure he derived from it. " God is great—he is Lord of all," he muttered, " known in Judah, and his name worshipped in Israel. His dwelling is in Zion ; let us give praises to the only one true God." Here the eyes of the dying Jew closed, and they were the last words ; for as he opened his lips the angel of death, from the point of his sword, poured into them the gall-drops that still hung there ; his face grew more deadly pale, and, with a long-drawn sigh, he expired. But surely some good angel must have interposed to lighten his last dark hour, for the countenance of the dead still beamed with the rays of joy and peace. Ben David then took the cushion from under the head of the corpse, upset the water-jug, in which the messenger of destruction had, perhaps, cleansed his sword, tore his robe, and flung himself upon the ground, where he lamented in silence, alternately praying and humbling himself, in his utter affliction, to the dust.'—*The Jew*, pp. 24—39.

If the reader be fond of mysteries, crowding one upon another, and each more perplexing until it is solved, he will find ample food for his curiosity in 'the Algerines.' A Neapolitan prince, Vicenza, is the father of twin girls, one of whom he vows to dedicate to a religious life, by way of atonement for injurious suspicions which he had entertained against his lady's honour—suspicions which brought her to a premature grave. The younger of the daughters is forthwith conveyed to a convent, and the elder, remaining with her father, absorbs all his affection. When arrived at the age of love, an age that quickly arrives in the climate of Sicily, she becomes too sensible of the captivating person and mien of Don Cæsario, who happens to be the son of her father's most hated enemy. He resorts to many expedients for the purpose of preventing an intercourse between Victoria and this dangerous youth ; but finding him invulnerable, even to the dagger of the assassin, he resolves on shutting up *Victoria in the convent,* in place of his younger daughter, Alphonsine, and to give the latter in marriage to the Marquis Lioni, whose hand Victoria had obstinately refused. The sisters were so like each other, that Lioni had no difficulty in at once transferring his allegiance to Alphonsine; but Cæsario again unconsciously becomes his rival, and sundry mistakes arise in consequence of the difficulty of distinguishing between Alphonsine and Victoria. The latter, though immured in a convent, stoutly refuses to take the habit. Her perseverance is crowned with success, and eventually she is restored to society and to her faithful Cæsario. The reader must suppose this outline to be filled up with the usual quantum of underplots, assassinations, and perils of every kind familiar to Neapolitan stories. The Algerines play but a secondary part in the drama. A wine-loving Mahometan, named Abdallah, who resides at Naples for the purpose of enjoying all its luxuries, is now and then made use of as the protector of the distressed, and as a ludicrous rival of the more fortunate lovers. He finds out, moreover, that the foundress of the convent, in which the twins were successively placed, is no other than his own mother, who for her sins had been formerly a slave at Algiers, and had been compelled to accept the honour of being fourth wife to Abdallah's father. Having effected her escape, she hoped to expiate her guilt, by bestowing her wealth upon the convent of St. Rosalie, of which she was the first prioress.

Art. VII.—*A Treatise on the Progressive Improvement and Present State of the Manufactures in Metal.* (Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia.) Vol. I.—Iron and Steel. London: Longman and Co., and J. Taylor. 1831.

In the history of the human mind, there is no chapter more interesting, instructive, and consoling, than that which displays the progress of man's ingenuity in modifying the rudest, and, apparently, the most intractable materials, for the accommodation of his wants, and the gratification of his tastes. Who, for instance, can look at a piece of iron ore, just disinterred from the rugged soil in which it lay, and contemplate the successive processes through which it is made to pass, in order to be employed in ten thousand different contrivances connected with the necessities and conveniences of society: who that yields a proper degree of consideration to such phenomena, but must be inclined to confess, that for the power which can produce such wonders, there remains an ultimate duty in another sphere of higher and nobler import?

The object of the admirable treatise before us, is to develope the history of the uses to which iron and steel have been applied, from the earliest period at which we have any knowledge of those metals, to the present time. The writer accordingly refers to the remote eras of the Jewish, Grecian, and Roman power, tracing, with learned accuracy, the information which was possessed, and the use which was made of the metals in each period. He then makes a transition to our own country, and presents us with a very pleasing description of the first establishment of iron works in England. It is to the frequency of war in these kingdoms, that we are principally indebted for the high repute in which our iron manufactures stood, during the reigns of the Saxon and Norman kings. A constant and extensive demand for weapons, which were mostly fabricated of iron, rendered the business of the blacksmith in those days, one of profit, and even of credit; for we are told, by undoubted authority, that in the courts of the Welsh kings, the royal blacksmith sat next to the domestic chaplain, and had a right to a draught of any kind of liquor that was brought into the hall.

A very curious portion of this work consists of an inquiry into the ancient seats of the iron works of this country, and into the causes which induced the removal of them to those places, where now they exclusively exist. Much valuable information respecting the condition of particular counties, at given periods, is incidentally brought forth by this investigation, and, as varying the monotony of a continued narrative, is by no means unacceptable.

To each of the multifarious processes for changing the form and shape of iron—such as smelting, casting, rolling, &c., a chapter is devoted; and numerous details connected with the origin, progress, and practical success of each process are added, so as to communicate a great degree of liveliness to matters, which essentially belong to a very different category. Thus we have curious anecdotes relating to anchors and anvils, chain bridges, and cables. One of the most amusing of these incidental digressions, has for its subject the various purposes to which sheet iron has been applied. It has been long manufactured into small waggons at the collieries; and lately it has been employed as a substitute for timber, in the construction of vessels for canal navigation. But this is not all. An ingenious gentleman of Birmingham proposed, in the year 1809, to substitute iron for mahogany, or other wood, as the material of household furniture. Though he did not succeed in carrying the public with him the whole extent of his suggestion, it is still the truth, that iron bedsteads are increasing very much in demand; and what is infinitely more strange, an iron mattrass is, in not a few instances, used as preferable to one composed of feathers. But the proposition of Mr. Bridgman, in 1819, to make coffins of sheet iron, was perhaps one of the boldest to which the capabilities of this metal ever gave rise. The proposal, however, was reduced to practice, and inconvenient as the use of such a material must necessarily prove in church yards, still the law solemnly ratified its use on such an occasion.* It would be tedious to enumerate the purposes to which rolled iron is made applicable. After a very instructive chapter on iron plating, and rail roads, the author proceeds to consider, in all their details, the formation of the numerous articles which properly constitute the manufactures of the blacksmith.

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* See the elegant and erudite judgment of the present Lord Stowell, in *the case of Bridgman* against the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

The nine last chapters are devoted to the subject of steel. The history of this article is detailed in the same engaging manner as that of iron, and the importance to this country of the trade in that metal, is duly estimated by the writer. The experiments which have been repeated on steel, form a very singular and attractive subject of study to the artizan; who will further find in this part of the volume, an accurate and very intelligible account of the various important purposes in the arts to which steel has been found applicable. It is in despair of being able to give an adequate idea of the vast quantity of authentic and curious details contained in this volume, that we abstain from making any extracts. A close perusal of its contents ought alone to satisfy any person, who has the least curiosity in tracing the mysterious history of our nature.

ART. VIII.—*Lecture, Introductory to the Course of Anatomy and Physiology, delivered at the Opening of the Session* 1831—1832, *at the University of London.* By Jones Quain, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. London: Taylor. 1831.

HISTORY, ancient or modern, presents us with no example of impolitic legislation, more absurd in itself, or more fraught with mischief, than that system of laws which has been applied to the science of the healing art in this country. The subject, we confess, has been treated with as much ignorance and want of providence in other kingdoms, as well as in ours; but no where has so obstinate a spirit of error been so long and so firmly maintained, as amongst ourselves. According to the law of the land at this moment, a right of action is given to any patient, who can shew that he has suffered in consequence of the want of professional knowledge and skill in his medical attendant. Indeed, many cases of this kind have been introduced into our Courts of late, and, in not a few instances, the defendants have been fined in heavy damages. Now, it can be proved to demonstration, that the degree of professional knowledge and skill which the law requires in such cases, cannot possibly be obtained by a medical practitioner, unless by repeated and patient observation of the dead human body. We do not deny, that a great deal of anatomical information may be gleaned by a student of active mind, and industrious habits, from books, plates, models, and devices of the like character—but what we wish to impress on the public is, that all such expedients, let them be employed under circumstances the most favourable for their success, will fail to impart to the surgeon, that accurate knowledge and dexterity, which the law expects that he shall possess. We highly approve of the policy of the legislature thus far for it argues a just solicitude for the public health. But what are we to think, if that same code, which first exacts a definite extent of proficiency in the surgeon, shall afterwards prohibit him, under severe penalties, from entering on the only probation by which that proficiency can be obtained? Hence, in order to avoid one penalty, a surgeon must of necessity incur perhaps a severer; he can comply with one law solely by a habitual violation of another. It is now a rule of law, that the mere possession of a dead body, for other purposes than for burial, is a misdemeanor. To be consistent with itself, the law should sanction the existence of ignorant and incapable surgeons, and ought on no account to permit that a medical practitioner who has never dissected, should be fined for any mistake which he may, in consequence, commit. This would be an equitable, or at least an intelligible system. But we have not yet directed attention to the worst feature of the present one. Not only has the law denounced dissection as a penal offence—but it has rendered that practice an object of popular odium. The act of the twenty-fifth of George II., has added to the usual punishment inflicted on the perpetrator of a murder, the further penalty of dissection, thus establishing in the minds of the multitude the impression, that surrendering the body to the surgeon's knife, is that extreme expedient for aggravating the fate of the criminal, which the shedding of blood alone deserves![*]

In a country where the law is so strongly opposed to dissection, how can we expect that the general sentiment will be for it? Those writers of the time who affect to lead, but really follow public opinion, show a degree of hostility to this necessary practice, at which we are convinced their better judgment must revolt. Day after day we hear the mawkish and sickening cant, "sacred precints of the grave," "solemnity of the tomb," "inviolable sanctity of the sepulchre," and the like. "How unfeeling!" they exclaim, "to break upon the slumbers of the dead, and rudely tear from its shrine some hallowed form, on which parental affection during life had expended its fondest caresses!" Unfeeling it may be to plunder the grave, to rudely incise the inanimate flesh, to disembowel and divide the decaying corpse. But after all, may we not calmly enquire if it is not better to cut up the dead, than cut up the living? This is certain, that a surgeon must either mangle the one or the other; the public may make up their minds on that matter. No man can safely use his knife on the animate body, until he has employed it over and over again on that which is destitute of vitality; and if he be deprived of the opportunity of practising when no mischief can be done, most assuredly will he be compelled to practise where a great deal must ensue. It is no exaggeration to affirm, that for every body subjected to the surgeon's knife, one hundred living ones are saved from premature death, or from sufferings that would render death a welcome messenger. The great delusion of the multitude, which those who ought to have a more legitimate ambition, endeavour to sustain, is, that the doctors are addicted to dissection out of an impulse of self-gratification, and that the rest of the world are mere uninterested spectators, who have a right to be shocked at their indifference and rudeness. We possibly may have hereafter more ample space and time for the task, when we hope to be able to show, how transcendantly above all that mere philanthropy and charity have bestowed, has anatomy proved an instrument of good to mankind. To a brief illustration or two in point, we are under the necessity of confining ourselves at present.

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[*] We are bound to state, that the merit of originality does not lie with the authors of this mischievous clause, for its object had been suggested nearly three centuries before, by no less respectable an authority than the "Barbers and Surgeons of Edinburgh," who, in their petition for the privilege of incorporation, made the following remarkable requisition :—

"And that we may have *ance* in the year, a condemned man, after he be dead, to make anatomia of, quhair throw wee may have experience, ilk ane, to instruck others, and we shall do suffeerage for the saule."

During the long period, which indeed was only very recently terminated, when little or nothing was known of the structure of the human body, the process of curing generally adopted in serious cases, really proved to be only a sort of handmaid to disease. Not only did it contribute materially to increase the rate of mortality, but it tended, in a manner that is really frightful to contemplate, to aggravate the sufferings of the patient to whom it was applied. Our blood runs cold as we read the account of the operations, or rather the tortures inflicted upon human beings, before the glorious era, when Harvey, *by unremitting dissections for five and twenty years, discovered the circulation.* Without the knowledge of this great phenomenon, the best surgeons of ancient times generally treated hemorrhage as an incurable complaint; and in all the battles which we read of in ancient history, not one soldier, in whose body an artery was wounded, escaped immediate death. The impossibility of arresting bleeding, precluded the old surgeons from having recourse to amputation (a measure which always involves the division of several blood-vessels) in thousands of cases, where a speedy and distressing death would have been prevented, or where protracted and agonizing sufferings would have been instantly assuaged. Even in those instances where amputation was performed, the mode of stopping the hemorrhage was such as to bring on mortification of the limb, which of course proved as afflicting, and as fatal to the patient, as it was possible for the original disease to do. On numerous occasions, they burned up the portion of the limb that remained after amputation, by what is called the actual cautery, that is to say, by the application of red-hot irons; and sometimes the knives employed in the operation were likewise red-hot. But even this dreadful expedient was commonly unsuccessful; for the eschar formed on the bleeding vessels, and acting as an obstacle to the issue of blood, soon fell away, when the patient bled to death. Another mode of amputation used by our ancestors, was founded on the notion, that by expediting the operation, the period during which the blood flowed away would be materially limited. They contrived a wooden machine, with a large cutting instrument inserted into it, which was worked exactly on the principle of the French guillotine, and with one stroke severed the limb from the body. This engine was, however, humane, when compared with an additional plan of amputation very much employed, namely, placing the sharp edge of an axe on the limb, and effecting its dismemberment by a vehement blow of a mallet!

Such were the barbarous practices that characterized the days, and they are not very remote, when human dissections were successfully prohibited. To what circumstances is it owing, that the same dreadful system of "healing" is not still pursued, but to that intrepid resistance to bad laws, and that defiance of vulgar prejudice, which enabled heroic men to descend to the charnel house, and thence to extort, as from the reluctant oracles of nature, the knowledge which from no other source they could expect to obtain? That single result of dissection, which, in association with the name of Harvey, has conferred on his memory an imperishable fame, ought to sanctify the practice, as long as there is a human nerve to vibrate, or an artery to throb, under the influence of pain. From this grand discovery, means of alleviating suffering, and prolonging life, have been produced in such abundance, as to entitle it most justly to the credit of being the greatest act of humanity that ever was performed by one man to his fellow creatures. Scarcely had Harvey promulgated his doctrine, when a French surgeon, turning the principles on which it was founded to practical account, contrived a field tourniquet, and was enabled by its use, at the siege of Besançon, to save the life of many a brave countryman, who would otherwise have undoubtedly perished. It is scarcely necessary for us to add, that, at the present day, amputation is one of the most familiar, easy, and safe expedients, to which a surgeon can resort; that not only, by the progress of anatomy, is the operation less frequently performed, but, when necessary, it is in almost every instance completely successful.

Amongst those triumphs which the study of anatomy alone can be said to have produced, and at which humanity must always rejoice, we may mention the cure of *aneurism*. This disease commences by the weakening of the coats of an artery in a particular part of its course. These coats, not being able to resist the pressure of the flowing blood, yield to it, become dilated, form tumours, and at length burst, affording an opening for a flow of blood, which proves inevitably fatal. The old surgeons, when they saw this character of tumour, had no better mode of cure to propose than amputation of the limb—a measure which, as we have seen, in their hands, was only another term for the surgical execution of the unfortunate patient. In process of time, however, the surgeons were induced to cut down to the tumour, and exposing the artery, to place a ligature upon it, with a view of stopping the current of the blood altogether. But the operation was seldom performed, and it almost always failed when permitted to be done. Such was the degree of ignorance of the human body which existed at the period we speak of, that before a ligature was placed about a main artery, the patient was prevailed on to receive the rites of the church, as though he could expect no other result than death from the operation. In this state did the mode of curing aneurisms, by no means a rare complaint, remain, until the era of John Hunter; and it is solely to the anatomical knowledge, which the vast industry of that great man enabled him to collect, that thousands upon thousands afflicted with aneurism have been preserved to their families, in the course of the last half century. Hunter was the first man who effectually stopped the supply of blood to the aneurismal tumour, and cured his patient. A man came to him with an aneurism of the artery in the ham. Said Hunter to the surgeons around him, "I shall tie this artery, not at the ham, where its coats are diseased, but I shall tie it at the top of the thigh, where it is sound; and by thus securing the trunk, I shall with the greatest certainty arrest the flow of blood to the aneurism." It was naturally objected to this proposal, that the supply of blood by this measure would be altogether withheld from the limb, and that it would consequently fall into a state of mortification. "True," rejoined Hunter, "I shall interrupt the main supply; but I know that many branches from this artery are given off above the point of the intended ligature; I know that these branches communicate in another direction with the limb, and I am sufficiently acquainted with the processes of nature to be satisfied, that when the direct channels of conveyance are destroyed, the indirect ones will be adequately enlarged for the performance of the necessary functions." And he proceeded to the operation, which was completely successful, as have been the great majority of those which, after his example, have been, and are now, almost weekly repeated in our hospitals. What a delightful reflection must it be for an Englishman, that the immediate means by which all these scientific miracles have been worked for the happiness of society—for the restoration of honest and worthy individuals from a state of imminent peril to one of health and strength—that these means, we repeat, should have been reached only by a flagrant violation of the law, and at the hazard of perpetuating the existence of a trade, which, in a more knowing age, has become the nursery of crimes that we shudder to think of!

The conclusion which we desire to point out to the attention of intelligent men, as arising from the short statements now advanced, and which, be it remembered, very faintly represent the striking benefits of anatomy, is this, that the human body is still a mine of treasures, which is far from being completely explored; and that with a view to further important discoveries, which must be conducive to the welfare of mankind, every facility should be afforded for its examination, to those who are led by duty, or taste, or both, to the study. This second great end of anatomy, it will be seen, is entirely independent of that which, as the primary one, we have already urged, namely, the acquisition on the part of the surgeon, of that familiarity with the relations and structure of the body, which will secure to the living who employ him, the greatest number of probabilities that their confidence in him is not misplaced. To the objection which is commonly made by the ignorant and unthinking, that anatomy is a simple study; that it may be adequately learned from books, and that a single dead body, properly investigated, ought to suffice for the education of the best surgeon; to such an objection we say, we oppose the whole history of the progress of anatomy. We would ask those complaisant tribunes of the mob, if they have ever heard how many hundreds of years, how many hundreds of life-long, indefatigable dissectors it has taken to discover all that we at present know of the structure, the differences of parts, and relations of the human body? Why, it is only within our own time, that anatomy has been able to point out a few traces of the path, by which alone we may expect to gain a correct view of the functions of the nerves. So difficult is it, under the most favourable circumstances, to acquire an universal acquaintance with the body, that there are few even of the most eminent surgeons, who have not been betrayed into one error or another, in consequence of their anatomical ignorance. We could fill a volume with cases in proof of our assertion. Cowper, one of the great fathers of English anatomy, committed, in the fulness of his fame, a fatal blunder, by mistaking the source of an arterial vessel in the face. Surgeons of equal attainment have, before now, in cutting out tumours from the neck, completely destroyed the power of voice, or the sense of hearing, by including in the operation some trifling filament of nerve, with the existence of which they were totally unacquainted. This ignorance is to be traced to the necessity under which early anatomists were placed, of employing their time in examinations, which, now that the results are known, become unnecessary. They had not leisure, therefore, for that minute dissection, which was necessary to enable them to guard against such fatal errors as we have described. To some extent, the very same principle exists to this hour. If such then be the imperfections, to which men of unbounded zeal, of the greatest industry, genius, and judgment, and enjoying unlimited opportunities of study, are liable, what ought to be the apprehensions of the public, when they contemplate the possible errors of professional men, who possess neither zeal, nor industry, nor judgment, nor, thanks to the law of the land, proper cpportunities of preparation! We have the most undoubted authority for stating, that plague and earthquake, the tempest, and the sword, have not sent out of life, untimely, more human beings, than an ignorance of anatomy and the analogous sciences, in persons who pretended to a knowledge of them. One of the darkest chapters of the domestic history of this country, even at this hour, would be a catalogue of the errors, often fatal errors, of incompetent surgeons. A professional friend, to whom we have sometimes in the course of our labours to refer, assures us, that not many weeks ago, he saw the dead body of a man, in whose arm the artery had been accidentally wounded. A surgeon was called in, and, as must have been expected from the extent of his anatomical education, he placed a ligature, not on the artery, but upon the nerve which accompanied it, thus adding excruciating agony to the still unrestrained hemorrhage, from the united influence of which the unfortunate patient only obtained relief in death. From the same authority we learn, that still later, two persons presented themselves at one of the large hospitals of London, with the artery in one of the arms of each in a state of aneurism, consequent on those vessels being, through abominable ignorance, punctured in the very common operation of venesection. May we then, with all humility inquire, if dissection be really quite so palpable a calamity, as some of those mistakes of which the want of it is the sole and exclusive origin? Would not the two men to whom we have just alluded, have willingly surrendered the bodies of all their kin to the dissecting-knife, if they believed that such a measure would have been the means of preventing the terrible sufferings, and the perils to which they were exposed?

If the want of anatomical knowledge has been the source of so many evils to mankind, the possession of it could, by many illustrations, be shown to be one of the greatest blessings which a nation could desire. It is from the dead body alone that the oculist derives that information and that skill, which places at his command the remedies by which vision may be restored, or the calamity of blindness averted. Of all the hard conditions on which the tenure of life is granted to man, the privation of sight is that which most entitles him to our deepest commiseration. The mournful lament of our great poet for the loss of his sight, arrests all our sympathies in an instant, not so much by the beauty of his numbers, as the truth of feeling with which he describes his affliction.

> "Thus with the year
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summer rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off."

The power with which surgery is now luckily invested over diseases of the eye, is but of very recent acquisition. The couching of a cataract was, at the close of the last century, an operation of such extreme rarity, as to become a subject of national curiosity. A very graphic description of the results of this operation is given in Goldsmith's Animated Nature. At present, the complete restoration of vision is a performance, that takes its station with the most ordinary events of daily occurrence in our opthalmic infirmaries; and it is entirely owing to the want of anatomical knowledge, that, almost up to the hour in which we write, we could not dispense with the skill and knowledge of German oculists. Who then, is it, with a heart that can throb in spmpathy with his kind, will seek to embarrass the progress of that science, which can thus turn the dreariest lot into one of comparative happiness, which can restore the solitary and cheerless to the bosom of society, and almost literally realize the miracles, which the poet could only attribute to a far superior power.

"He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day."

Turning from the eye to the sense of hearing, in what terms shall we speak of that triumphant power which can, almost at a moment, confer the inestimable blessings of the faculties of hearing and of speech! We cannot here avoid referring to a case that very pointedly illustrates the benefits of which anatomy may be the occasional cause. A gentleman affected with deafness, consulted Sir Astley Cooper. The only circumstance to which he could trace the affection, was a very severe sore throat, of which, however, he completely got rid. After a full investigation into the nature of the case, the surgeon decided on making a puncture in the drum of the ear. The operation being performed, the sense of hearing was instantly and completely restored. Now the remedy in this case depended on a delicate calculation, which a consummate knowledge of the anatomy of the parts could alone suggest; and so striking were the ingenuity and merit of the operation, that the Royal Society adjudged to Sir Astley the Copleian medal, as a compliment to his skill.

From the perusal of such evidence as that which we have now laid before it, the public will be better prepared to understand, why it is that medical men set such a value upon the study of anatomy; why it is that, in spite of threats and persecution, they still pursue it, in a number of instances, with the greatest ardour and perseverance; and why it is that no law, however severe, no prejudices, however uncompromising, can or will put down the practice of dissection in this country. The assurance that subjects can be had for the dissecting table, is as certain as the permanence of the appetite for gain in the human heart; and it was from his experience of the truth of this remark, that Sir Astley Cooper, when a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, was induced to make this startling declaration,—" *There is no person, let his situation in life be what it may, whom, if I were disposed to dissect, I could not obtain.*" With whatever minimum of anatomical knowledge the bulk of surgeons may be contented, a considerable number will always be found in the profession, who will not dare to handle a knife for the purpose of operation, without thoroughly knowing anatomy—without long and assiduous dissection. Bodies they must have—no law, no penalty can interfere with them; and as to stopping the sale of subjects, the suspension of all the markets of England would be just as practicable an attempt. The traffic in bodies is sure to go on, and all those horrors with which it has recently been associated, may, for aught we know, before long, be multiplied to a height, which the soul sickens to contemplate. Indeed we have the most dreadful apprehensions, that the arm of murder, instead of being stayed, will rather be invigorated, and will grasp its victims with much more security than ever. Let the public only consider, that a little more knowledge, a little more circumspection only are required to be employed by the reckless murderer, in order that he may carry on his atrocious practices with perfect impunity. It is the opinion of all anatomists, that modes of destroying life can be put in practice, which will leave so little trace of violence on the remains, as completely to baffle detection. " When murder," says a living physiologist, " is committed in a mode which leaves marks of violence on the exterior of the body, suspicion may be excited; and if, on examining the internal organs, they present certain appearances, the suspicion that murder has been committed will be confirmed. But these appearances in the internal organs are also produced by natural and common diseases, and, therefore, could never of themselves excite even a suspicion of violence. Yet how easy it is to produce death by strangulation, without leaving upon any part of the exterior of the body even the slightest discolouration, we have seen. But there are far more efficient means of accomplishing the object, than those which depend on stopping the respiration. There is a poison, and these poisons are becoming every day better known to the vulgar, which will destroy life with absolute certainty in from one to four minutes, and the simple expedient of exposing the body for a short time to a current of air, or to a shower of rain, will remove any traces of its presence and operation. There is another poison, which, in the minute dose of half a grain, will destroy the stoutest man in three minutes, and leave behind it not the slightest character by which its presence can be detected. There is abundantly produced from a substance in daily use, a gas, under the fatal influence of which a person may be brought, without its being possible for human sagacity to discover that it has been employed; and there is a gas which any man can carry about in his pocket, one full inspiration of which will infallibly extinguish life, without the chance of recovery, and without the possibility of detecting its action. If then it be made worth while to pursue murder as a trade, it can be carried on to a prodigious extent without detection." Such are the warnings which the legislature and the public cannot pass by, whatever be the means which they may propose to avert the threatened evils.

If the remedy for the state of things of which we now complain, were either difficult to be discovered, or difficult to be put in practice, there would be some ground for delaying to adopt it. But what valid objections there can be against the proposal, for delivering to the dissecting rooms the bodies of those who have no relations or friends to be offended at this mode of disposing of their remains, we cannot possibly divine. This plan formed the substance of Mr. Warburton's late Bill, and was constructed upon a comparison of the evidence of the most experienced witnesses. It was shown, that the unclaimed bodies of two parishes alone, of London, would be sufficient for the consumption of all the anatomical schools of the metropolis.

All those who are hostile to dissection, generally ground their opposition to it on the necessity of respecting the natural feelings of the surviving relatives and friends of the deceased. But if there be no relations or friends to annoy—or if the relations of a dying man be so indifferent to his fate, as to refuse their presence at his death-bed, or afterwards at his funeral, it surely cannot be said that the transfer of the remains of such a person to the dissecting room, can be an occasion of displeasure in any quarter.

But there are spirits in our time on whom all argument is thrown away, and from whom we shall again no doubt hear the often repeated remonstrance—"What! is it in this partial manner you propose to deal with society—why do you legislate against the poor alone—why not make the rich a prey to your barbarous dissections—the poor have feelings as well as the affluent, &c." And this is the language and these the sentiments which have prevailed over, and even silenced the councils of sound wisdom and just policy!

The poor—the poor "poor"—the interesting, the pitiable poor—they to be exclusively consigned to the surgeon's knife!—Can such injustice be endured in a Christian land? But let us fairly ask, on what class of the community the medical profession has a better right to call for sacrifices, than on the poor? For whose sake are some millions annually expended in this country in medical charity? For the poor. For whom are those palaces of humanity, that are to be found in every district of this great city, raised, furnished, and provided—but the poor? Why, the primary object of medical science is the relief of the poor. The very education which is required in a member of the profession compels him, whether he will or no, to do gratuitous service to the poor. If the finger of a broken down bricklayer's labourer only aches, he can in a moment command the assistance of a combination of surgical experience, ability, and skill, such as the wealthiest nobleman in the land, by the most profuse expenditure, could hardly collect around him. Should he, in the course of his avocations, meet with any untoward accident, a comfortable bed awaits him at the very first hospital where he applies. There he obtains the choicest medical advice, the kindest and most soothing attention from persons purposely appointed—medicines—suitable food—cordials—restoratives—every species of diet, in short, which his situation may require, from the economic simplicity of barley water, up to the expensive luxury of genuine port wine. A doctor or a nurse is ever at his beck—and, night or day, he is watched with the same scientific and indefatigable attention.

But in order to give the poor the best possible chance, the medical faculty has divided itself into a series of detachments, each of which is commissioned with the care of some particular part of the body of a poor man. In one place they exclusively attend to his ears; in another, the medical gentlemen give up all their time to the study of his lungs; every possible means of relieving any complaint of his eyes, are sought after by some of the cleverest of the faculty; and the places where relief for these maladies may be obtained by the poor man, are distributed throughout the metropolis, in such a way as is best calculated to meet his convenience. The primary object, as we have already said, of the medical profession, in all its departments, is the relief of the poor—their relief from the most harassing of troubles, but especially from those diseases which put it out of their power to earn a livelihood for themselves, or their wretched families. In medical establishments, they are cured and are maintained until they are well. The debt of gratitude which they owe to medical science, however they may estimate it, is much more than they can ever repay, and is, in truth, very inadequately compensated by the sacrifice of their bodies to the promotion of that science, which they, of all classes of society, are most interested in perfecting.

We employ the word "sacrifice," in order to comply with the vulgar estimate of the meaning of this word; for if, by surrendering a body to the knife of the dissector, it is supposed that a more speedy destruction of its elements will ensue, than, under ordinary circumstances, takes place, we must beg altogether to oppose such an interpretation. The French chemist, Fourcroy, has found, after a long course of investigation, that the seventh or eighth day after a body is put into the ground, is the latest at which it can be said to be whole. At the end of that short interval the process of decay commences, and produces, in the first instance, a fluid, which ultimately increases so as to burst the abdomen, and let out a gas that is capable of producing the most mischievous effects on the living, and even death, should a person approach near to the corpse. But in most instances the body is not left to the slow effects of the process of putridity. Myriads of animalculæ have no other source of nutriment than our carcases, which, however, are frequently consumed exclusively by rats and mice. Any of our readers who have the opportunity of inspecting the anatomical museums of Florence, or the Dublin University, will be astonished at the specimens which, at either of these establishments, they may witness, of the havoc inflicted by rats and mice on the dead human body. In the name of common sense, then, what is the objection to the dissecting knife? Are we really consulting our own feelings, by giving up to the deleterious influence of subterraneous gases, or the rapacity of vermin, that body, which will be treated, at least, with some consideration by our fellow men; and from which our survivors will be sure to deduce an accession of knowledge, that cannot fail to multiply the means they possess of succouring human affliction, and of averting death?

Dissect the bodies of the poor, indeed! Plunge a knife into their sacred corpses! What an outrage! What an injustice! The rich are not so treated! Are they not, verily? Why, the kings of England, from time immemorial, have been dissected. Sir Everard Home has anatomized the two last incumbents of the imperial crown, and we are pretty certain that the body of our good King William, and the dissector's scalpel, will be yet well acquainted; but distant, we sincerely pray, may be the hour of that event. However, many as honest a tar as his Majesty, has been consigned to a more summary, and in the eyes of vulgar prejudice, a more repugnant fate. The whole of the navy force of Great Britain, a million strong, seeks neither a coffin nor a tomb; their sepulchre is the wide ocean, where the fanged shark anticipates that destruction which putridity, with not less certainty, though not so speedily, effects on the cold inhabitant of the mausoleum. Nor is the disposal of the generous soldier, when he dies, apparently less degrading. Upon the very theatre of his glorious deeds, that body, upon which his country depended, perhaps, for her protection, is, with the horse which bore him to the fight, with the saddle on which he sat, or with the worthless knapsack which he carried, indiscriminately delivered up to the flames. Is the surgeon's knife—but we will rather say, is the promotion of useful and necessary science, by dissection, more injurious to a corpse, more odious to the living relatives, than the tooth of a rapacious animal of the sea, or the consuming power of fire?

Still it will be said, however powerful argument and facts may be, instinct is too stubborn to be so easily subdued. Instinct! Upon which side is it to be found, we beg to inquire? Take those nations where neither commerce, nor learning, nor emigration, has *tended, in the slightest* degree, to interfere with the influence of their instincts, and what, let us ask, have they done with their dead? The unchanged and unchangeable Hindoos throw the bodies of their relations into the Ganges:—in Caffre land the dead are given up to wild beasts. The Mongols do the same. The Orinoco tribes sink the body by weights into their rivers, in order that it may become a prey to the fish. We can point out a passage in the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, where he tells us of a people who occupied one of the shores of the Caspian Sea, and who kept up a well-trained race of dogs, for the uniform destruction of their dead. Nor was the practice with them by any means a repugnant one, for the great orator expressly states, that this community regarded it as the most eligible mode of disposing of the human body. It is not our office to dispute about the tastes of different countries in the choice of their methods of getting rid of the dead, not excepting even the predilection of that people, of whom it is recorded, that they eat their deceased friends, "esteeming," says the old record, "theyre bellies to be the most precious place for the burial of theyre parents." The truth is, that neither instinct nor reason suggests the propriety of any very particular attention to the dead; and it would not be a difficult undertaking to show, that the practice of inhumation originated in the same natural impatience of the presence of the dead, which compelled the civilized states of antiquity to adopt the process of conflagration.

We may, then, state it as a just conclusion, that neither nature nor instinct, nor practice, nor convenience, calls upon us to evince that excessive delicacy towards the dead, which vulgar prejudice and the law of the land alike demand at our hands. The dissecting knife, it will be allowed, offers not more indignity to the remains of a human being, than they meet with from the worms, and the rats, and that decomposing process, which nature, of her own accord, inflicts on all animal fabrics. The monarch on his throne, the soldier and the sailor, can dispense with that "veneration" for their lifeless bodies, which is vindicated by voluntary advocates for the poor. Is the legislature any longer to be made the dupe of a pious fraud, and to curtail the best resources of genuine science, in order to cherish the disgraceful bigotry of an intolerant mob?

"But the doctors ought to give up their bodies," exclaim the organs of the anti-dissection party. And so the doctors do, although it is difficult for us to perceive on what grounds they are particularly called on to make this contribution. Let us suppose that by to-morrow, a plan were carried into operation for effecting the total abolition of the practice of dissection. What is the necessary consequence? That every medical man in the land would be at a premium. No book-taught practitioner could compete with the dissectors for an instant, and thus the present race, at least, would be very intimately interested in wishing for the universal suspension of the study of anatomy. But let us again suppose, that we are at this moment without the opportunity of getting the assistance of a single man who has cultivated the science of anatomy: all the faculty, we will take it for granted, surgeons and physicians as they are, know nothing of practical anatomy, as it may be acquired from dissection. Now, under such circumstances, would the public pay one penny less for medical attendance than they do at this moment? We answer, no; and we think we could show, that in such a case they would be liable to pay much more. Then, if the remuneration to the doctor in the ignorant state be the same as that which is awarded to the doctor in the scientific state, what pecuniary interest can they expect to serve by facilitating their own acquirement of anatomy? That practice abolished, all practitioners will be on the same level so far; and individual ability, ingenuity, address, and conduct will, in such a state of circumstances, as they do now, recommend particular men to public confidence, and secure to them the same worldly advantages, which, in the present condition of things, they actually enjoy. When, therefore, we hear one of those newspaper Gracchi of the day expressing his affected indignation against the doctors, at not giving up their bodies to dissection, we set him down as a knave, who intends to mislead the unthinking, or as a fool, who does not understand the first principles of the question which he presumes to determine.

Let the public of this country, then, devote, in time, to all these considerations, the attention which their very pressing importance demands. Every man and woman in the land is armed with the warrant of the law, to exact from a medical attendant the proofs of his attainment in medical knowledge, to an extent, which dissection, and dissection alone, can enable him to reach: the law, on the other hand, forcibly depriving him of the opportunities of acquiring adequate instruction, he is compelled to have recourse, at the greatest hazard to his person and property, to clandestine courses, which, alas! involve the possible perpetration, on the part of his agents, of crimes unutterable. Why not take away from him, who loves and pursues science, in order that he may be a more useful benefactor, than he otherwise could be, to his fellow creatures—why not take away from him those embarrassments which only vex and retard, but do not effectually stop him in his path? Can the practice of anatomy be put down? No. Does it give rise, in the state of outlaw in which it is kept by the legislature, to crime? It does. Then let the legislature take it under its protection; let it tame and domesticate the ferocious creature, until its wild passion for prowling and for blood shall be disciplined into a legitimate appetite for such subsistence, as all the rational and kind will be happy to contribute.

Art. IX.—*Lives of the Italian Poets.* By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., M.R.S.L. Second Edition. With Numerous Additions. In Three Volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1831.

We noticed the first edition of this work in terms of well-merited praise, and predicted for it a degree of popularity, which, we are happy to observe, it has since attained. We should not, therefore, have deemed it necessary to revert to the subject, if Mr. Stebbing had not made several additions to each of his former volumes, some of which justly deserve our attention. The first volume he has augmented by seven new biographical sketches; the second, by three; and the third, by four. Of the additional articles, those which are contained in the latter volume are by far the most valuable and interesting. They exhibit the lives of Melchior Cesarotti, Ippolito Pindemonte, Vincenzo Monti, and of a gentleman not unknown to English literature, Ugo Foscolo.

The first of these obtained much more celebrity by his translations of Ossian and Homer, than by his original writings. He was born at Padua, on the 15th of May, 1730, of a poor but noble family. He was in early life destined for the ecclesiastical state, and, for this reason, we suppose, chiefly, he spent his vacations with his uncle, a friar of the Franciscan monastery of San Antonio, who used, occasionally, to punish him, when too riotous, by locking him up in the convent library. Young Cesarotti, having nothing better to do, when thus imprisoned, was wont to amuse himself by turning over the books and manuscripts which he found there; and hence he soon acquired a taste for study, which subsequently enabled him to make rapid progress in more than one branch of learning. Having finished his education at the university of his native city, where he bestowed but a short period upon jurisprudence and theology, he eventually seems to have given up his intentions of assuming the ecclesiastical habit, and to have determined on devoting himself to the cultivation of general literature. He soon succeeded in raising himself, by his talents, to the chair of rhetoric, an office of distinction, in which he exercised all his genius and authority, in putting to flight the absurd pedantry which, even at that late period, infected the literature of Italy, and rendered much of it nothing better than a tame imitation of the writings of antiquity. He laid down rules for composition, the models for which he found in his own good sense and taste. His industry was surprising, not only in perusing works which he deemed of importance, but also in making copious extracts from them with his own hand. His earliest works consisted of translations of the Prometheus of Æschylus, and two or three tragedies of Voltaire, none of which obtained celebrity.

From Padua, Cesarotti removed to Venice, where he became a preceptor in a private family, and formed an acquaintance with an

English gentleman, named Sackville, who, about the period when the whole literary world in this country was almost up in arms, in consequence of the controversy that raged about Ossian's poems, was numbered amongst the most ardent admirers of those compositions, and assisted Cesarotti in translating the first of them into Italian. The preceptor was captivated by the imagery and heroes of those splendid inventions, and expressed himself concerning them, to Macpherson, in a style that borders on the ludicrous. Morven he looked upon as his Parnassus, and Lora his Hippocrene. The mists, deserts, thistles, and rocks, of Scotland had more charms for his eyes, than the island of Calypso, or the gardens of Alcinous. Ossian was, in his estimation, superior even to Homer, for he never slept nor babbled, was "never coarse, or languid, but always grand, always simple, rapid, precise, equal, and varied." As the poems succeeded each other, he became better acquainted with the English language, and translated them into Italian blank verse, which met with a highly flattering reception. Cesarotti was soon after (1772) promoted to the professorships of Greek and Hebrew at his native university. His next work of importance was his translation of Homer's Iliad, which, however, he entitled "The Death of Hector," as, by omitting and transposing several passages, he essentially altered the original plan of the poem. It was by no means so well received as his version of the Ossianic productions, which was so great a favourite with Buonaparte, that when that conqueror subdued Italy, he provided handsomely for the translator, and appointed him a commander of the order of the Iron Crown. Mr. Stebbing's observations upon this mark of generous attention paid to literature by Napoleon, will find an echo in the bosom of, at least, every man addicted to authorship.

> 'Reflecting minds will always regard conquerors in a very different light to that in which they are viewed by the vulgar; but how much would even their feelings of dislike to the name be abridged, did the lives of conquerors exhibit many instances of liberality, like those of Napoleon to Cesarotti, and other men of literary eminence? It is a common observation with historians, that several of the princes whose names have come down to us emblazoned with the praise of virtue, owe much of their fame to the care they took to propitiate the monks, the only literary men of former days; and it is not unlikely that some ages hence, Buonaparte may reap a similar reward for his uniform demonstration of respect to the learning and genius of his time, while not a few of his opponents will be consigned to the page, or as it is in those cases, the tomb, of history, without any of that lustre being thrown around their names, with which men of letters, fully as fond of their order as monks or nobles, love to decorate the friends of genius, in whatever nation or century they may have lived.'—vol. iii. pp. 388, 389.

In return for Napoleon's kindness, Cesarotti wrote a poem on Providence, in which he endeavoured to express his gratitude; but it is agreed on all hands to have been a decided failure. He died on the 4th of November, 1808, of an inflammation of the viscera, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Mr. Hobhouse, in his Illustrations to Childe Harold, says of him, that "had he been born in a different age, taken more pains to expand his mind by travel, employed his knowledge of foreign literature more judiciously, and devoted himself to original composition, he might have taken a prominent place among the classical authors of his country."

Ippolito Pindemonte, who is not to be confounded with his brother Giovanni the dramatist, was born at Verona, in the November of 1753, of a family long distinguished for ability and taste, to which they added abundant wealth. He was educated at the college of nobles at Modena, and had the advantage, after the completion of his studies, of making the tour of Italy, the principal islands of the Mediterranean, and the East. The fatigues of his various journies, however, affected his health so materially, that he was obliged, upon his return home, to live in the most retired manner, at a rural villa near his native city; where his mind was infected with a degree of melancholy, that never afterwards wholly left him. It was here that he wrote his satires in imitation of Horace, and what Mr. Stebbing descriptively calls his 'campestral compositions,' containing the 'out-pourings of his mind when he lived in solitude, and had nature only for the object of his meditations.' 'It is in these,' adds the biographer, that 'he has left us the best means of judging of him as a poet, or of estimating to what extent he possessed the original inspiration of the muse. His other works remind us of books, and of the world; these breathe only of the tender, thoughtful spirit of the author, and, for the most part, they inspire the deep and genuine pleasure of poetic thought.'

His health was sufficiently recovered in 1788, to enable him to set out on a tour to the north of Europe, in the course of which he visited England, and was much delighted with our literature, as well as with the scenery of the country. Upon his return to Verona, though Italy was universally agitated at that period, in consequence of the revolution which had taken place in France, he continued in his retirement to enjoy his taste for literature, which he cultivated with considerable success. His best work is "Arminio," a tragedy, which is said by Cesarotti, to be "the finest in the language." He continues, however, to be known chiefly by his "Elogi di Letterati Italiani," a prose composition, in which, though too partial to his countrymen, he has left us a series of excellent criticisms, distinguished by the purity of taste which generally pervades them. Mr. Stebbing's account of the latter days of his life, as well as his remarks upon Pindemonte's character, will be read with interest.

'The health of this excellent and eminent man had long been in a delicate state, and had required the careful attention of kind friends, and the most retired and tranquil mode of life, to preserve it from a sudden and fatal decline. His ample fortune, the happy disposition of his mind, and the many affectionate companions which his amiable manners secured him wherever he went, afforded him all these supports, and his constitution thus remained unbroken, to a period when much stronger frames are found yielding to the attacks of age. Signor Pieri has recorded part of an interesting conversation which took place between him and Pindemonte, and in which the latter, speaking of his own lot, observed, "I ought to be contented with my state; I have always had, and still have, sufficient for my wants; I passed a brilliant youth (gioventù brilliante): have travelled with great pleasure, and have experienced no great disasters in the affairs of life. Only one affliction has occurred to interrupt the tranquillity of my days, and this keeps me in a state of tribulation. I have seen almost all my friends fall off one after the other, and the greater part of them in the prime of their life."

'The conversation in which he thus expressed himself took place some years before his death; but nothing occurred, it is said, to render it inapplicable to his situation at the latest period of his career. With the exception of the uneasiness he occasionally experienced from the disturbed state of his country, he had but the one affliction above mentioned with which to combat; and to support himself under that, he had all the aid derivable from religion and philosophy, and the consolation of having, though he had lost many friends, still many remaining. Few men, therefore, have passed a happier or more tranquil life than Ippolito Pindemonte, nor was his death less tranquil than the tenor of his life. The loss of his strength had for some time warned him of approaching dissolution, when Monti, the last of his early associates, was snatched away. His mind from that time ceased to be occupied with any other thoughts but those of death; and a slight cold having settled upon his lungs, he expired on the 17th of November, 1828. The affection in which he was held by his fellow citizens of Verona, appeared in the sorrow they exhibited at his funeral. The magistrates, the professors and students of the academy, and every class of the town's-people followed him to the grave, manifesting equal respect for his virtues and his talents.

'There are certain minds which, though inferior to those of which the characteristics are great power and originality, nevertheless enjoy a wide command over the regions of thought. Pindemonte's intellectual character was of this class. He was meditative rather than imaginative. The images of his poetry, even the very sound of his verse, seem to have been the result of reflection! they rarely startle, but they always please and soothe us; they lead us to think that he was seldom astonished, as men of a higher genius not unfrequently are, by the sudden influx of thoughts, coming they know not whence, by the vision of things invisible to other mortals, or by flashes of supernatural light instantaneously revealing to the mind, without an effort of its own, wonders it had never dreamed of. But though the ideas of Pindemonte have not the new light or bloom upon them which seems to envelope the creations of more original minds, they have all the mild graces of matured beauty; if they may be termed reflections of thought, they are reflections of whatever is holiest and most beautiful in thought; if they afford not the delight which the mind feels in having new scenes or ideas presented to it, they give us all the pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of those, which experience has proved to be most grateful for the mind to dwell on.

'The character of Pindemonte appears to be rightly estimated in all its parts by the literary men of his own country. "Nature endowed him," says an Italian Journalist, "with a mind capable of the sweetest emotions; art taught him to express them in verse: but art makes not great poets. None of those lofty productions emanated from his pen, in which poets display their noblest faculty, that of Creation." "But," adds the same writer, "our age owes a debt of gratitude to Pindemonte, for many vigils profitably consecrated to the promotion of useful learning, and for the excellent pattern he set, of wisdom united to the purest virtue."

'Those who lived long with him, and saw his amiable manners, his mind free and tranquil, his true piety, and the virtuous conduct and devout conclusion of his life, will transmit with confidence to a future age, the useful example of Pindemonte.'—vol. iii. pp. 406—410.

Vincenzo Monti is said to have communicated to the journal above quoted, (the "Biblioteca Italiana") most of the materials from which Mr. Stebbing's sketch of his life is taken. He was born near Fusignano, a small town in Romagna, in February, 1754. His early days were spent in perfect tranquillity and happiness. His father and mother were examples of piety and benevolence. Though his education was not a very liberal one, yet he had a strong attachment to poetry, in which at first he was not successful. It was his father's wish that he should direct his attention to a farm which belonged to the family; with this wish young Vincenzo had great difficulty in complying. But he was an affectionate son; and in order to make good a determination which he came to for abandoning literature, he one day burned all the books he possessed. The father, delighted at this proof of his resolution, made him a present of twelve florins, with which he instantly flew to a neighbouring village, and repurchased, as far as his means went, all his favourite authors. It thus appeared ridiculous to attempt to control his natural disposition to literature any longer, and as he must have a profession, he was entered as a medical student at Ferrara. He had hitherto attempted verse, after the fashion of the times, only in Latin. He now formed his taste upon Dante, and produced a poem, the "Visione d' Ezechiello," which afforded considerable promise of what he might do in his riper years. His medical studies were of course at first neglected; they were next exchanged for the law. For this he had as little taste as for medicine, and he was accordingly, without much difficulty, allowed to accept an invitation to Rome, which was given him by the Cardinal Borghese, a munificent patron of letters, who had become acquainted with Monti, at Ferrara. Here a new scene opened upon him. In consequence of a small poem which he wrote in honour of Duke Braschi's marriage, that nobleman appointed him his secretary, and as the office was but a nominal one, he had ample leisure to pursue his favourite occupation. The example of Alfieri turned his mind to the drama, and he produced successively, Aristodemo and Manfredi. These productions at once established his fame. Rome resounded with his name on the representation of these dramas. The first performance of Aristodemo produced so lively an impression on the audience, that, on leaving the theatre, people ran in crowds to the residence of the author, to shout his praise; and Goethe, who happened to be then in Rome, deeply impressed with a feeling of his powerful genius, immediately sought his friendship! At this period an incident occurred, which shows at once the romantic and precipitate character of Monti.

> 'It was while revelling in the happy sensations inspired by his rapid success, that he heard of the death of the celebrated Giovanni Pickler, an artist who would have done honour to the best eras of ancient sculpture, and whose decease involved his family in the deepest affliction and trouble; Monti, though personally unacquainted with them, felt the most lively sorrow at learning their distress; the genius of Pickler had long possessed his veneration, and, with a romantic sympathy for his survivors, he, a few days after his death, proposed himself as the husband of his daughter, Teresa, a young girl whom he had never yet had an opportunity of seeing. The proposal was accepted in the same spirit in which it had been made; Monti was as unknown to Pickler's daughter as she was to him; but his name had already won her regard, and the union, which took place almost immediately, was consummated by a lasting affection.'—vol. iii. p. 425.

Soon after this period, he was tossed about on the stormy sea of politics. He displayed the most violent anti-republican sentiments in a poem, much admired at the time, which he wrote upon the death of Ugo Basville, a celebrated French revolutionist, who was said to have retracted his democratical principles, just before he expired from wounds inflicted upon him by the hand of an assassin at Rome. When the Cispadana republic was established, however, he did not hesitate to take office under its government; but though his integrity remains unquestioned, it seems that he had no aptitude for official business, and he quitted public life in disgust. So long as the French remained in Italy, he was their uniform panegyrist; as soon as they left it, he also was under the necessity of crossing the Alps. Upon his arrival at Paris, his condition was truly deplorable.

> 'The account which has been given of his condition in the French capital would scarcely be credible, had it not come, in the first instance, from his own mouth. When he arrived there, his money was almost exhausted, and as he had no inclination to let his condition be known to persons from whom he had little chance of receiving sympathy, he sought an obscure lodging, in which he hid both his fame and his poverty, with a martyr-like resolution, from the world. The trifling sum he had with him when he arrived, was soon no longer sufficient to keep him from the approaches of starvation, and he was at last reduced to the necessity of walking for miles into the country, to gather a meal from the fields or the hedge rows. Day after day he thus existed, collecting his food in long and weary rambles, and indulging himself in the most melancholy reflections, as he lay down to eat his miserable repast in the first nook that pleased his fancy. These rambles, however, and the want of nourishment, soon

exhausted his strength, and he then found it necessary to carry home some part of the fruit he collected one day, to save himself from the fatigue of going out the next. Every hour saw him grow more feeble, and he was at length obliged to betake himself to his bed, with no other idea than that of lying there till he died. But at this juncture, his wife arrived from Italy, where she had remained to save their affairs from the total disorder which threatened them on his departure. She brought with her some money, and the pleasing intelligence that she had succeeded in putting their concerns in tolerable security. Poor Monti lay stretched on his wretched pallet when she entered his apartment, and seemed in the last stage of his existence; but the tidings she brought, and the cheerful assiduity with which she instantly set about restoring his strength, had the effect of speedily dissipating his melancholy, and he was soon so far recovered in health and spirits, as to be able to leave his obscure lodging, and mix in the society to which his name and reputation would at any time have been a sufficient introduction.'—vol. iii. pp. 434, 435.

The battle of Marengo once more restored Monti to his native land, having been nominated by Napoleon to a professorship at Pavia. The conqueror next raised him to the dignity of his poet laureate, and of historiographer of Italy. But, alas! for the fame of Monti, as soon as the Austrian troops again approached Milan, again this political Proteus changed sides, and he sung the praises of the Archduke quite as fervently as he had hymned those of the French emperor. After this period, as if ashamed of the variety of characters which he had acted on the public stage, he devoted himself, during the remainder of his days, to occupations exclusively of a literary nature. In April, 1826, he received a stroke of paralysis, which greatly enfeebled his constitution, and in May, 1828, he experienced another, which terminated his life. Inconsistent as had been his political career, his death excited in Milan universal grief, and his funeral was attended by immense crowds of people, 'all exhibiting, it is said, the strongest marks of love and admiration for the departed.' It is but fair to add the summary view of his character, with which Mr. Stebbing concludes his biography.

'The fame of Monti places him in literary history on a par with the greatest poets of his country. All he wanted to make him really their equal, was that boldness and comprehension of mind, which enabled them to form and pursue plans that it took a life to execute, but which could not be too noble or too carefully elaborated for works that were to endure through ages. In his numerous productions are to be found every species of thought necessary to the sublimest intellectual structure; but he wrought like a magician, who could heap up treasures at his will, and fashion the gold and the precious stones for his splendid palace, but could not bid it rise bright and entire at his word. In this respect he is far below the great classics of his country, and bears the marks of having lived in an age, when poetry could with difficulty sustain any lofty or lengthened flight. It must be confessed, also, that some of his finest passages, while they remind us of Dante, affect us but as the echo of ancient grandeur, as the imitations, however, not of an individual writer, but of the spirit of a happier and nobler age.

'In his person Monti was tall and well formed; his eyes were bright, but soft in their expression; his brows thick and arched, and the whole air of his countenance, as well as his walk and gesture, indicative of thoughtfulness and occasional melancholy. Of his general character, the great and conspicuous blemish has been already more than once mentioned. It would be difficult to find an excuse for it, for while he degraded himself to secure the wages of his prostituted muse, he had the example before him of hundreds of his countrymen, who forsook their homes and became wanderers over the earth, rather than even live under, much less praise, the tyrannous government of Austria. With this unfortunate exception, the qualities of his character were such as to secure universal regard. He was warm and faithful in his friendships, affectionate in all his domestic relations, forgiving and free from envy, and ever ready to impart to others a share of the good he himself enjoyed. When on the point of starvation in Paris, he is said to have divided the last two zecchins he possessed, with a poor creature whom he met begging in the streets; and when he was earnestly pressed to translate the Odyssey as well as the Iliad, he replied that he wished above all things to do so, but that he would not, lest he might thereby vex the good Pindemonte!'—vol. iii. pp. 442—444.

Of all the Italian poets who shone in the latter part of the eighteenth, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the most eccentric, as well as the most unfortunate, appears to have been Ugo Foscolo. He was a Greek by birth, having been born in the port of Zante, in the year 1775 or 1776. His mother was also a Greek, but his father was a Venetian surgeon, employed in the service of the republic. Young Foscolo, in consequence of the death of his father, was thrown, at a very early age, wholly upon the care of his mother. He had the good fortune to complete the elementary branches of his education under Cesarotti, at Padua, 'from whose lectures and example he derived the strongest excitement to literary ambition.' To his native language, Greek, he was fervently attached throughout the whole of his life. It is said that he was originally intended for the church, from which he was seduced by his passion for the muses. His first production was the tragedy of Tieste, which was exhibited in 1797, at the theatre of Saint Angelo, and was exceedingly popular for some time; not so much on account of its poetical merit, which was very slender, as its political sentiments, which soon drew down upon him the suspicious eye of the Austrian government. Charged as one of the leaders of a conspiracy which was formed against the state, he was summoned before the tribunal of the inquisition, but effected his escape, first to the Euganean hills, and next to Florence. The indignant sentiments by which he was actuated on this occasion, were strongly expressed in his letters of Jacopo Ortis. From Florence he hastened to Milan, then the capital of the Cisalpine republic, and threw himself unreservedly into the vortex of politics. 'At one time employed in declaiming among his companions on the general topics of public interest, and at another in solitary study, his mind every day acquired new strength; he became an actor as well as a poet; and, mingling in the early part of the day with the busiest, and at night with the idlest, spirits, his character was rapidly developed in all its elements.'

At this time he became deeply enamoured of a Roman lady, but instead of revealing his passion to her who was the object of it, he sat down to describe it in his "Lettere di due Amanti," a fantastical work, of which he was afterwards ashamed, on account of its puerility. They were, however, the foundation of the letters of Jacopo Ortis, a production by which his name will long continue to be known. To a superficial thinker it might seem strange, that the effusions of real passion were so much inferior to those which are the result of matured thought and reflection. But Mr. Stebbing justly remarks, that this is only one 'of many instances which lead to the conclusion, that it is not when the mind is actually under the excitement of passion, but when it has begun to reflect on its passion, that it is in the best state for communicating its emotions through an artificial channel.'

Foscolo was roused from his reveries, by a requisition to join the Lombard legion, which was to compose part of the Italian army intended to resist the invasion then threatened by Austria and Russia. He assumed the military character with his usual ardour; and on the retreat of the Cisalpine republican authorities to Genoa, he shut himself up with them in that city, where he for some time performed the part of the orator, rather than the soldier; for he conceived it to be his principal duty to harangue the citizens three or four times a day, especially during the period of the siege. His addresses on such occasions were characterized by freedom and fire. After the surrender of Genoa, in the summer of 1800, he soon found himself, through the successes of Buonaparte, once more settled at Milan, and it was during his leisure at that period that he produced the letters of Jacopo Ortis, already alluded to; letters, evidently, and indeed avowedly, framed on the plan of Werter, which was then all the rage, although he found the matter for them in his own "Lettere di due Amanti." Upon this work Mr. Stebbing makes the following observations.

'If we form our opinion of the work simply from itself, it cannot fail of eliciting praise; and that of a kind rarely obtained by productions of the sort. An inspiring and noble elevation of sentiment on all subjects connected with the liberty of mankind, appears in every page; the descriptions of natural scenery with which it is interspersed, are exquisitely given; and are, in fact, the sweetest poetry that the author wrote, while the best judges on the subject allow, that the style affords one of the best models of modern Italian eloquence that exist. But to modify the merit which it hence possesses, its romantic sentimentality is too generally of the very worst species; the observations which the author makes, when speaking under the influence of this enervating absurdity, are wholly unworthy of his understanding; and the reader who has delightedly drunk in the bold and happy eloquence of the better portions of the work, sickens at the weak and puling affectations of the author's amatory complaints. It is well known that Foscolo intended to describe his own feelings and situation under the character of Ortis. In this respect the tale has an additional interest; but the exaggerations of which he is guilty, make us too often lose sight of the man in the hero, and the excellent observation which Cesarotti once made, when lamenting his condition, might, with some modification, be applied to Foscolo, in this novel; "I am always," said the translator of Ossian, "either a philosopher, a poet, or a rhetorician; I am never simply myself."

'The publication of Jacopo Ortis produced a considerable sensation. It had all the charms of novelty to recommend it, and the sentiments it expressed, could scarcely fail of making a powerful impression on the minds of its readers. The patriot gladly sympathised with the author, and flattered himself that he saw his own image in the eloquent and persecuted Jacopo; while the fair sex hung enraptured, with dangerous pleasure, over its facinating pictures of devoted, sorrowing affection.'—vol. iii. pp. 461, 462.

In 1802, Foscolo rendered himself eminently ridiculous, by an oratorical panegyric, which he pronounced upon Buonaparte to his face, in which he compared that great conqueror to Jove himself! It were well for him, however, if this had been his only failing at that time.

'His days were spent in study, but his nights were divided between the theatre and the gaming-house. His fondness for play was characterized by the impetuosity which, in so many other respects, prevented his attending to the common suggestions of prudence. But this was not all. He not only sacrificed his reason at the faro-table, but allowed himself to be deceived in the most absurd manner, by every turn of the chances in his favour. As he played high, he sometimes won a considerable sum; and when this was the case, he would immediately order the most fashionable clothes, purchase horses, and hire apartments of the most expensive kind. The money he had gained was of course soon expended, and sometimes lost before he could expend it; he would then bury himself in complete solitude, neither leaving his chamber, nor ceasing from study for days together.'—vol. iii. pp. 466, 467.

Foscolo, it seems, was one of the famous army with which Napoleon threatened to invade our shores from Boulogne. His sojourn in that neighbourhood gave him an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of our language, from an English family with whom he resided. He applied to this study, as well as to other literary occupations, with an ardour which made him altogether forget his professional duties. From these, however, he obtained a sort of general dispensation, in consequence of a translation which he made, of the celebrated military treatise of Montecuculi, to which he added a variety of excellent notes. When absent from the parades, he was supposed to be engaged upon works of a similar nature, though it was more than probable that he was rather dallying with the muses. Upon his return to Italy, he published a specimen of his proposed translation of the Iliad, which gave him at once a distinguished place among the scholars of his country. His appointment to the professorship of eloquence in Pavia, in 1808, terminated his military career; and it is observed, we dare say very truly, by Signor Pecchio, that he was not much missed in the department to which he had belonged. Prince Eugene is reported to have declared, laughingly, one day, that "the three poets he had in his army, Gasparinetti, Ceroni, and Foscolo, gave him more to do than all the army besides." For some reason, not explained, this professorship was suppressed at the end of a year, and Foscolo being again at liberty, retired to the banks of the lake of Como, where he gave himself up to poetry and romance. It was there that he composed his "Hymn to the Graces," which he dedicated to Canova; a mythological production, which to most readers of our day would seem too pedantic. He again turned his attention to the drama, and wrote his tragedy of Ajax, which was represented at the theatre de la Scala, at Milan, but failed, chiefly, it is supposed, on account of an unfortunate line, like that which destroyed the hopes of Thomson's Sophonisba, and which ran thus:—"Oh, Salamini, Oh!" It was a pity that he had not heard of our poet's, "Oh, Sophonisba, oh!" and of the irresistible parody which condemned the original to immortal ridicule. He was not more successful in another composition of the same class, which he produced under the title of "La Ricciarda."

After the fall of Napoleon, Foscolo resided at Milan; and while it was yet doubtful what would be the fate of Northern Italy, some communications were made to him by the Austrian government, with a view, no doubt, to the object of rendering him one of its allies. It is said that he did not discourage the overture, and as the circumstance transpired, he was immediately suspected by the friends of liberty, and looked upon in the odious character of an Austrian spy. The imputation almost made him mad. He fled to Switzerland, and remained for two years at Zurich, whence he proceeded to England, in order to avoid the persecution with which he was threatened, as well as to provide by his literary exertions, the common means of subsistence. A poet, a scholar, and a liberal in politics, he was received at Holland House in the most flattering manner, and introduced to the principal literary men residing in town. It is well known that he felt himself perfectly at his ease in the highest society,—indeed, that he rather went beyond the line of decorum on many occasions, by his excessive presumption. Mr. Stebbing states that:—

> 'He was at no time an example of patience in dispute, but when his own character, or that of his country was concerned, he lost all consideration for either the rank, or the sex of his opponents. I am told that he was once dining at the table of a distinguished nobleman, when some person present, whose principles were widely opposite to his own, ventured to make remarks which he conceived derogatory to the honour of Italy.

He did not conceal his emotion, but replied with all the force of his stentorian eloquence; the spirit of refined society quickly yielded to the indignation of the patriot, and grasping the table-cloth with both his hands, he went on increasing in energy as he proceeded, till at last, his adversary having made a remark, which added more fuel to the flame, he jumped up, and still grasping the table-cloth, drew, to the infinite consternation of the guests, most of the dishes into their laps.'—vol. iii. pp. 485, 486.

Many instances of his intemperance of passion are related. He was particularly indignant when defeated at chess, a game of which he was inordinately fond. Whenever his adversary made even a successful move, he would start from his seat; and gnashing his teeth, pull up his hair in large quantities by the roots. In fact he must have been half a madman, when thus irritated; for one evening, when playing at a nobleman's house, the game turning against him, he started up, and, before the whole company, challenged his adversary to the field. At this period he lodged in Bond Street, in elegant apartments, every way suitable to his taste. But as these luxuries were not to be enjoyed long, by a man who had no money, he, upon the recommendation of his friends, gave a course of lectures upon Italian literature, which produced him above a thousand pounds. To his other faults he added the most thoughtless imprudence, and the sums which he earned by his lectures, as well as by articles which he wrote in the Reviews, and other publications, were soon dissipated. Being, however, in the receipt of what he considered a handsome income, though, in truth, of necessity, a most precarious one, he first removed to one of the Alpha cottages, near the Regent's canal; but not being satisfied with the disposition of the rooms, he had one built according to a design of his own, and furnished in a splendid style. This he called the Digamma Cottage, in consequence of the reputation obtained for him by an article on that much-controverted point, which he wrote in one of the periodicals. We must allow his biographer to describe the life which he appears to have led at this residence.

'The Digamma Cottage and its beautiful gardens when completed, did no discredit to the refined taste of the projector. Elegance, and that species of subdued luxury which quiets sensuality without concealing it, characterized all his arrangements. Unfortunately, this indulgence of his taste led to more than one evil, and it soon became the opinion of many of those who were acquainted with his manner of living, that he was as much a sensualist as a poet. The circumstance on which this idea more especially rested, was his having three sisters for his attendants, whose personal attractions were confessedly the chief cause of his engaging them as domestics. He took, it appears, little care to contradict the reports which hence arose; and it must be confessed, that several of his acquaintances, as well as his casual visitors, have always represented the women as his mistresses, rather than his servants.

'Common, however, as the opinion has been, that Foscolo's Digamma Cottage was the image of an Eastern Haram, it yet admits of being doubted, whether the idea had not its sole origin in the encouragement which he himself gave, either from vanity or madness, to these suspicions. After having heard his conduct represented by several persons, in a manner which did not allow of my doubting that he was a gross sensualist, I have had the advantage of conversing with other individuals, who, perhaps, had better opportunities of judging correctly respecting his character. Their testimony directly contradicts that before mentioned, and they repel with warmth the accusation that Foscolo was a sensualist. He delighted, say they, in being surrounded with whatever is beautiful; and he sought the fairest attendants that could be found, simply from the pleasure he took in beholding what is lovely. If he sometimes spoke of them, or to them, in a tone which scarcely became him as a master, it was only in conformity with his usual mode of expressing himself when elated; and his particularity about their dress, and appearance, is accounted for in the same way. He would never suffer any servant to enter his presence without having paid due attention to her dress; and it was his most special direction that no person of the kind should ever appear before him in black stockings. Again, say the individuals to me, Foscolo had the habits of a sensualist in nothing but appearance. He was remarkable for moderation in his appetites; his diet was of the simplest and most sparing kind, and he scarcely ever drank more than two glasses, or two glasses and a half, of wine. Add to this, he always expressed himself with warmth against gross indulgences of every kind, and few will be inclined to believe, after reading the events of his life, that Foscolo could be guilty of flagrant hypocrisy.

'But, however doubtful it may be whether the accusation above alluded to be correct, no doubt exists of his imprudence in respect of all his pecuniary affairs. At the period of which we are speaking he was in tolerable employment; he wrote for the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and the encouragement given to his excellent essays on Petrarch, served to increase simultaneously his means and his expectations. So extensive were his designs, that he found constant employment for some young men of ability, to translate or improve his language, and it was with one of these, Mr. Graham, that he was guilty of the folly of fighting a duel on account of his favourite servant. But a casual observer might have supposed that he was rapidly advancing in fortune. The establishment he kept up, was one which would have swallowed up a revenue far greater than that which he could ever hope to command, had all his designs been completed and crowned with success. His debts, consequently, were always on the increase; and as a large part of his upholsterers' bills remained unpaid, he was soon involved in difficulties which rendered ruin inevitable. To accelerate the approaches of distress, his mind was at times too much oppressed with anxiety to allow of its free action, and thus the great wheel of the machine on which his whole subsistence depended, soon grew unfit for use.

'The importunities of his creditors were at first borne with tolerable patience; the confidence he felt in the powers of his genius, and the unwillingness with which minds such as his yield to mere pecuniary distress, kept him from perceiving the whole extent of his difficulties. He was annoyed, but he was not as yet wise enough to acknowledge to himself that he had entered on a plan of life far different to that which his means authorized; and he went struggling on, till his promises and excuses no longer availed him with those who had demands on his purse. On the first extreme pressure of distress he had recourse to his friends, and the aid they afforded him delayed for a brief period the progress of his disasters. But he was now in reality in a far worse situation than before; he had commenced a practice which hurt his independence, and which contributed still further to deceive him as to the nature of his difficulties. A small sum was not sufficient to render him any effectual aid, but, however small the sum borrowed, it is sufficient to make a man of delicate and independent mind feel uneasy. And no one can doubt that Foscolo felt this; but he never thought of anticipating any difficulty, and generally, therefore, he had no other alternative but that of yielding to it, or asking help of some of his acquaintances. At length an execution was placed on his premises, and he then appears to have resigned himself to despair. A gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, received a message from him late one evening, intimating the circumstance, and fully expressive of the misery of the writer. The call was promptly attended to, but on the gentleman's arrival at the cottage, he was informed that Foscolo had retired to his apartment. He hastened to the room, and gaining admission with some difficulty, he discovered on the table near which the poet was seated, a little dagger, which Foscolo always carried in his bosom, but only displayed on great occasions. After a slight inquiry, therefore, into the cause of his present distress, he settled the demand of the person who had placed the execution in the house, and Foscolo was once more at ease.'—vol. iii. pp. 491—496.

The spirit of Foscolo was now nearly, though not quite broken. Despondency came upon him in its most gloomy shapes, and he appears to have seriously meditated the crime of suicide. He was unable any longer to go on in the style in which he had hitherto lived; he was obliged to resign the Digamma Cottage to his creditors, and so intensely did he feel the pain of descending from his elegant residence to an humble lodging, that he determined on hiding in complete obscurity. Changing his name to that of Emeret, he took small apartments at Kentish Town; thence he removed to Hampstead, in company with a female, concerning whose real character we are unable to form a decisive opinion, though we rather incline to believe that she was, as he represented, his daughter.

'He was not, however, alone in his misfortunes. In saying this I have to mention a circumstance involved in some degree of difficulty, and respecting which Foscolo's most intimate friends expressed themselves in doubt. A short time before he left the Digamma Cottage, a young English woman arrived there, whom he presented to his acquaintances as his daughter. She was about seventeen or eighteen, and as Foscolo had been only three or four years in this country, the curious were naturally inquisitive respecting the circumstances of her birth. The answer he gave did not, it must be confessed, satisfy all his friends; and I know that the strongest doubts are still entertained by some, as to the veracity of the story. The circumstance is altogether a strange one; but it is my duty as a biographer, to mention all I have been able to gather respecting it. Those who enjoyed Foscolo's entire confidence, were convinced that the explanation he gave was correct, and I give it as they received it from his [illegible]. When he was either in the south of France, or at Calais, with the army, he became acquainted, it is stated, with an English person, who conceived for him a hasty and ardent attachment. Their acquaintance was not long restrained within the bounds of a virtuous friendship, and the young person alluded to is said to have been the fruit of the amour. The greatest caution was used to conceal her birth, her mother having been soon after married, and she was entrusted to the care of a female relative in England. With this person she resided, till the death of her aged protectress left her unprovided for, and her father then determined upon taking her home to his own house. This is the account which the Canon Riego informs me he always received from Foscolo, respecting the amiable individual who watched over him through the most painful portion of his life, and to whom he was indebted for the only glimpse of domestic comfort he had the chance of enjoying. I have received from her own lips the same account which the poet gave his friends, with the additional observation, that had she been at liberty to mention circumstances which Foscolo wished not to have explained, and which, more especially, for the sake of one party still living, she did not think it right to mention, no doubt would remain upon the mind of any one respecting her being his daughter.'—vol. iii. pp. [illegible].

Innumerable, almost, were his changes of residence at this period, 1825. So capricious was he in this respect, vainly thinking that mere locality rendered it more easy for him to write in one place than in another, that he seldom remained a month together in any one abode. He experienced a serious disappointment in the failure of a plan which he had conceived, and to some extent executed, for new editions of Dante and Boccaccio, with prefaces and illustrations. He worked industriously at other matters, but his literary ambition was gone, and his labour became almost mechanical. His constitution was already broken down, and the pursuits which once afforded him so much delight, now became toilsome, because they were absolutely necessary for his subsistence. His last change of residence was to Turnham Green, where he was soon found to be labouring under all the symptoms of dropsy. In the spring of 1827, his malady assumed a fatal form, and it is due to his distinguished friends, Lord Holland, the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Hudson Gurney, to whom he had dedicated his Dante, to say, that they were not inattentive to his wants in his last moments. From the Canon Riego he also received many proofs of the most considerate kindness. The concluding days of his life were, in every sense of the word, days to him of bitter mortification.

'About the last day of September, when death was staring him in the face, Foscolo summoned what little strength he had remaining, to write to the celebrated Capo d'Istrias, who happened to be then in London, and from whom, it appears, he had at former periods received some acts of kindness. The letter contained many earnest requests for an interview, which Foscolo desired, it is supposed, in order that he might unburthen his mind of the anxiety he felt respecting his former obligations to the president, and speak to him about some provision for his unprotected daughter. "The latter," I have heard the Canon Riego say, "was the subject which preyed most heavily upon his mind during the last days of his life. I never saw him shed tears, except when he alluded to the desolate situation in which he feared his child would be left by his death." "In other respects," remarks the Canon, "he looked forward to death with cold indifference; and when speaking of his past life, he uniformly expressed the most bitter regret that he had not remained at home, and devoted himself to comforting the declining years of his beloved mother, the thought of whom was always in his mind, instead of wasting himself in the troubled pursuit of politics, or of literature as a profession."

'The letter he had written to Capo d'Istrias remained unanswered till the 10th of October. On the morning of that day, the president went to Turnham Green; but, on his arriving at Foscolo's house, he learned that he was then too near his end to be disturbed. Deeply affected at this intelligence, he sent in his name to the Canon Riego, and one or two other gentlemen who were present, and was admitted. He approached the side of Foscolo's bed with a friendly and commisserating air; but the attention was met with a look of recognition, which implied more of reproach than thankfulness; and the dying man turned himself in his bed, as if wishing to hold no further communion with his visitor. Death rapidly approached after this, but without making any alteration in the tranquillity, or rather, perhaps, in the indifference with which he had always expressed himself ready to meet it. At length it came, and, according to the account of one who was with him at the time, he underwent the last pang with as much composure as he would have drunk a glass of wine, and left the world as if he were glad to bid it farewell.

'Thus ended the career of one of the most distinguished men that modern Italy has produced. The personal character of Foscolo has been submitted to severe criticism, and, like that of most men of his disposition, it has met with little mercy. His natural candour was sufficient of itself to create him enemies in the world, but this candour, so noble in itself, wherever found, was, unfortunately, leavened with an asperity which too often gave to his honourable love of independence the appearance of pride and angry passion. He was thus always obnoxious to the weak and the ignorant, frequently to the calm and temperate, and occasionally to those who were in every way worthy of his respect, and who would have shown him every kind of honour but for his impatient and overbearing disposition. While he thus created a host of opponents by the mere faults of his temper, he added largely to their number by the imprudence of his conduct. Men of genius ought not, perhaps, to be judged of in the same way as the mass of human beings, whose actions are under the influence of different motives. Some allowance, perhaps, ought to be made, for the indiscretions, not for the vices, of those, whose prudence even is derived from considerations with which that of mankind in general has little to do; but if the world ought to be thus charitable towards men of genius, men of genius ought to exercise equal charity towards the world, and not to be angry if they, who have only the common maxims of plain sense and prudence to guide their decisions, blame every departure from such guides with pertinacious severity. Thus the course which Foscolo followed, could not fail of generating suspicions as to his integrity. Those who were best able to judge of him, who knew his real feelings and sentiments, acquit him of many charges; but the acquittal of a few high minded and thinking men, has seldom sufficient influence with less elevated minds, to make them forego their suspicions. Looking at Foscolo without any wish to praise him for virtues which he did not possess, much less to accuse him of faults which did not tarnish his character, he may be fairly described as an ardent lover of public truth, a determined but rational partisan of freedom; as constant and devoted in his patriotism, temperate in his habits, and full of boldness and magnanimity whenever called upon to defend the cause of the oppressed. But on the other hand, pride, with the less dignified vice of vanity, tinctured many of his best actions; he was prodigal of his means when it was his duty to exercise a provident parsimony; the good effects of his temperance and other virtues, were counteracted by a weak and unjust indulgence in improper and useless expenses, and they were not unfrequently, I fear, sacrificed entirely for the gratification of some dark and latent passion.

'The splendour of his character was thus much tarnished, but after all, let us hope that it was only the brightness of the surface that suffered; truth, if it be loved, lives in the very centre of the heart; patriotism and independence are of the man's self; and the vanity and imprudence of Foscolo never led him either to contradict his principles, or to betray his country.

'As a poet and a scholar, Foscolo will always occupy an eminent station among the writers of this century. The Sepolcri, the Hymn to the Graces, and some of his minor pieces, are eminently beautiful; but the Letters of Ortis surpass all his other works, both in eloquence of language, and grandeur of sentiment. His tragedies abound in noble thoughts, but as dramas they are deficient in many of the characteristics necessary to the popularity of such compositions.

'I have but to add, that this great, but equally unfortunate and eccentric man, lies buried in Chiswick church-yard. Mr. Hudson Gurney kindly directed a stone to be placed over his grave; but it has long been covered with the grass and weeds which indicate forgetfulness.'—vol. iii. pp. 509—514.

The Life of Foscolo, besides being well written, and diversified by many topics of interest, is one added to the many warnings which have been already afforded to literary men, against what we may almost call the crime of improvidence. It is little, after all, upon which a man can subsist, who chooses to live with moderation, and a strict regard to economy. If only engaged in ordinary employment—and with proper education and acquirements, he need hardly be without employment in London—he may easily render himself, by reasonable precautions, so far independent, as to keep his mind unclouded by despondency, capable of freely using its powers, and of receiving pleasure from their exercise.

We cannot conclude this notice of Mr. Stebbing's volumes without observing, that he appears to us not only to have a happy turn for biographical writing, but, what is equally, if not still more indispensable, a strong and conscientious attachment to truth upon all occasions. In point of honesty, at least, he is inferior to none of his predecessors in this agreeable department of literature. Upon doubtful questions, it is delightful to see with what a judicial and upright intention he sums up the evidence on both sides, and leaves the readers, his jury, to form their own decision.

ART. X.—*The Life of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia.* By Lord Dover. In Two Volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

A WELL digested and impartial biography of such a hero as Frederick the Great of Prussia, was so desirable an accession to our literature, that we cannot too earnestly applaud the spirit which has induced Lord Dover to endeavour to supply it; although the nature of the subject forbids us to expect any novelty or increase of interest in the performance. Frederick, indeed, was too much favoured by circumstances, to admit of the slightest hazard that any event of his extraordinary career, or any trait of his singular character, should not be faithfully preserved, for the contemplation of future ages. He took care to be surrounded, during his life, by successive circles of men, the most remarkable of their era, for learning, for genius, for the influence which they exercised, through their writings, over the feelings and understandings of their contemporaries. In becoming the host, and sometimes the task-master, of Voltaire, and of some of the principal philosophers of his day; and, in either flattering their vanity, or thwarting their favourite purposes, Frederick knew that he drew upon him the direct attention of the existing guardians and distributors of historical renown. Either the gratitude, he concluded, of such men, for the favours he had bestowed on them, or their indignation on account of his ill treatment, would equally operate as a security, that his name and actions would occupy the most distinguished station in the annals of his time. If such, indeed, be the true description of the policy of Frederick, the expectations by which he was actuated, were literally fulfilled, at least by Voltaire; for it is not so much to the partiality of the latter, as it is to his resentment, that the king is in a great measure indebted for that universal interest regarding him, which, to this hour, has experienced no material abatement. Frederick himself was no mean contributor to the literature of his age. The spectacle of a king, at the date to which we refer, renouncing all the delusive distinctions of a crown, and satisfied to contend in the common arena for intellectual honours, was such a striking innovation, as to make the deepest impression throughout the civilized world. And Frederick himself has enjoyed all the benefit of the curiosity which his novel example had excited; for many who would have been indifferent to his actions and his character, were still solicitous to read the writings of a Prussian monarch. From such felicitous accidents and coincidences it has happened, that not one of all the heroes, whom it is the business of modern history to commemorate, stands more clearly defined, or more faithfully pourtrayed, to our eyes than Frederick the Great.

In searching, as men are naturally inclined to do, for some reasons that will serve to explain the causes of that comparative superiority of mind, which this monarch exhibited over his immediate ancestors, and, indeed, the whole of his successors, we are led, principally, to consider the nature of his early education. He was the great grandson of Frederick William, a man, who from his wisdom, conduct, and prudence, acquired the title of the " Great Elector." If we can suppose, that peculiar mental faculties obey the same law of hereditary descent, as that which regulates the transmission of family diseases, and that the genius of the great-grandfather can be passed secretly through two generations, and shine with all its original brightnesss in a third, then we have an intelligible clue to account for the splendid qualities of Frederick the Great. His grandfather was a vain and contemptible creature of pageants and court forms. His father, however, was worse, for all the energy that *he* possessed, was employed in the service of the basest of passions. It is only amongst the lives of the Roman emperors, that we can find any parallel to the character of the latter king. The least revolting portion of his acts, consist of the various manifestations which he gave, during life, of the greatest eccentricity. Some of his excesses are too curious to be omitted. His partiality to giants was a principal passion, as we learn from the following anecdotes :—

'His fondness for his tall regiment of guards is well known; every country bordering upon his own territories was ransacked in search of giants, and, upon more than one occasion, he was near going to war, rather than be compelled to give up his acquisitions of this kind. Nor was any class of men, or any profession, sacred from the violence of the Prussian press-gangs. Even priests were actually torn from the altars, as was the case, among others, with the Abbe Bastiani, who was carried off while celebrating mass in a village church in the north of Italy. He subsequently settled at Berlin, and was admitted into the intimate society of Frederick the Great.* The extraordinary desire of Frederick William to recruit this regiment, seems even to have got the better of the passion of avarice, which, on all other occasions, reigned paramount in his breast; for we find instances recorded, in which he gave great sums for single recruits of a gigantic stature. To one called "*the great Joseph*," who apparently was a monk, he gave 5000 florins for enlisting, and paid 1500 rix dollars to the monastery he belonged to. In the procuring of an Italian, named *Andrea Capra*, the charge was as follows :—1500 rix dollars as bounty money to the recruit himself, and 2000 rix dollars to the persons who discovered and watched him, and to those who carried him off by force from his own country. But the most expensive recruit of all appears to have been an Irishman, named *James Kirkland*, for the procuring of whom the following curious bill was brought in to the King:—

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* 'Bastiani, after being kidnapped, was placed in a regiment as a private soldier, but as his history excited some curiosity, Prince Frederick took much notice of him, and on his accession to the throne, made Bastiani a canon of the cathedral of Breslau, and a constant companion of his own.'

	£	*s.*	*d.*
"For the man himself, on condition of his giving up his person	1000	0	0
For the sending of two spies	18	18	0
The journey from Ireland to Chester	30	0	0
From Chester to Ireland	25	12	0
The man who accompanied him on the journey	10	10	0
To himself on his arrival	1	18	0
Three years of wages promised him	60	0	0
To some of his acquaintance in London, *who helped to persuade him*	18	18	0
A fortnight's allowance	1	8	0
For a *uniform*, shoes, &c.	19	6	0
Journey from London to Berlin	21	0	0
Post horses from Gravesend to London and back	6	6	0
To other persons employed in the business	8	7	0
The two soldiers of the guard who assisted	15	15	0
To some persons for secrecy	12	12	0
Expenses at the inn at Gravesend	4	13	0
To a justice of peace	6	6	0
To a man who accompanied him, and watched him constantly	3	3	0
For a boat	0	5	0
For letters to Ireland and back	2	10	0"

Making in all the enormous sum of 1200*l.* 10*s.*! paid for a single recruit.' —vol. i. pp. 5—7.

It is no wonder that Frederick William should wish to gratify his taste upon a more economical scale than he seems to have been compelled to adopt. He accordingly set his heart upon a project, for the regular cultivation of a race of giants in his own dominions. Every woman of unusual stature, whom he even casually saw, he compelled to intermarry with one of his guards, quite indifferent whether she was pleased or not with the alliance. He very soon found out, however, by one very curious incident, that kidnapping women required somewhat of a more dexterous sportsman than was sufficient for the capture of the men.

'On one occasion,' says Lord Dover, 'in going from Potsdam to Berlin, he met a young, handsome, and well-made girl, of an almost gigantic size; he was struck with her, and having stopped and spoken to her, he learned from herself that she was a Saxon, and not married—that she had come on business to the market at Berlin, and was now returning to her village in Saxony. "In that case," said Frederick William to her, "you pass before the gate of Potsdam; and if I give you a note to the commandant, you can deliver it without going out of your way. Take charge, therefore, of the note which I am about to write, and promise me to deliver it yourself to the commandant, and you shall have a dollar for your pains." The girl, who knew the King's character well, promised all that he wished. The note was written, sealed, and delivered to her with the dollar: but the Saxon, aware of the fate that attended her at Potsdam, did not enter the town. She found near the gate a very little old woman, to whom she made over the note and the dollar, recommending her to execute the commission without delay, and acquainting her at the same time that it came from the King, and regarded some urgent and pressing business. After this, our gigantic young heroine continued her journey with as much rapidity as possible. The old woman, on the other hand, hastened to the commandant, who opened the note, and found in it a positive order *to marry the bearer of it without delay to a certain grenadier*, whose name was mentioned. The old woman was much surprised at this result: she, however, submitted herself without murmuring to the orders of his Majesty; but it was necessary to employ all the power of authority, mingled with alternate menaces and promises, to overcome the extreme repugnance, and even despair of the soldier. It was not till the next day that Frederick William discovered he had been imposed upon, and that the soldier was inconsolable at his misfortune. No other resource then remained to the King, but to order the immediate divorce of the new-married couple.'—vol. i. pp. 7—9.

Such were the character and habits of the man, to whose taste and discretion, the education of the young mind of Frederick the Great, was intrusted. He naturally tried to infuse into his young charge, a partiality for those pursuits which he himself was induced by choice to adopt. He gave the young prince, at eight years of age, an arsenal of small arms, and made him colonel of a regiment of boys, whom it should be his principal study to improve in discipline. But Frederick appeared to comply with the prescribed course of duty with reluctance, and showed an unequivocal preference for his flute and his books. About the time when he reached his fourteenth year, he had the misfortune to incur the dislike of his parent, who thenceforth treated him with a degree of tyranny that is absolutely atrocious. In the Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith, the sister of Frederick, and a sharer in the persecution inflicted by her father, the details of his barbarous treatment are related without exaggeration. It was during his fits of the gout that Frederick William exhibited all the ferocity of his temper, and appeared more like a demon than a man. Among the occupations of this king during the paroxysms of his disease, was painting in oils, of which accomplishment he is represented to have been ridiculously vain.

'For the most part,' observes Lord Dover, 'one of his own grenadiers was the model from which he copied: and when the portrait had more or less colour in it than the original, or was not as the King thought sufficiently resembling, he was in the habit of colouring the cheeks of the soldier to correspond with the picture. At other times, when painting, he would fall asleep; and while in this situation it not unfrequently happened, that the brush in falling, trailed along the canvas and disfigured it. When he awoke he attributed this to the painter, whom he kept in the room with him to mix his colours, and who he said had done it from jealousy of his talents. On these occasions, the sitting concluded with the caning of the poor painter. Enchanted with the fruits of his genius, he shewed them to his courtiers, and asked their opinion concerning them; but as he would have been very angry with any one who had criticized them, he was quite sure of being gratified with admiration. "Well," said he one day to an attendant who was extolling the beauties of one of his pictures, "how much do you think that picture would bring at a sale?" "Sire, it would be cheap at a hundred ducats." "You shall have it for fifty," said the King, "because you are a good judge, and I am therefore anxious to do you a favour." The poor courtier, obliged to become the possessor of this miserable performance, and to pay so dear for it, determined for the future to be more circumspect in his admiration.'—vol. i. pp. 62, 63.

Not only Frederick himself, but those who succoured him, or showed him the least sympathy in his sufferings, were the objects of the father's direst hostility. But his personal treatment grew every day more insupportable. As he could not indulge his musical propensities at home, he was in the habit of frequenting the house of a citizen of Potsdam, whose daughter was a proficient on the harpsichord, but whose deficiencies of external form rendered it quite improbable that Frederick could have any other motive for his visits than the love of music. But as soon as the King found out the scene of his son's clandestine enjoyment, he caused the unfortunate young girl to be publicly whipped through the streets of the town, by the executioner. Frederick was resolved to bear his persecution no longer; and as his father proposed that he should accompany him on an expedition to Dresden, the young prince conceived that this would be a fair opportunity to put his intentions of escape into execution. But he was dissuaded from it by his sister; and after having performed the journey to Dresden, he returned to undergo fresh persecutions from his father. Shortly after their arrival at Potsdam, the following terrible scene, described by Frederick himself, took place between them.

'"As I entered the King's room this morning, he first seized me by the hair, and then threw me on the ground, along which, after having exercised the vigour of his arm upon my unhappy person, he dragged me in spite of all my resistance to a neighbouring window; his intention apparently was to perform the office of the mutes of the seraglio, for seizing the cord belonging to the curtain, he placed it round my neck. I had, fortunately for myself, had the time to place myself upon my legs, and I seized hold of both his hands and began to cry out. A servant came immediately to my assistance, and delivered me from his hands." He then adds "I am daily exposed to similar dangers, and my enemies are so excessive, and so desperate, that it is only violent remedies which can put an end to them."—vol. i. p. 75.

Frederick now resolved that nothing should prevent him from attempting to get out of the way. In conjunction with two trusty friends, Katt and Keith, he arranged to take flight from a place between Anspach and Frankfort, during an intended journey in which the king was to accompany him. His plans failed,—he was arrested and carried prisoner to Mittemvalde, a village near Berlin. The king took instant measures for the seizure of all persons implicated in the attempted escape of his son; a few officers were discharged the service. Keith luckily escaped, but the unfortunate Katt was apprehended, and cruelly put to death. It is distressing to think that we live in an age so near to that dark era, when such barbarities were allowed to be practised with impunity, as those which Frederick William perpetrated on this occasion. He shut up his son as a state prisoner at Custrin, in a dungeon where the light of day was admitted only from one small aperture, where no one was allowed to be with him, and where he was obliged to live on an allowance of sixpence farthing of our money a day. He assembled a court martial to sit in judgment on his son, and when the members had the fortitude to acquit the accused, the king determined upon appointing another, and the latter was found more complying. Frederick was condemned to death, and the king would have most assuredly caused his sentence of decapitation to be carried into effect, if it were not for the peremptory interference of some of the crowned heads of Europe, but particularly the Emperor. The interposition of remonstrants so powerful as these, could not be despised, and Frederick was detained in prison but for a very short time. Whilst in the fortress of Custrin, however, and still in dreadful uncertainty as to his fate, the unhappy Frederick was exposed, by a decree of his father, to a shocking aggravation of the horrors of his condition. His young friend Katt, one of the agents who volunteered to assist in his escape, was convicted, and sentenced to decapitation, and was now to be sent expressly to Custrin, in order to be executed in the presence of Frederick. The sequel is heart rending.

'He (Katt) arrived at Custrin on the evening of the 5th of November, (1730) and early the next morning he was led to the scaffold. On the preceding day, Frederick, having been first dressed in a coarse fustian dress similar to that which had been given to Katt, was transferred to the General Lepel, the governor of Custrin, and the president Munchow, who had the charge of him, from the apartment he had previously occupied to one on a lower floor, looking into the court of the fortress, where he found his bed prepared. At his first entrance the curtains of the windows were let down, so as to prevent his seeing into the court: but at a given signal they were drawn up, and discovered to the astonished and agitated Frederick, a scaffold hung with black, and on a level with the window, which had been enlarged and its bars removed. Upon beholding this preparation, Frederick became convinced that his own death was determined on, and passed the night under this delirium in no very agreeable manner. Nor were his feelings much relieved, when, early in the morning, Lepel and Munchow returned to him, and undeceived him with regard to himself, but informed him that, according to the peremptory and express orders of his barbarous father, he was to witness the execution of his friend.

'In the meanwhile Schenk had also informed Katt of the trial that awaited him: "Try," said he, "to preserve your firmness, my dear Katt. A dreadful fate awaits you: you are now at Custrin, and you are about to see the prince royal." "Say, rather," replied Katt, "that I am going to have the greatest consolation that could be given to me." So saying, he mounted the scaffold, while four grenadiers were employed in holding the unhappy Frederick with his face towards the window. He wished to cast himself out of it, but was kept back by those about him. "I conjure you," said he, "in God's name to retard the execution. I will write to the King that I am ready to renounce all my rights to the crown if he will pardon Katt." He would have said more upon this subject, but Munchow stopped his mouth with his handkerchief. When he was again permitted to speak, he cried out—"It makes me most miserable, my dear Katt, to think that I am the cause of your death. Would to God that I were in your place."—"Ah, Sir," replied Katt, "if I had a thousand lives I would willingly sacrifice them for you." The executioner now attempted to put a bandage over the eyes of Katt, which the latter resisted: then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he cried out, "My God, I render up my soul to thy hands!" At the same instant his head, which was cut off at a single blow, rolled upon the scaffold, *while his arms mechanically stretched themselves towards the window where the prince royal had been stationed*: but he was there no longer, having fallen in a deep swoon into the arms of his attendants. Upon recovering from this after some hours, he found himself still at the window, and in full view of the gory corpse of his friend! such had been the express orders of a father, who was so but in name.—A second swoon was the consequence of the sight.'—vol. i. pp. 123—125.

It is a fact highly honourable to the heart of Frederick, that in speaking of these transactions after many years, as a historian, he seeks to palliate the crimes of, and invent excuses for, his father.

Frederick's health suffered in consequence of the scene of horror, of which he had been so reluctant a witness. His father not being able to kill him outright, sent a clergyman to convert him to Christianity; for, owing, it is said, to his first education having been left to the care of a French woman, Frederick appeared to have imbibed a repugnance to the doctrines of Revelation. The success of the theologian, we regret to say, was not such as answered the hopes and wishes of all good men, and as would have proved beneficial to the prince himself. We cannot, however, altogether blame him for showing his distrust of a system of religion, which was pretended to be the guide of conduct of those from whom he had suffered so much unjust, and such unnatural persecution. It is not improbable, therefore, that coupling the practise of his malicious enemies with the religious principles which they so zealously avowed, he should have been guilty of the fundamental error, of secretly regarding them as cause and effect. The renunciation of the Christian doctrine by Frederick,—a renunciation which he persevered in to the hour of his death, is a lesson full of wise and practical instruction. How could he believe in the divine origin of a Gospel, which was forced upon his understanding by incarceration and the severest treatment? How was it possible for him to confide in the mollifying power of a creed, which was cherished by his father, who placed no bound to the indulgence of all his worst passions?

Frederick, however, by specious appearances and promises, enlisted the good offices of the chaplain in his favour. The representations of the latter at court, moved the old king to such a state of forgiveness, as that he recalled his son, and had him married, without delay, to a Princess of Brunswick. Frederick, though he apparently consented to the match, resolved, as far as he was concerned, to invalidate it completely. He contrived a stratagem to have his chamber disturbed, after his retirement with his wife, on the night of their marriage. The ceremony was performed at the country palace of the Duke of Brunswick: they had scarcely withdrawn together, when a cry of fire was heard in the house. Frederick jumped up from his nuptial couch, and to it he never afterwards returned. He visited his spouse during the remainder of his life, once in every year, paying to her the compliment, which on no other occasion did he renew, of substituting for his military boots, a pair of silk stockings.

The county of Rupin was bestowed on Frederick by his father, as a marriage portion. The young prince took possession of the territory, and soon fixed his residence at a country house called Rheinsberg, a village a few miles from Rupin. Here in retirement, with the exception of a short interval, during which he was obliged to serve with his father under Prince Eugene, the generalissimo of the Emperor, did Frederick carry on those plans of literary research, and that extensive correspondence with the most eminent characters of his age, which laid the foundation of his subsequent friendship with many of the latter. Here he composed, too, his earliest works, and lived in all the luxury of literary easeand indulgence, until the death of his father devolved upon him the cares of a throne. This event took place in 1740. The directions left by the old king for the ordering of his funeral, are singularly minute. He specifies the exact mode in which his body is to be laid out; he particularly requires that it shall be *opened* by the surgeons, and that the cause of his malady, and the state of all the parts of his body shall be examined with care, prohibiting, however, in the strictest manner, the removal of any portion of his remains. He forbids that any funeral sermon should be preached over him, but desires that a festival shall be given on the evening of his burial, in the great room in the garden, to the officers of his regiment. "The best cask of hock," he adds, "which I have in my cellar, must be opened: and at this repast good wine alone shall be drank." He then directs that sermons shall be preached a fortnight after the funeral, but he begs that the clergy will say nothing of his life or actions, or any thing personal to him. "In general," says the shrewd old monarch, "in these funeral sermons, I do not wish to be made worse than I am, but at the same time I do not wish to be praised."

The accession of Frederick seemed to produce a sudden and very remarkable change in his character. He signalized the first year of his reign by entering on a war for the repossession of Silesia. But in this campaign, which ended with the treaty of Dresden, Frederick gained little more than barren honors, except the designation which he ever afterwards retained,—Frederick the Great. He now attended to domestic affairs, and commenced in 1747, that reform of the laws, and of the administration of justice, which constitutes so remarkable an era in the Prussian annals. Cocceji, his chancellor, was deputed by him to frame a new code of laws, which, after the most violent opposition, chiefly on the part of the lawyers, was at length adopted. Extensive modifications were introduced into the constitution of the different tribunals, and Frederick, in the enthusiasm of his zeal for reform, was accustomed to say to all the judges, "If a suit arises between me and one of my subjects, and that the case is a doubtful one, you should always decide against me."

It did so happen in a little time that there was a suit brought against him. He wanted to extend a new palace, and offered to purchase the right of a mill which was situated in his way. The miller would not sell his property at any price: the king became angry, and, forgetting himself for a moment, threatened the man with forcing him to yield by his royal power. "Oh," replied the miller, "you cannot frighten me in this way: we have judges at Berlin!" Frederick molested the poor man no farther, and built his palace in another direction. The king, indeed, evinced not only in his facility of access, but in every one of his public acts, a great consideration for the poor, and upon one occasion he carried his zeal for a poor man to the verge of injustice against a rich one. During the whole of his reign, he devoted a great share of his attention to the establishment of colonies in different parts of his territories; and the system upon which he proceeded was found to produce the most beneficial consequences. This was, however, only a preparatory step to the abolishment of servitude in his dominions, which glorious measure took effect in the year 1766. The policy which Frederick adopted in the appointment of ministers of religion, was quite admirable for its prudence and true charity. The Grand Consistory generally selected the pastor for a vacant cure; but if he was not liked, the parishioners were authorised by Frederick to reject him, and choose any other, provided there was no legitimate objection against him. So common a thing was it for the king to receive the peasantry when they applied to see him, that no peasant came to Potsdam, without being asked if he came to see the king. The substantial pledge, however, which he gave, of his lively concern for the interests of the people, consisted in the establishment of magazines for corn, in most of the towns of his dominions, by which he was enabled, effectually, to secure them against the vicissitudes of a bad harvest—a calamity that was but too imminent in a land so sterile. Again, he introduced, at his own expence, manufactures,—those of China, for instance, wool and silk,—which proved valuable sources of industry to the Prussian population. The great drawback on the benevolent character of Frederick, was his military system. We shall remember as long as we live, the impression which the account of this system, given by Baron Trenck, in his romantic memoirs, made on our minds. Zimmermann states, that suicides were common in the army of Frederick; but that a religious belief amongst the common people, that voluntary death is eternally punished in the next world, changed the practice of suicide into that of murder. The soldiers murdered children, and then gave themselves up to justice. What a horrible alternative was this, and how dreadful must have been the severity of that discipline, to which an ignominious death, preceded by the commission of the most atrocious crimes, was preferable! That system, however, was only the theoretic law, to which Frederick, by tradition and long habit, was wedded. Nothing could be more kind, more amiable, and condescending, than the conduct attributed to him in anecdotes relating to his intercourse with his soldiers, which are much too numerous, and too pointed to be fictitious.

We must altogether omit any allusion to the wars in which Frederick was subsequently engaged. In the first place, the history of his campaigns has been long familiar to the world; and, in the next place, we suspect that mankind has outlived its taste for the description of sieges and battles, and the other well-known occasions of human carnage. Men have changed, and have wonderfully improved since that epoch, when the Athenian orator complained that the personal strength and physical prowess of Hercules were the theme of universal admiration, whilst nobody seemed to recognise the qualities of his mind,—his justice, his wisdom, and his knowledge. We prefer, therefore, dwelling on those traits of Frederick's character, which represent him as the master of his passions—as the determined and successful opposer of all his most inveterate vices; believing that the conqueror of nations is not half so worthy of historical remembrance, as the potentate who gains a victory over his lust of power, and establishes good laws, where it might have been his own interest to perpetuate bad ones.

The intercourse of the King of Prussia with Voltaire, their coquetting, the breaking off and the renewal of their friendship, are all topics of universal and familiar knowledge. There is nothing connected with the subject in these volumes which purports to be a novelty.

It was a part of the very sensible policy of Frederick, to treat the press of his kingdom *with indulgence*. Dr. Moore, in his very amusing work, View of the Society and Manners, &c., expresses his surprise at the liberty of speech which he witnessed in the coffee-houses of Berlin, regarding the king and his government.

It is by no means an unequivocal proof of the goodness of heart which is generally attributed to Frederick, that when every state almost of Europe, as if impelled by a simultaneous movement, determined on the expulsion of the Jesuits from their dominions, he received them with open arms, and maintained the establishments of those who had been already domiciled in his dominions. The language upon this delicate subject, of a man who had no particular feelings to bias his mind on the score of religion, who looked with an unprejudiced and an equal eye upon all the varieties of Christian professors, deserves our deepest attention.

> '"Why," said he, "have the powers of Europe abolished these depositaries of the lore of Rome and Athens—these excellent professors of the humanities, and perhaps, I might add, of humanity; those late reveren fathers? Education will lose by this. But as my brothers, the Catholic kings, and most Christian, and most faithful, and apostolic kings, have al driven them out, I, who am most heretic, collect as many of them a I can; and perhaps some day they will pay court to me to get some o them. I keep up the race."'

It is a blot upon the memory of Frederick, that he not only con sented to, but participated in the first plunder of Poland. It i only justice, however, to state, that the portion of the partitione kingdom which fell to his share, was sunk into the most abject con dition, and that he used every means in his power to raise its inha bitants to a state of comparative plenty, civilization, and happiness

But the end of Frederick's career now drew nigh. Although h would not credit it, his physicians declared that he was affecte with dropsy, which would prove fatal to his life. He sent for Zim mermann, who prescribed according to the best of his judgment, bu whose advice and assistance were altogether counteracted by th vicious determination on which Frederick uniformly acted, to ea and drink as he chose. At the most precarious moment h insisted on a meal of eel pie, or some such dish, served up with prodigious quantities of pepper, and other indigestible materials A few days only before his death, he commenced his dinner with large quantity of soup, spiced to excess; this was followed by a hug quantity of beef, dressed in wine and spirits; he next partook o the Italian polenta, which is made of Turkey wheat and Parmesa cheese, is seasoned with garlick and hot spices, and is then frie in butter until a thick crust is formed upon it. Upon these strat the goodly king was not loath to build a superstructure in his sto mach, consisting of an enormous plate of eel pie, which was serve up so hot, that one of the persons present declared that it looked a if it had been "baked in hell." On the 17th of August, 1786 Frederick expired, and up nearly to that day he contrived to tran sact, with exemplary diligence, the public business. There is bu too much reason to credit the representation of Zimmermann, that the king died a disbeliever, not merely in Christianity, but even in the immortality of the soul. If this be the case, it is only another proof of the influence which early impressions, long nurtured, will exert over the amiable and useful instincts of our nature.

ART. XI.—*Mechanism of the Heavens.* By Mrs. Somerville. 8vo. pp. 621. London: Murray. 1831.

THERE are some incidental circumstances associated with the publication before us, which very forcibly attract our interest. In the first place, it was undertaken at the instance of the present Lord Chancellor, whose judgment and acuteness in estimating the capabilities of others, cannot be very easily deceived: in the next place, this work, which treats exclusively of one of the highest and most complicated departments of science, is the production of a lady, whose laborious and protracted devotion to the intricacies of mathematical calculation, has not interfered with the discharge of those ordinary duties, which her position in society imposes upon her. In the literary and scientific circles of this and other countries, the name of Mrs. Somerville is pronounced with those expressions of respect and admiration, which her singular ability and attainments deserve. She has given no inconsiderable number of proofs that, in her person at least, the sex of which she is the ornament, labours most unjustly under a prejudice which would assign a superior intellect to man, and would proscribe the female race from those pursuits that demand an unusual extent or number of mental faculties. The literary annals of most civilized countries, contain the names of women who have rendered themselves distinguished by great erudition. In our own country we have numerous examples of females obtaining, by superior talents and industry, a degree of acquaintance with the learned languages, such as is but rarely witnessed amongst the members of the other sex. It was only during the last year that the daugter of Parkhurst, the compiler of the Hebrew and Greek dictionaries, died. For several years after the death of her father, she exclusively superintended the reprinting of these learned works; and it is entirely owing to her extensive acquaintance with both those languages, that the dictionaries alluded to merit the praise of unusual accuracy. The family by which the patent of King's printer in Ireland has been held for many years, are indebted for the privilege to the classical attainments possessed by one of its female members. Constantia Grierson, under the pressure of the direst poverty, contrived to make such a progress in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, as to be able to put forth, with learned notes and comments, an edition of Terence. This she dedicated to Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who, in consequence of the merits which the work displayed, but with a disregard for the public good, which would be wondered at in any other climate in the world, conferred upon the said Co stantia, in conjunction with others of her family, the valuable pr rogative of printing for his Majesty. These cases, however, e emplify a capability in the female sex, of overcoming obstacles minor importance, compared with those which have been subdu by women in other departments of knowledge. One of the mo distinguished mathematicians of the last age, was Maria Gaeta Agnesi, of whom the late Baron Maseres has left us an excelle account. This young lady, who was a native of Milan, drew up her the attention of philosophers, together with the most powerf patronage, and she has enriched the stores of mathematical lor with works that shed a lustre on the age and the country in whi she lived.

The education of females, especially in this country, is found upon the presumption, that the sciences and they are altogeth unsuited. This may be one reason why so few of the sex b come eminent in any of the various walks of literature. But the is another cause, to which the result just stated must likewise ascribed. In the higher ranks of life, numerous attractions infl ence the tastes and wishes of females—and it too often happen that these attractions lead to any thing rather than the ends solid improvement. Wonderfully endowed, indeed, with rare qu lities must that lady be who, relinquishing the ease of domest life, or indifferent to the tempting excitements of fashion, yiel up her mind to the tedious and repulsive discipline that the stu of mathematics at first requires, in the hope of ultimately attai ing that nobler enjoyment, which a more perfect acquaintance wi the science is sure to give.

Nothing however that Mrs. Somerville has hitherto produce places more conspicuously before our eyes, the vast progress whi she has made in the most abstruse and difficult branches of geometr or the power which she possesses of perspicuous and ingenio explanation, than the volume now before us. In a prelimina dissertation of some seventy pages, the author copiously a clearly defines the nature of the subject, physical astronom which she professes to investigate. She admits that a comple acquaintance with this science cannot be expected to be attaine except by those who come to the study of it, prepared with adequate knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics, well as of mechanics. Still, though to such alone the wh beauty of the results is exposed, others may, without mu difficulty or labour, go so far as to be able to appreciate t progress and the triumphs of the philosophers whom they cann follow. Mrs. Somerville presents us with a general view of t motions of the heavenly bodies, and of the laws by which the motions are governed. Independently of the sublime delight whi an exact knowledge of the mechanism of the heavens is capable producing in the mind, she traces the effect of such knowledge many important improvements in the physical condition of the inhabitants of this earth. Astronomy has furnished invariable standards for accurately measuring duration, distance, magnitude, and velocity. Its application to chronology, as remarked by La Place, is perhaps the most interesting use, which hitherto has been made of that science. It has been observed, for instance, that the twelve signs of the Zodiac have been placed, according to the motions of the sun, amongst a series of figures, represented on the ceiling of a portico in the ruins of Tentyris, in Egypt. The position of these signs furnished the means of ascertaining the date of the building of the portico. The first figure represented the Lion, that being no doubt the constellation in which the particular year commenced. But we know from other sources, that the summer solstice was also the beginning of the Egyptian agricultural year. So that we may conclude, that at the period when these hieroglyphics were painted on the portico, the summer solstice occurred in the constellation of the Lion. Now a knowledge of the laws of the motion of the planets will enable the astronomer at once to determine, by a reference to the place where the solstice now happens, the number of years which must have passed since the solstice took place in the constellation of the Lion; or, in other words, pretty nearly the year when the temple, of which the portico is a part, was built.* A less equivocal advantage is derived from astronomical knowledge, in the adjustment of a common standard for weighing and measuring.

'The form of the earth,' observes the author, 'furnishes a standard of weights and measures for the ordinary purposes of life, as well as for the determination of the masses and distances of the heavenly bodies. The length of the pendulum vibrating seconds in the latitude of London forms the standard of the British measure of extension. Its length oscillating in vacuo at the temperature of 62° of Fahrenheit, and reduced to the level of the sea, was determined by Captain Kater, in parts of the imperial standard yard, to be 39,1387 inches, The weight of a cubic inch of water at the temperature of 62° Fahrenheit, barometer 30, was also determined in parts of the imperial troy pound, whence a standard both of weight and capacity is deduced. The French have adopted the metre for their unit of linear measure, which is the ten millionth part of that quadrant of the meridian passing through Formentera and Greenwich, the middle of which is nearly in the forty-fifth degree of latitude. Should the national standards of the two countries be lost in the vicissitudes of human affairs, both may be recovered, since they are derived from natural standards presumed to be invariable. The length of the pendulum would be found again with more facility than the metre; but as no measure is mathematically exact, an error in the original standard may at length become sensible in measuring a great extent, whereas the error that must necessarily arise in measuring the quadrant of the meridian is rendered totally insensible by subdivision in taking its ten millionth part. The French have adopted the decimal division not only in time, but in their degrees, weights, and measures, which affords very great facility in computation. It has not been adopted by any other people; though nothing is more desirable than than that all nations should concur in using the same division and standards, not only on account of the convenience, but as affording a more definite idea of quantity. It is singular that the decimal division of the day, of degrees, weights, and measures, was employed in China 4000 years ago; and that at the time Ibn Junius made his observations at Cairo, about the year 1000, the Arabians were in the habit of employing the vibrations of the pendulum in their astronomical observations.'—pp. xlix, l.

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* It will be observed that we are here merely abridging the statements of the author, and that we do so with a full recollection of the doubts thrown on the theory advanced by Mrs. Somerville, on the authority of La Place, by the learned and acute Cuvier, in his Researches on Fossil Osteology, which we recommend the learned reader to peruse.

In another place, Mrs. Somerville remarks—

'In adverting to the peculiarities in the form and nature of the earth and planets, it is impossible to pass in silence the magnetism of the earth, the director of the mariner's compass, and his guide through the ocean. This property probably arises from metallic iron in the interior of the earth, or from the circulation of currents of electricity round it: its influence extends over every part of its surface, but its accumulation and deficiency determine the two poles of this great magnet, which are by no means the same as the poles of the earth's rotation. In consequence of their attraction and repulsion, a needle freely suspended, whether it be magnetic or not, only remains in equilibrio when in the magnetic meridian, that is, in the plane which passes through the north and south magnetic poles. There are places where the magnetic meridian coincides with the terrestrial meridian; in these a magnetic needle freely suspended, points to the true north, but if it be carried successively to different places on the earth's surface, its direction will deviate sometimes to the east and sometimes to the west of north. Lines drawn on the globe through all the places where the needle points due north and south, are called lines of no variation, and are extremely complicated. The direction of the needle is not even constant in the same place, but changes in a few years, according to a law not yet determined. In 1657, the line of no variation passed through London. In the year 1819, Captain Parry, in his voyage to discover the north-west passage round America, sailed directly over the magnetic pole; and in 1824, Captain Lyon, when on an expedition for the same purpose, found that the variation of the compass was 37° 30′ west, and that the magnetic pole was then situate in 60° 26′ 51″ north latitude, and in 80° 51′ 25″ west longitude. It appears however from later researches that the law of terrestrial magnetism is of comsiderable complication, and the existence of more than one magnetic pole in either hemisphere has been rendered highly probable. The needle is also subject to diurnal variations; in our latitudes it moves slowly westward from about three in the morning till two, and returns to its former position in the evening.

'A needle suspended so as only to be moveable in the vertical plane, dips or becomes more and more inclined to the horizon the nearer it is brought to the magnetic pole. Captain Lyon found that the dip in the latitude and longitude mentioned was 86° 32′. What properties the

> planets may have in this respect, it is impossible to know, but it is probable that the moon has become highly magnetic, in consequence of her proximity to the earth, and because her greatest diameter always points towards it.'—pp. lix. lx.

After explaining the nature and the end of astronomical knowledge, Mrs. Somerville proceeds to trace the history of the progress of its improvement, from the discovery of its first rudiments, to the date of what may be called its comparative perfection. The law of gravitation, found out by Newton, forms the great foundation of our acquaintance with the heavens. Simple, however, and universally applicable as this law is, yet, as applied to the motions of the planets, it presents problems extremely difficult of solution. It is the principal object of Mrs. Somerville's work to facilitate the explanation of these difficulties, and for that purpose, she chiefly relies on the immortal work of La Place. In the first book are explained the laws by which force acts upon matter. This explanation is altogether derived from the *Mecanique Celeste*, and in general, Mrs. Somerville, instead of tamely translating the language of La Place, more properly chooses to explain the methods by which that distinguished man arrived at the results of his glorious labours. In the second book, the author compares the laws of the action of force upon matter, with the actual motions of the heavenly bodies; and to each of the planets she devotes a chapter, in which the phenomena that they present are described with equal felicity and accuracy. The number of diagrams employed by Mrs. Somerville to assist the elucidation of her meaning, and the purely algebraical character of most of her explanations, place it altogether out of our power to pursue the course of reasoning or description which she has adopted. There are, however, at intervals, curious observations, and not infrequently some important facts, to be met with in her pages, which cannot fail to excite the attention of general readers. Of the existence of an atmosphere about each of the planets, no doubt can be now entertained. The author observes, that the presence of this atmosphere is proved by the spots and belts which are observed on the discs of the planets.

> 'These spots,' observes Mrs. Somerville, 'appear like clouds driven by the winds, especially in Jupiter. The existence of an atmosphere round Venus is indicated by the progressive diffusion of the sun's rays over her disc. Schroëter measured the extension of light beyond the semicircle when she appeared like a thin crescent, and found the zone that was illuminated by twilight to be at least four degrees in breadth, whence he inferred that her atmosphere must be much more dense than that of the earth. A small star hid by Mars was observed to become fainter before its appulse to the body of the planet, which must have been occasioned by his atmosphere. Saturn and his rings are surrounded by a dense atmosphere, the refraction of which may account for the irregularity apparent in his form: his seventh satellite has been observed to hang on his disc more than 20' before its occultation, giving by computation a refraction of two seconds,

a result confirmed by observation of the other satellites. An atmosphere so dense must have the effect of preventing the radiation of the heat from the surface of the planet, and consequently of mitigating the intensity of cold that would otherwise prevail, owing to his vast distance from the sun. Schroëter observed a small twilight in the moon, such as would be occasioned by an atmosphere capable of reflecting the sun's rays at the height of about a mile. Had a dense atmosphere surrounded that satellite, it would have been discovered by the duration of the occultations of the fixed stars being less than it ought to be, because its refraction would have rendered the stars visible for a short time after they were actually behind the moon, in the same manner as the refraction of the earth's atmosphere enables us to see celestial objects for some minutes after they have sunk below our horizon, and after they have risen above it, or distant objects are hid by the curvature of the earth. A friend of the author's was astonished one day on the plain of Hindostan, to behold the chain of the Himala mountains suddenly start into view, after a heavy shower of rain in hot weather.

'The Bishop of Cloyne says, that the duration of the occultations of stars by the moon is never lessened by 8″ of time, so that the horizontal refraction at the moon must be less than 2″: if therefore a lunar atmosphere exists, it must be 1000 times rarer than the atmosphere at the surface of the earth, where the horizontal refraction is nearly 2000″. Possibly the moon's atmosphere may have been withdrawn from it by the attraction of the earth. The radiation of the heat occasioned by the sun's rays must be rapid and constant, and must cause intense cold and sterility in that cheerless satellite'—p. 400.

The peculiarities of each of the planets are well described by Mrs. Somerville. Mercury's motions, it appears, are less disturbed than those of any other body. He sometimes is seen as a morning and sometimes as an evening star. Occasionally he passes over the sun's disc, like a black spot, and the partial eclipse of the sun's light, which is produced by the transit of Mercury, proves that it is an opaque body, which shines by reflected light alone. Venus is distinguished as the only planet mentioned in the Sacred Writings. It has also been celebrated in the poet's song from the era of Hesiod, to that of our own Milton. She is the most brilliant of all the planets—but, like all beauties, her splendour is very variable. Though her disc increases with her distance from the earth, yet her lustre decreases according to that distance. It is only in a mean position that Venus assumes all her natural brilliancy, and the periods at which she returns to this position are separated by intervals of about eight years. On such occasions this planet is visible to the naked eye during the day, but at all other times she may also be seen, but not so distinctly, during the day, every eighteen months. One of the principal apparent peculiarities of Mars is, that his disc is occasionally gibbous—and that there are spots near his poles, which augment or diminish according to the degree of exposure to the sun, and which give to the spectator the notion of great masses of ice. The newly discovered planets, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and

Pallas, whose orbits are situated between those of Mars and Jupiter, are all nearly equidistant from the sun. They are altogether invisible to the naked eye—their apparent diameters, with the exception of Juno, scarcely amounting to the fourth of a second, or sixty-five miles. Juno, however, is supposed to have a real diameter of two hundred miles. We pass over the remarks of the author on the remaining planets, in order that we may be enabled to insert the account which Mrs. Somerville gives of the present state of our knowledge of the sun.

'The sun viewed with a telescope, presents the appearance of an enormous globe of fire, frequently in a state of violent agitation or ebullition; black spots of irregular form rarely visible to the naked eye sometimes pass over his disc, moving from east to west, in the space of nearly fourteen days: one was measured by Sir W. Herschel in the year 1779, of the breadth of 30,000 miles. A spot is surrounded by a penumbra, and that by a margin of light, more brilliant than that of the sun. A spot when first seen on the eastern edge, appears like a line, progressively extending in breadth till it reaches the middle, when it begins to contract, and ultimately disappears at the western edge: in some rare instances, spots re-appear on the east side; and are even permanent for two or three revolutions, but they generally change their aspect in a few days, and disappear: sometimes several small spots unite into a large one, as a large one separates into smaller ones which soon vanish.

'The paths of the spots are observed to be rectilinear in the beginning of June and December, and to cut the ecliptic at an angle of 7° 20′. Between the first and second of these periods, the lines described by the spots are convex towards the north, and acquire their maximum curvature about the middle of that time. In the other half year the paths of the spots are convex towards the south, and go through the same changes. From these appearances it has been concluded, that the spots are opaque bodies attached to the surface of the sun, and that the sun rotates about an axis, inclined at an angle of 7° 20′ to the axis of the ecliptic. The apparent revolution of a spot is accomplished in twenty-seven days; but during that time, the spot has done more, having gone through a revolution, together with an arc equal to that described by the sun in his orbit in the same time, which reduces the time of the sun's rotation to 25° 9′ 36″.

'These phenomena induced Sir W. Herschel to suppose the sun to be a solid dark nucleus, surrounded by a vast atmosphere, almost always filled with luminous clouds, occasionally opening and discovering the dark mass within. The speculations of La Place were different: he imagined the solar orb to be a mass of fire, and that the violent effervescences and explosions seen on its surface are occasioned by the eruption of elastic fluids formed in its interior, and that the spots are enormous caverns, like the craters of our volcanoes.

'Light is more intense in the centre of the sun's disc than at the edges, although, from his spheroidal form, the edges exhibit a greater surface under the same angle than the centre does, and therefore might be expected to be more luminous. The fact may be accounted for, by supposing the existence of a dense atmosphere absorbing the rays which have to penetrate a greater extent of it at the edges than at the centre; and accordingly, it appears by Bouguer's observations on the moon, which has little or no atmosphere, that it is more brilliant at the edges than in the centre.

'A phenomenon denominated the zodiacal light, from its being seen only in that zone, is somehow connected with the rotation of the sun. It is observed before sunrise and after sunset, and is a luminous appearance, in some degree similar to the milky way, though not so bright, in the form of an inverted cone with the base towards the sun, its axis inclined to the horizon, and only inclined to the plane of the ecliptic at an angle of 7°; so that it is perpendicular to the axis of the sun's rotation. Its length from the sun to its vertex varies from 45° to 120°. It is seen under the most favourable circumstances after sunset in the beginning of March: its apex extends towards Aldebaran, making an angle of 64° with the horizon. The zodiacal light varies in brilliancy in different years.

'It was discovered by Cassini in 1682, but had probably been seen before that time. It was observed in great splendour at Paris on the 16th of February, 1769.

'The elliptical motion of the planets is occasioned by the action of the sun; but by the law of reaction, the planets must disturb the sun, for the invariable point to which they gravitate is not the centre of the sun, but the centre of gravity of the system; the quantity of motion in the sun in one direction must therefore be equal to that of all the planets in a contrary direction. The sun thus describes an orbit about the centre of gravity of the system, which is a very complicated curve, because it results from the action of a system of bodies, perpetually changing their relative positions; it is such however as to furnish a centrifugal force with regard to each planet, sufficient to counteract the gravitation towards it.

'Newton has shown that the diameter of the sun is nearly equal to 0.009 of the radius of the earth's orbit. If all the great planets of the system were in a straight line with the sun, and on the same side of him, the centre of the sun would be nearly the farthest possible from the common centre of gravity of the whole; yet it is found by computation, that the distance is not more than 0.0085 of the radius vector of the earth; so that the centre of the sun is never distant from the centre of gravity of the system by as much as his own diameter.'—pp. 401—403.

Unfortunately, the strictly scientific nature of this work, and the numerous subdivisions in which the subject is necessarily considered, prevent us from giving to the reader that complete description of its contents, which would enable him to form a true judgment of its various merits. Taken altogether, the production does honour to the age in which we live—but as the exclusive performance of a female, it must be regarded as a prodigy of intelligence and mental industry. It is a subject worthy of national congratulation, that a lady of extraordinary talents, and of sufficient ambition to trespass beyond the restraints imposed upon her sex, should enlist in the ranks of the missionaries of "useful knowledge." The co-operation of such auxiliaries in any enterprize of moral, or even physical amelioration, must always be a desirable object, since it is a part of their nature to invest with a charm of almost invincible attraction, every project or design which may be placed under their management. Happy is it then, that under a sanction so influential, and under auspices so fortunate, the study of the works of the creation are strongly recommended. The contemplation of the heavens, which, from the erect posture given to him, exclusively of all animated beings, would appear to be one of the primary duties imposed on man, is yet one of the most powerful means of elevating and dignifying his nature. It teaches him to look beyond the "ignorant present," to raise his wishes, his hopes, his desires, far beyond any objects of gratification which are to be found in this perishable sphere; it imparts to his soul some knowledge of that all-wise and all-provident First Cause, which, assuredly, would never have implanted in his soul a thirst of immortality, without intending to gratify the appetite.

NOTICES.

Art. XII.—*The Ladies Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance.* No. I. 18mo. London: G. Henderson. 1832.

The first number of this new journal now lies before us, and we must say that it appears to us to be, as the prospectus states, really, "one of the miracles of the age." It contains three or four plates of fashions, well coloured, and affording the ladies a correct idea of the changes which have taken place in the style of costume during the last month. In addition to these, it gives a steel engraving, exceedingly well executed, representing a "deserted mother" with two children in her arms, in the back ground a field with reapers at work; and prefixed to the first article, the tale of "Eugene Walmer," is a very neat woodcut of a scene connected with the story. There is next a song, called "The Wedding Bells," set to music in a large sheet, which folds into the journal, the words and the music being both original; and as if these were not enough for the money, we have sixty pages of letter press, forming for the most part an original, and in the whole a highly diversified and entertaining miscellany, *all* for the price of *sixpence!* We should hardly have believed the fact, if the book were not before us with the price marked upon it. The steel engraving alone would, in our opinion, be worth five or six times that sum. But we presume the publisher must sell some thousands of his journal, in order to afford him a fair compensation for his outlay. Among the articles, besides the tale of "Eugene Walmer," there are two others, "The Haunted Casket" and "The Deserted Mother," which cannot fail to excite the attention of the reader. There is a ballad on the "Italian Boy," a conversational glance at passing topics, under the head of "At Home," a review of Sir Walter Scott's last work, an essay on "Female Education," and on the "Plurality of Worlds." To these are added a variety of miscellaneous topics, connected with literature, with passing events, and the drama, — making on the whole, we suppose, incomparably the cheapest book that ever was published in any country. We subjoin, as a specimen of the poetry, the song to which we have already alluded—"The Wedding Bells," the music of which is exceedingly pretty.

THE WEDDING BELLS.

How sweet the music of those bells,
They strike the charmed hour,
That soon by holy mystic spells
Shall weave its wreath of power.
And two fond hearts for ever bind,
That long have loved in vain:
Oh! raise your tones, and on the wind
Pour your most joyful strain.

How sad the music of those bells;
Each note but seems to mourn,
And tales of past endearment tells,
That never can return.
Sweet mother, sisters, father—all
My childhood fondly knew,
Ye birds that chirp'd unto my call,
Ye flowers and streams, adieu!

Yet dear to me those sprightly bells,
No sound e'er half so dear
Hath rung from sea-nymphs' coral shells,
Or from celestial sphere.
Though home and its delights be gone,
Yet 'tis our nuptial day;
Though tears will come—yet here is one
Will kiss those tears away.

The journal must so well recommend itself, that we need not say another word in its favour. It has our best wishes for its success.

ART. XIII.—*Anthologia Sacra; or Select Theological Extracts, on Subjects Doctrinal, Practical, &c.* By the Rev. B. Gilpin, and W. H. Valpy, Esq. 1 vol. royal 8vo. London: Valpy. 1832.

THE plan and execution of this work will, we are confident, recommend it to every British family, whether at home or abroad, who desire to possess the best possible description of the truths of the Christian religion, and the most eloquent counsels and exhortations to practise it. Selections are made from what may be called the modern fathers of the church, and are arranged under the three general heads of doctrinal, practical, and experimental. So that a reader who is interested in sifting any questions which may be referred to any of these categories, will have an opportunity of perusing the explanations and remarks which the most exalted genius, the deepest learning, and the most sincere piety could suggest. The selections are made in general with an impartial spirit.

ART. XIV.—*History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Hereford, illustrated by Engravings, &c.* By J. Britton, F. S. A. 4to. London: Longman & Co. 1831.

WE scarcely have taken up a publication of Mr. Britton's, for a long time, without encountering in the preface, a complaint either of the general neglect with which his works are treated, or of some illiberal conduct which he has met with in the course of his most valuable pursuits. We regret to say, that in the present instance a grievance of the latter sort has occurred, to put his good temper to the test. On application to the Dean of Hereford cathedral, for permission to survey the church and examine its archives, Mr. Britton expressed a hope that his reverence and the clergy would patronize an undertaking in which they were so deeply interested. The Dean, who, we suppose, had a very natural fear about him, as to the stability of his revenues, flatly told the antiquarian not to trouble himself about Hereford cathedral, for that he was quite sure (and no one could doubt his authority) that the publication which Mr. Britton had in view, so far from compensating him for his losses, would only plunge him still deeper into expense. The laity, however, of Hereford were roused to indignation, and they prevailed on Mr. Britton to prosecute his labours. The result is now before us, and we are happy to say, that neither the frowns of the Dean, nor his inhospitable and unkind treatment of the meritorious stranger, have in the slightest degree embarrassed the pen or the pencil of Mr. Britton—for his long drawn aisles, his pointed windows, and his matchless perspectives, preserve all the majesty and melancholy beauty of his former representations of cathedral structures. The history which he gives of the cathedral is as copious, as erudite, and as interesting as he usually makes this part of his illustrations.

ART. XV.—*Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors, Ancient and Modern.* By Hugh Moore, Esq. London: Whittaker & Co. 1831.

THIS dictionary is so much the more valuable than that published by Mr. Macdonnell, inasmuch as it includes, in a revised form, all the quotations which that gentleman had collected, together with a great many more that have been gathered by the labours of the author himself. The translations are, in every instance where we have tested them, perfectly correct; and the explanations which occasionally accompany them are necessary, and at all times useful: but there is one omission in both dictionaries, which is, to our minds, so great an imperfection, that we wonder how it should have escaped two such practical men as Messrs. Macdonnell and Moore. The deficiency we speak of is, that of marks over the syllables, *to denote* their respective quantities. Mr. Moore may take it for granted, that whoever wants to know the English of a Latin word, will also be very much obliged by being told how to pronounce it.

ART. XVI.—*On Indigestion and Costiveness, with Hints, &c.* By Ed. Jukes, Surgeon.

MR. JUKES deserves the esteem of his country for the valuable invention, which he claims, of the stomach pump. The nature of the volume before us, however important to the best interests of society, is still not exactly susceptible of a public explanation. But Mr. Jukes proposes a very simple remedy for a very serious class of complaints; he enforces his plan by the soundest arguments, and some coloured plates in the work, will very familiarly set before the eyes of his readers the anatomical process, by a knowledge of which he seeks to render his system of treatment intelligible to all.

ART. XVII.—*Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the choice of Horses, &c.* By Nimrod. 8vo. pp. 503.

THIS work consists of a collection of papers which appeared in succession, a few years ago, in the Sporting Magazine. They exhibit a perfect acquaintance with the management of horses, in all their diversified employments—and that, too, as the result of long experience, the best teacher of science. The style is very lively, and sometimes very humourous; and to those who, condemned to the smoke of a city, have a yearning for country delights, this book would be a source of very great amusement.

It abounds with pointed and well-told anecdotes; and, upon historical matters, it exhibits a very extensive acquaintance with learned works.

Art. XVIII.—*Popular Lectures on the Vertebrated Animals of the British Islands.* 8vo. pp. 96. Birmingham: Wrightson. 1831.

This pamphlet contains the substance of a brief series of Lectures which were, at a recent period, delivered at a Mechanics' Institution in Birmingham. We have read the whole of these Lectures with the greatest pleasure; and we strongly recommend them to the perusal of those whom the curious science of animal physiology can in the slightest degree interest. We lament extremely to observe the desponding tone, in which the author speaks of the manner, in which his oral lectures were received. A man devoted to such sublime studies as he is engaged in, should be above the influence of such vicissitudes as those to which life is ordinarily subjected.

Art. XIX.—*Geological Notices and Glimpses of the Antient Earth.* By Maria Hack. 8vo. pp. 393. London: Harvey and Darton. 1832.

In this admirably executed work, we have only another specimen of the power of art and industry, in facilitating the study of sciences, which appear to a beginner pedantic and repulsive. Miss Hack may congratulate herself on having stripped Geology of all its difficult technicalities—of having rendered its principles intelligible to those minds which never would have gone through the labour hitherto indispensible for its acquirement—and, lastly, of having given a degree of attraction to the science, which cannot fail to multiply the number of its votaries. This work, although very acceptable, and very well suited to the youthful mind, is still well worth the attention of all to whom the subject of Geology is still a novelty; for here they will find the elements of that most interesting branch of knowledge, developed in a manner that is calculated to encourage them to a further prosecution of its phenomena. The plates by which the work is illustrated are numerous, and are executed in the most perfect style of modern engraving. Those who desire to combine in their new year's presents the valuable with the beautiful, will find it their interest to look after the very attractive work which we have now described.

Art. XX.—*David, a Poem.* Large 8vo. pp. 32. London: Longman and Co. 1831.

There is in this poem one most meritorious quality, which we most earnestly hope will form a precedent for future bards of equal pretensions with the one before us—to wit, the agreeable brevity of its dimensions. The plot of the metrical piece is founded on the scriptural account of the balmy effect of the music of David's harp on the heart of Saul, when it so chanced that the "evil spirit from God was upon Saul." In disdaining the trammels of rhyme, and in carrying out his meaning over an extensive surface of hexameter verses, the author has shewn a very decided preference for the manner of Milton. But in every other respect, the attempt of the modern bard to resemble his most illustrious predecessor is not attended with that success which either he himself would desire, or we should wish him to attain. Most heartily do we hope, that in these verses, some portion of the community may find a source of amusement, or, peradventure, of intellectual profit; for to us, we must candidly declare, the book is a sealed volume, just as novel to our senses and to our apprehension, as the retrograde periods of the Hebrew style.

Art. XXI.—*The Biblical Annual; containing a Fourfold Translation of the Book of Ecclesiastes, with Notes.* 12mo. pp. 93. London: Hamilton. 1832.

We really cannot divine the meaning of the author, either in publishing this small volume, or in giving it the name which he has placed in his title-page. It consists of translations of the Book of Ecclesiastes in four forms of English style; the one being the common version, the other an interpretation from the Hebrew; and the third and fourth being translations from the Greek and Latin; all, however, being versions very nearly alike, of the same original passages. If piety be the motive which has led to the compilation of this work, we readily forgive the editor; but sincerely do we pray, that literary zeal may in future be directed by a judgment more experienced than he seems to possess.

Art. XXII.—*The Chameleon.* 8vo. pp. 312. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1832.

The Chameleon, though not put forth as such, must be considered as a downright Scotch annual, which has been anonymously flung into the market, with a view, we suppose, of trying how far such periodicals would succeed amongst us. It is destitute of those luxuries of the graphic art, that constitute the chief attractions of those yearly works which now abound in this country, its only pretence to attraction on the score of illustration, being a frontispiece of rather indifferent merit. The letter-press, however, in some respects compensates for this deficiency; for as a source of varied and highly attractive amusement, the Chameleon yields to no annual publication of the time. Poetry and prose mingle in pleasing diversity in this work; and from the serious to the gay, the reader is transferred with a skill of arrangement, which materially contributes to his pleasure.

Art. XXIII.—*The Family Topographer, being a compendious Account of the antient and present State of the Counties of England.* Vol. I. Home Circuit. By Samuel Tymms. 12mo. pp. 224. London: Nichols. 1832.

The plan of topographical description which is developed in this volume, appears to us to answer all the objects for which such a description can be intended; at the same time that it is compiled in strict reference to the homely but useful principles of economy. The author successively describes the situation and extent of each county—its ancient state—its interesting remains—present condition and history. A list of the natives is next given, who, by their talents, their virtues, or their crimes, have conferred on their names an honourable or an ignominious distinction. The counties included in the home circuit form the subject of illustration in the present volume; and the art of compression which the author possesses, has enabled him to comprehend, in a very small compass, a very interesting quantity of valuable and agreeable information. We sincerely hope that such an amount of encouragement will be bestowed on this work, as to stimulate the proprietors to an uninterrupted continuation of the numbers.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Honey.—In a Treatise on Bees, recently published by a Scotch gentleman, it is calculated, that the pasture of Scotland would maintain as many bees as would produce on the average 4,000,000 pints of honey, and 1,000,000 lbs. of wax. Three times the amount of each, he considers to be no unreasonable estimate of what the three United Kingdoms would yield. Taking the price of honey at 5s. the pint, and the wax at 1s. 6d., the income arising from the industry of bees alone in this country, would amount to more than three millions and a half sterling per annum.

March of Newspapers.—A newspaper has just been started in Turkey, under the immediate sanction of the Sublime Porte. The journal is divided into two sections; one of which is to contain the official intelligence, the other is to be devoted to articles of a miscellaneous nature, comprehending the whole circle of Arts and Sciences. The name of the editor, rather an inconvenient one, we confess, for one that has to carry on a large correspondence, is Sheckzade Esseid Mehmed Essaud Effendi.

Contagion.—Whilst the cholera is said to rage in Sunderland, Wales is the seat of typhus fever, and Sussex of the small pox.

Ship's Bottoms.—The great problem which puzzled the mind of the first chemical philosopher of modern times, namely, a suitable covering of metal for ship's bottoms, has at length been solved. Zinc is the metal employed. Sheets of it are steeped in tallow, in which a small portion of verdigris is mixed. It has been found, by practical experiment, that no adhesions of sea-weed, shells &c. take place on the outside of the sheeting.

The Taret.—Mr. Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, lately informed the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, that the machine called the *Shield*, employed by him for boring, was first suggested to his mind by the examination of the small insect the Taret, which carries on its head a sort of shield, that enables it to resist the action of the waves, and to perforate large sticks of timber under the water.

Durham College.—The Bishop and Dean and Chapter of Durham, are about to found a College in some part of that diocese, for the education of youth, and especially of those destined for the church.

Appalling truth.—It has been clearly proved before committees of the House of Commons, that young women in Ireland run about, or remain shivering in the most wretched hovels, in a state of absolute nudity: and that the inhabitants of whole districts have been driven by want, to the sea side, where they may gather weeds, and to the fields, where they may collect manure and garbage, to obtain a temporary, but disgusting respite from the torments of starvation.

New Hot Bed.—At a late meeting of the Edinburgh Horticultural Society, a communication was read from Mr. David Dow, stating, that he has found the shellings of corn, the refuse of the manufacture of oatmeal, to answer all the purposes of supplying gradual and permanent heat, in growing exotic plants, for which oak leaves, tan, &c. were heretofore employed.

New Musical Instrument.—M. C. Latour read a paper before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, during the last month, in which he describes a new musical instrument invented by himself. He gives it the name of "La Syrene;" it is a sort of flute, in which the sounds are produced by the action of a current of water, instead of by a current of air, as in the common flute.

Lord F. L. Gower.—In addition to the tragedy entitled "Ann of Cleves," which has been accepted for representation at Covent Garden, and now only awaits the recovery of Mr. C. Kemble, Lord F. L. Gower has written another play, which is to be reserved for the next season.

Robert le Diable.—Among the fashions of Paris, the newest rage is a mantle called "Robert le Diable," the name of an opera which has been lately produced there, with extraordinary success. The story upon which it is founded is one of complete diablerie, and the scenery and dresses are said to have cost no less than 200,000 francs.

The Duchess de Berri is fond of painting, particularly in the ornamental style, in imitation of japan. A gentleman who had the entrè of her hotel, when she resided in Paris, going in suddenly one morning, found her royal highness, her two maids, and her drawing master, painting the legs of a set of chairs, which she intended as a present for the king.

Sir Walter Scott has arrived at Naples, whence it is his intention to return by way of Vienna, and to pay a visit to the illustrious Goethe.

Hugh Little John.—Among the deaths of the last month was recorded that of Sir Walter Scott's grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, alias Hugh Little John, to whom his "Tales of a Grandfather" were addressed. He was a fine boy, in his eleventh year; his dissolution had been for some time expected.

The St. Simonists (or Owenites) of France have now two journals in their pay; one of these is a daily paper, "Le Globe," the other a monthly one, the "Revue Encyclopedique."

Cholera.—The Cholera at Sunderland and Newcastle is but a joke to the malady at Smyrna, where it has attacked as many as five hundred in one night. The greater number of the shops are shut, and the city is almost deserted.

German titles.—An office for the sale of German titles of honour is now open in Paris; a knightship may be had for 5,000 francs; a countship for 20,000, and a marquisate for 40,000.

Lord Grey.—A story has been going the round of all the papers, stating that Earl Grey has been for some time haunted by a spectre, and that his health has in consequence been materially injured. It is quite true that the noble Premier is very far from being in a good state of health: but he is now in his sixty-seventh year, and the cares of such an office as his are a burthen at any time of life. It is also true, in one sense of the word, that he is haunted by a spectre, but it is one created either by a defect of vision, or an affection of the cerebellum, proceeding from the disordered state of the stomach.

Madame Malibran has recently

published an "Album Lyrique," comprising fourteen romances, *chansonettes*, and *nocturnes*, all music of her own composition.

Longevity.—The "St. Petersburgh Gazette" mentions that there is at present a shepherd, named Demetrius Grabowski, residing at Polotski, on the frontiers of Lithuania, who has attained the age of one hundred and sixty-eight years, and has two sons, one aged one hundred and twenty years, the other ninety-seven!

Garrick Club.—A club for the promotion of the interests of the drama has been established, under the title of the Garrick Club. It is intended to be opened early in January.

The Duke de Bourbon.—A process is now pending before one of the Courts at Paris, for nullifying the will said to have been made by the late Duke de Bourbon, by virtue of which the Duc d'Aumale, one of the younger sons of the reigning King of France, is to enjoy the principal possessions of the deceased. The evidence already adduced makes out a strong case against the validity of the will, as it appears to have been made under the terrifying influence of Madame de Feucheres, the mistress of the deceased, who exercised a complete tyranny over him. Some letters have been laid before the Court, written by Louis Philip, which indicate a strong propensity to *accumulativeness.* The case is likely to lower the new monarch in public esteem.

Pamela.—Those persons who have read Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, will remember many anecdotes of his lady, who was the natural daughter of Madame Genlis, by the father of the present King of France. Her mother gave her the name of Pamela. After Lord Edward's death, she made an unfortunate marriage with a merchant, named Pitcairn, from whom she subsequently obtained a divorce. She lived for many years in the greatest indigence; but when Louis Philip was raised to the throne, she proceeded to Paris, expecting that she would be noticed by the companions of her youth. She was not long in Paris, when she was suddenly seized with severe indisposition, which terminated her life, after three days of violent agony. She preserved the remains of her beauty to the last.

Perpetual Motion.—One of the Secretaries of the Treasury was lately applied to, to patronise a new discovery of the perpetual motion! The following is his reply:—

London, Oct. 25.

Sir,—I am much obliged to you for communicating your ingenious design, which I return. I fear you will, however, find that the friction on the pivot, as well as the re-action of the air, would, with other difficulties, interfere with your discovery, of the merits of which I do not, however, pretend to be a competent judge.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, T. SPRING RICE.

The Sun Flower.—This plant is now cultivated in the United States of America, on a considerable scale, on account of the very superior oil which it produces. One bushel of the Sun flower, which can be raised at the expence of about a shilling, will yield a gallon of oil, which when made into cake, forms excellent food for cattle.

Steam Boat.—The largest steam boat in the world is one now plying on the river St. Lawrence. It is 189 feet long, and 70 feet broad in the widest part, 12 feet deep in the hold, and draws 7 feet 9 inches of water.

Hint to Friendly Societies.—According to the new Act of the 10th Geo. IV. c. 56, called Portman's

hose Friendly Societies which
ot enrolled by the end of the
er Sessions, *next* April, will
t of the pale of the law for
l weeks. This result will
r obvious to those who con-
that Mr. Portman's Act takes
on the 19th June, but no
er Sessions are held until

w *Bible Society*.—Another
estation of the inconsistency
marks the conduct of the
s to the indiscriminate circu-
of the Holy Scriptures, has
een given in the formation of
Bible Society, from which all
lo not believe in the Trinity
xcluded. Is it intended by
ociety to distribute the Bible
ut note or comment?

mpeii.—A very interesting re-
s lately been dug out of Pom-
which is represented as being
valuable than any single spe-
that has yet been recovered
those celebrated ruins. In
riclinium of a house supposed
e been once the habitation of
s, a picture in mosaic was
, about eighteen feet long and
wide. The subject of the pic-
s the battle of Sarpedon, from
liad, and the figures are half
tural size. In every quality
is looked for in such a per-
nce, this specimen of Roman
said to be quite unrivalled.

olera.—It is an ill wind that
not blow somebody good—
the proverb holds good even
the deleterious vapour of the
ra—for Dr. Russel is about
e made a Baronet, and Dr.
y a Knight, for their exertions
nting down this destructive
y of the human race.

rch of Printing.—A printing
is now at work at Tananarivo,
apital of Madagascar. It has
put up by the missionaries who are composing a translation of the Bible in the Malagascar language.

Old and New Style.—There is a very general error abroad on this subject, which it may be of consequence to correct. Since the commencement of the present century another day in addition to the prior eleven has been thrown out, so that the difference for all years since 1800 is twelve days.

"*The Tongues.*"—The "unknown tongues" are beginning to produce some effect. It is stated that several ladies have been thrown into convulsions on hearing them, and that at the present moment, there is a young lady labouring under mental derangement from the same cause.

Wall Paper.—A sort of cloth made of cotton wool, pressed by means of calendars into a flat sheet, resembling in colour and appearance a sheet of demy paper, and printed into a variety of suitable patterns, is now getting into use as a substitute for paper, for covering the walls of dwelling-houses.

English Tea.—A patent was granted some time ago to a teadealer, for a new mode of preparing the leaf of the hawthorn, for producing a beverage which can hardly be distinguished from an infusion of black tea.

The Two Pipers.—Mr. Stuart, the descendant of a respectable family in Argyleshire, and Count Bender, a French nobleman, agreed, in 1828, for the sum of 5,000*l*., to travel as common musicians for three years in the United Kingdom, and to pipe twice in the streets of every city, London excepted; the piper who earned the most at the end of that period, to receive the 5,000*l*. The match is now concluded, but we have not heard the result.

A New Light.—A new inflammable liquid is said to have been just discovered, which establishes that light is not the result of any principle resident in combustible bodies.

Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, now the residence of Sir Wathen Waller and the Baroness Howe, has, within a few years, been entirely rebuilt, and thereby denuded of all the simplicity with which it was adorned by the Bard of *Twit'nam.* The stump of the willow-tree planted by Pope, and the grotto under the house, together with the urn, in the back-garden, containing the heart of the poet's mother, are the only relics of its original character.

Flax.—It has been discovered that the hollyhock *(Althæ rosea)* is an excellent substitute for flax. Several individuals have embarked in the manufacture of it.

New Bankrupts.—A moot point has been started, as to whether the sale of game authorized by the new Act of Parliament, will not render gentlemen amenable to the bankrupt laws as "dealers and chapmen."

The Moravians. — The entire number of Moravians in civilized countries, is estimated at 16,000. They support 127 missionaries in foreign lands, at an expense of 40,000 dollars annually. The fruits
of their missions have been 3
converts.

New Ordeal.—Two stude
Berlin lately introduced a nev
thod of duelling, To rend
chance equal, they went to a p
attacked with the cholera and
him. Neither of them having
taken ill after twenty-four
the witnesses stated that the n
was ended.

Eclipses.—In the next year
will be but two eclipses—b
the sun. The first will take
on February 1st, and will
visible at Greenwich ; the s
takes place on July 17th, visi
Greenwich, begins two hours
and a quarter minutes p.m.
two hours twenty-eight and
minutes, digits eclipsed one
On the 5th of May the planet
cury will appear, like a black
to move over the sun's disc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We must inform the writer of a
signed* "An Admirer of Truth," *tha
were to enter into a discussion with hi
the subject which he has mentioned, it
occupy, for months to come, a very lar
tion of our Journal, and after all
little good. If he wish to gain infor
calculated to lead him to that which
much admires, we should recommend
read "Milner's End of Controversy.*"

To Laicus *and* C. T. *we beg leave
the same answer.*

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

I.—*The Progress of Reform in England.* By the author of " The spect of Reform in Europe." 8vo. pp. 49. London: Rich. 1832.
Legal Argument, shewing that Tithes are the property of the blic, and of the Poor. By William Eagle, of the Middle Temple, ., Barrister at Law, Fourth Edition. 8vo. pp. 20. London: nders and Benning. 1831.

: of the consequences of that most imprudent vote, whereby a ity of the House of Lords contrived to postpone, for a short ı, the enactment of the Reform Bill, have already rendered elves apparent in a very serious diminution of the public in- The community had already been long in a state of agitation: was scarcely any branch of trade that had not suffered from ıcertainty which excitement, on any great question, is always o produce in this country; and that excitement, together with endant embarrassments, it was the good pleasure of their lord- to prolong, for no other reason, so far as we are able to dis- than that of shewing that they were not afraid! For the ıf a mere bravado, a swagger upon their own arena, these lords ›rdlings have thought fit to throw the nation and its govern- into a provisional condition, to suspend the usual routine of ercial transactions, to fill the gazette with long lists of bank- to crowd the prisons with debtors, who, but for this specimen stocratic insolence, would have been enabled to satisfy their ors, and to deprive the revenue of little less than a million ster- -more, it may be said, than the property of all that heartless nreasoning majority would be worth, if it were brought to the ıer to-morrow.

ıere or when will cease that decided decline, which has already ʒhtfully commenced in the revenue, no man can, perhaps, at present conjecture. In addition to our domestic causes for agitation, including that malady which seems resolved to extend its ravavages throughout the country, we have only to look across the channel to the continent, to discover new, and, perhaps, still more formidable grounds for apprehension. The avowed indisposition of Russia to sanction the proceedings which have taken place for the separation of Belgium from Holland, is quite in character with the system which the Emperor Nicholas has, unfortunately for liberty, succeeded in establishing in Poland. So long as the fate of that country was undetermined, he was anxious to cultivate the good will of the other powers, and his minister cheerfully co-operated with them in the decrees which they issued for the settlement of the Belgian question. But it would seem, that the Prince Lieven was a mere instrument of fraud—an unconscious instrument, we have no doubt—on this momentous occasion, upon which trembled, as in a balance, the destinies of all Europe. His acts are disavowed, his signatures cannot be indeed erased from the protocols and treaties to which they have been affixed, but they have been divested of their authority; and the whole of the transaction, which was supposed to have been so happily concluded, must either be now maintained in its integrity by an armed alliance, or be submitted to another course of diplomatic conferences, which, after all, can only produce the effect of putting off to a later day, the war which is inevitably coming on. Here again is a provisional prospect before mercantile men, which confounds the hope they entertained of better times, and paralyses their exertions.

Nor is England alone in her commercial perplexities; France, if not worse, is quite as badly off as we are, and from a similar cause, her continued political agitation. The insurrection of the silk weavers at Lyons, was but one of the symptoms of the distress which reigns throughout the industrious classes of the French community,—a proof of the decline which has taken place in their internal as well as their external commercial intercourse. Do we derive any consolation from having such a partner as France in our misfortunes? On the contrary, it is but an additional proof of the great difficulties which we have to surmount. Had France been in a state of prosperity, it would have shown that our complaint was peculiar to ourselves, and of a transitory nature. But with France as much depressed as we are, we perceive that our malady is of a most extensive and formidable character, and that civilized Europe cannot look forward with much hope, when its two most illustrious nations are both manacled, as it were, in the fetters of adversity.

Amidst these gloomy prospects, if we glance at the United States of America, we shall find that they exhibit the animating features of a great political body, held together only by their mutual pledges of security, governed only by the principles of matured reason and genuine freedom, with the least possible expense, and therefore rapidly improving in all the enjoyments of which human society is susceptible. While we have to provide for an enormous debt, and for an annual expenditure, which absorbs a sum equal to the interest of that debt; and while for both these incessant outgoings we have to obtain supplies from a declining revenue, we behold that union of republics rising in the scale of prosperity year after year, and diminishing its national debt with such progressive vigour, that in the course of a few months more it will have no debt at all! That will be an event, of which our trans-Atlantic brethren may well be proud—a situation of which, we believe, no other state in Europe, or the whole continent of America, can boast for many years, perhaps centuries, yet to come.

This fact alone ought to be sufficient to convince us, that in this old world of ours, we are involved in a labyrinth of errors, upon almost every question that can concern the welfare of the community at large. It has been said by the opponents of the Reform Bill, and it is repeated in the American pamphlet before us, that the fervor of reform is somewhat abated amongst the people of this country. We begin to be of the same opinion. We certainly think that much less is said and felt at present, with respect to that measure, important though it be, than was either said or felt some months ago. But does this general apathy arise from a real indifference to the reformation in the constitution of the House of Commons? They who would answer this question in the affirmative, would soon find that they were much mistaken. The truth is, that the people have long looked upon reform as gained, and they already perceive, that, great as the abuses are which that measure will remove, there are many others of a still more grievous nature, which, in its outline at least, it leaves altogether untouched. The Bill does not include a provision for the regulation of the debt, for the reduction of the intolerable burthen of taxes by which we are oppressed, for placing the government upon a more economical footing, for abolishing all pensions, for the separation of the church from the state, for the abolition of tithes, and the establishment of the principle that every man should be at liberty to pay his own clergyman. These are the leading points upon which the country is now fixing its gaze; and these being, as it were, beyond the Reform Bill, the latter may be correctly said to excite amongst us at present but little attention, compared with that which it called forth when it was first presented to our notice. We had then been wrapped in a profound lethargy, from which the Bill effectually awoke us; it was a giant of vast dimensions in our sight, so long as our vision was inexperienced in appreciating the true extent of such an object: but now that we have examined it on all sides, and find that it is indeed calculated to produce some salutary alterations, we feel that we cannot be content with these, and that we must proceed a great deal farther than the House of Commons in the work of regeneration.

The author of the American pamphlet, who mistakes our situation on some points, on others sees before him, and reasons upon our prospects of amelioration with much sagacity, attaches rather too much importance to the reference which was made to the will of the people, in the speeches pronounced by the King at the dissolution of the last, and the opening of the present, Parliament. That reference was strictly constitutional; it was by no means unusual; and all it meant was, that, if the people wished for reform, they would carry that wish into effect by returning members to the House of Commons who would vote in conformity with the popular feeling. The desires of the people may also be expressed by public meetings, resolutions, petitions, and addresses; but they have no mode so secure as that of a general election, for promoting the success of any measure which they look upon as essential to their interests. Though parliamentary conventions are by no means new in our history, yet a popular convention, or 'constituent assembly,' as our American friend terms it, would be altogether unprecedented, and we take it for granted that no such assembly ever can be held in this country, with the sanction of the king and his government. If any great question arise, upon which the people shall be resolved to manifest their combined power, it is not improbable that such an assembly might be held; but its very existence would pre-suppose the abolition of the monarchy, and the subjugation of the aristocracy, which certainly never would surrender its present position without a battle.

'It is true, the only question avowedly put to the people by the dissolution was, whether they, or rather such of them as exercised the right of suffrage, were in favor of the bill. But that bill is a great change in the representation. It applies a new principle to every seat of the Commons' House of Parliament, and the King says, the adoption of this change is referred by him TO THE SENSE OF THE PEOPLE. For as good a reason as those which dictated this reference, the extent and details of this change ought to be, and eventually and indirectly will be, referred to the sense of the people. For the same reason, if any other mode of collecting the sense of the people on these great questions, more authentic and convenient than that of an election of members of Parliament, should be proposed, it must be adopted. That is, if a regular constituent assembly should be convened, on the principle of an equal geographical representation, or any other equal principle, the sense of the people, thus authentically expressed in favour of some farther modification of the Constitution, must be accepted and obeyed. For the same reason, if this popular sense should settle down in favour of a Government popular in all its branches,—whoever else may stand uncommitted,—the present King of England and his responsible Ministers stand pledged to adopt it.

'But the King and his Ministers have, as the event proved, not gone farther than the majority of the people of England. The election of the present Parliament showed that the people were in favour of ascertaining the sense of the people, and would have shewn it much more decisively, had the elections been more popular. The sentiment expressed by the King is undoubtedly that of a majority of the people of England, and this it is, which gives it its significance and weight. There cannot be a doubt, that, as the sense of the people has been for a century and a half more and more the directing principle in the administration of public affairs in England, it is henceforth to be so, much more eminently and authoritatively. It has heretofore been applied to the administration; now and hereafter it is applicable to the Constitution. Mr. Pitt, after valiantly sustaining himself for three months against a majority of the House of Commons, took the sense of the people, (meaning always the electors, a body then smaller and less popular than now,) whether he should continue in office. The question now taken has been, whether the House of Commons, the *old* House resting on prescription, should continue in office, and it has been decided in the negative. The people have decided that a new House on new principles shall be created.

'The importance of the subject, to which this principle is now applied, no less than the Constitution of the House of Commons,—the great effective power in the British Government,—and the entire parity of reasoning, by which the same principle must and will be extended to every other question, require of us to regard it as the principle, on which the British Government is henceforward to be organized and administered.'—pp. 12—14.

The first difficulty which, as the author thinks, will meet the reformed House in the very commencement of its operations, will be the distribution of the *constituency*, a word by no means so new amongst us as he seems to imagine. It will soon appear, and no doubt be complained of, that towns which differ from each other considerably in wealth and population, elect the same number of members, and that several counties will be similarly situated. It will also appear, that millions of persons, many of whom are more competent to exercise the elective franchise, than a great majority of those who shall enjoy it under the new law, are absolutely excluded from that valuable privilege. If this be the case in England, much more obvious and objectionable will be the disproportion in Scotland and Ireland, between the number of electors and the whole population.

'These diversities are all at war with the true principle of the bill. They require for their justification, the old and now discarded principle of prescription, and cannot all plead even that. And when the newly constructed machine comes to work; and when momentous questions come to be carried by very small majorities, and it then appears that a different result would have been produced, had the representation been equal and apportioned on any systematic plan among the population of the United Kingdom, it will be impossible to resist the demand for such a plan. It will be absolutely necessary to organize the House on a system, which will represent the sense of the people *authentically*. There is no way to do this, but that of dividing the country into districts, according to population. There is no other systematic plan that will bear examination. The idea of combining with a ratio of population a ratio of wealth, has something plausible in it. It was one of the provisions of the first new constitution, adopted in France after the revolution of 1789. But it is wholly nugatory. Under the idea of representing property, as well as population, you apportion representatives among the districts according to the amount of taxation *imposed on each*. Thus far the plan, perhaps, looks well; at least it conforms to the principle. But when you enter the districts, and come to the exercise of the right of suffrage, you find that you have given to the poor inhabitant of the rich district a larger share of constituent power, than to the rich inhabitant of the poor district—a result neither reasonable in itself, nor such as the plan was intended to produce. Mr. Burke exposed the vices of this plan, in his comments on the French Constitution referred to above.

'But in addition to this, it is as impossible as it is needless, from the nature of things, in a representative government, to represent property *as such.* Has there been a question respecting property before Parliament since 1688, on which the men of property of all classes,—nobles, gentlemen, and commoners,—have not been divided? One great interest rules in one county; an opposite interest rules in the next. One peer, with a rental of 200,000*l.*, is on one side, and another with the same rental is on the other side.

'There is no interest in the community, which can be identified as that of *the property*, apart from a wise and equal administration of law. If you were to put all the rich men into a class, on the plan of Servius Tullius, you would find them divided by the same parties, which in all free governments divide the people.

'Besides all this, the indirect influence of wealth is amply sufficient for its own protection, and quite as great as it ought to be. It must be recollected, that as far as the enactment of equal laws and the just administration of them are concerned, the man of frugal property is the ally of his opulent neighbour. The industrious mechanic is quite as much concerned as the rich capitalist, to have property safe, and to see that the laws protect its acquisition and enjoyment. Beyond the promotion of this end, wealth in great masses ought to have no influence; and in the promotion of this end, it has, as such, no *exclusive* interest.

'We come back then to our proposition, that with a view, as the King expresses it, to ascertain the sense of the people authentically, it will very soon be found necessary to establish a regular plan of geographical districts. A little study of our Congressional system will show our friends across the water, with what surprising simplicity and ease this may be done; and they will look at the Gothic complication of burgesses and knights, and the arithmetical entanglements of schedule A and schedule B, with astonishment bordering on incredulity.—pp. 17—19.

The next step, this writer thinks, will be a new modification of the House of Lords. This will be necessary to the removal of all insuperable obstacles to the effective expression of the sense of the people.

'The peers, originally and theoretically, were a separate estate in the realm; that is, we suppose, a class of men performing separate functions, and for this purpose enjoying separate privileges. This estate stood originally on the tenure of military service. It would be idle to parade the cheap historical lore that belongs to the subject. Our readers know all about it. No one is ignorant, that the four or five hundred individuals, who now compose the House of Peers, have long ceased to be an estate of the realm, in its ancient authentic sense. They sit, we are taught, in a House of Parliament, *because* they are an estate. But take away their

House, and what estate are they then? They have no functions, no interests peculiar to themselves. They raise and pay no troops, lead no armies; and are neither wiser, richer, nor better bred than their neighbours. It is the principle of the Reform Bill, that the enjoyment of the Parliamentary franchise, from the oldest periods of the Constitution, creates no claim to its continuance, unless the requisite *qualification* is united with it. Now the qualification of the House of Peers, that is, their being a separate estate of the realm, has for many generations been wearing out, and is now wholly gone. They remain in theory a separate estate, and so is Old Sarum in theory a borough, entitled to send two Members to Parliament. But, in fact, the Peers are distinguished in nothing but their titles from the rest of the community. We take it for granted that nobody denies this; and that no one has a better defence to make for the House of Lords, than that made by Mr. Canning, viz., that the Government is a mixed and limited monarchy, and that the House of Peers is a necessary part of such a monarchy. This, of course, is not *reasoning*. It merely asserts a historical fact, as to the official character of the House of Lords. But is this defence of the peerage agreeable to the new principle of the British Government? Is it conformable *to the sense of the people*, that after *their* representatives have adopted an important measure, three or four hundred gentlemen, (selected by the chance of birth, and for no qualifications, from the mass of the population,) shall say, we do not like this measure, and it shall not become a law? This is to suppose the people to have, at the same time and on the same subject a judgment at war with itself:—to wish that their own will should not be carried into effect.'

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'The Governments of Europe (except the French) rest, if we may so express it, on a historical basis; they are what time and events have made them, and a great deal of which no reasonable account can now be given, exists and is perpetuated by the force of custom. In countries not despotically governed, this acquiescence in what exists, is the great strength of the constitution. The English institutions rest, for the most part, on this basis. It is the basis of the common law. It is a basis firm enough for common times. But when violent times come, and radical changes are projected by ambitious innovators armed with military strength, or when sweeping reforms are undertaken by speculative statesmen, it is then plain, that the historical basis fails. It is avowedly repudiated. The military usurper tramples it under foot; the speculative reformer professes to disregard it. They are the more successful, because it is of the nature of the historical basis, as it were, of itself to perish, to rot away. The name remains,—and scarcely that,—but the thing is gone. The friends of the existing system tell you, that a nobility is a part of the history, nay, of the antiquity of the British monarchy; that there have been barons, and earls, and dukes, from time immemorial; an integral estate of the realm, of eminent dignity. But when you scrutinize the subject nearly, you find that the name only is ancient, that the substance which it once described has ceased to exist; and that the peers of England are in no degree different from the rest of the citizens, nor for any reason more competent or better entitled to form a house of legislation, than many hundreds and thousands of their fellow-citizens. So that even on the historical basis, the House of Peers has no solid foundation. It might stand unshaken so long as the principle of prescription is not called in question, but questioned and rejected as it is in the House of Commons, we see not how it can stand in the House of Lords.

'What does the great English revolution of the seventeenth century teach us on this subject,—what is the lesson of the Commonwealth? We think it entirely safe to ask that question, for we cannot doubt, that the revolution now commenced will go, to say the least, as far, not in popular violence, but in giving a popular character to the Government. The revolution of 1640 was a passionate, tumultuary, perhaps we may say fanatical movement, soon running into a military despotism. Great principles were struck out, but not calmly and systematically developed. Old institutions were rudely torn down, and any thing which the turbulence of the moment permitted was provisionally reared in their place. The various Parliaments assembled during the Commonwealth, were but a bitter and bloody mockery of a representation. The present revolution has begun, and we trust will proceed calmly, and for that reason systematically and far. It will be likely to go farther than the Commonwealth, because it will proceed on rational grounds, reforming, not subverting; and building anew wherever it is necessary to take down the unsafe and antiquated structures of ancient days. There will be no Straffords impeached, nor Lauds accused of treason, but we should not be surprised should the Commons again vote "the Lords to be useless and dangerous, and therefore to be abolished."'—pp. 19—23.

The author of this very able pamphlet was not aware when he wrote it, of the actual abolition of the hereditary principle in the legislative peerage of France. Had that event reached his ear, he would have argued with more confidence as to the impossibility of retaining a similar principle in the legislative peerage of England—a task which, he thinks, would be as difficult, as 'to keep the tide at one level at Dover and another at Calais.' 'In both countries,' he adds, 'the natural course of things will lead to an imitation of our senatorial bodies,' though he does not seem to be firmly convinced that two chambers are essential to the existence of a pure commonwealth. 'It is not probable, however,' he supposes, 'that England will take the risk of a single assembly. It is far more likely, that the kingdom will be divided into senatorial districts, electing, perhaps, a hundred senators for a period somewhat longer than that of the House of Commons, and, like our senate, invested with a portion of the executive functions of the government.'

The question of the continuance of the Crown is next treated by this writer, in terms, the freedom of which we may envy, but dare not, at present, imitate. We may say, however, with the most perfect sincerity, that if royalty was ever popular in England, it has been a hundred fold more so since the accession of his Majesty to the throne. It is to his decision and firmness that the people are indebted, for the unbloody triumphs which they have already achieved over the interests and prejudices of the aristocracy. It is to William the Fourth that we owe the Reform Bill. The throne will therefore be sacred so long as he shall be seated upon it; it will be sacred even from discussion, much more from any attempts of a hostile character.

But there is another consequence likely to flow from the spirit, if not from the letter of the reform law, to which we feel no delicacy whatever in alluding,—we mean the entire abolition of the existing Church establishment. We have more than once given expression to ideas upon this subject, similar in many respects to those which our American friend advances.

'Among the consequences which will flow from adopting "the sense of the people" as the new principle of the British Government, we reckon, *in the fourth place*, the entire abrogation of the present national Church establishment. This, in fact, would seem to us more likely to happen at an early day, than the suppression of the peerage or the crown. The case of the established Church, we believe to be somewhat as follows. The Church of England is established by law in England and Ireland, with certain great exclusive privileges; and about one half of the English population are attached to that Church. In Scotland, the Presbyterian Church is the Church established by law, and a small minority of the people belongs to the Episcopal or English Church. In Ireland, five-sixths, some authorities say, four-fifths, of the people are of the Catholic Church.

'Now, in the House of Peers, (we believe) thirty bishops and archbishops of the Church of England sit, as spiritual lords, possessing the same privileges, as members of that House, with the other peers. No Catholic bishop or priest is permitted a seat in the House of Lords, although, by the late act of emancipation, the lay Catholic nobility are restored to their seats. No dignitary nor teacher of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland is allowed to sit in the House of Lords, although that Church is by law the established Church of that part of the British empire. No dissenting teacher of any rank is allowed a seat in the House of Peers, although the dissenters are one half of the population of England. Will it be in conformity with the sense of the people of Great Britain, that thirty of the dignitaries of the minority Church should possess this great privilege? Is it right that they should? If the cause of religion require, that certain of its functionaries should hold seats in one of the Houses of Parliament, can any reasons be given, why these seats should be monopolized by one communion, and that the minority?

'Here even the great argument of antiquity fails; the Catholic Church is entitled to the advantage of that argument on this point. The Church of England, as such, dates, at the earliest, from 1532.

'Then, too, the property of the Church. Considerable endowments were made in ancient times, and in the days of the Catholic Church, for the support of religion. A part of these were confiscated by Henry VIII., and by him bestowed on his lay favorites; a part are still applied to the service of religion, and are appropriated by the State exclusively to the established Church. Is it right, that these endowments of the ancient Catholic land-owner should be monopolized by one communion of Protestants, and that the minority? A considerable addition has, we believe, been made to these endowments since the Reformation, by reserving the tithes, or a commutation of them, on the enclosure of common lands. These funds, like the more ancient ones, are also appropriated exclusively to the support of the minority Church.

'The universities may be considered as a part of this Church. A liberal share of the ecclesiastical endowments is in the disposal of these noble establishments. All the dignities, offices, and emoluments of these institutions are monopolized by the minority Church; and what is harder, their advantages, as places of education, are monopolized in the same way. If we are not misinformed, a subscription to the articles of the Church of England is required at one of the universities on admission, at the other on graduation. So that a young man, who is a conscientious member of the Church established by law in Scotland, cannot be graduated at an English university; nor the son of the Earl Marshal of England, the heir of all the blood of all the Howards, receive his education at the college which, perhaps, one of his ancestors endowed.

'Such a state of things cannot stand under a representative system. The universities, as a matter of course, will at least be thrown open to all comers. Equally, as a matter of course, we apprehend, will the ecclesiastical funds be applied to the support of religious teachers, on some principle of equal distribution. We go thus far, on the assumption, that these funds will continue to be raised to the extent to which they are now levied. But whether it will be thought just, by the reformed Parliament, giving effect to the popular sense, to assess on the owner of the land the whole cost of supporting the teachers of religion,—which is the effect of the present system,—we do not pretend to say.

'That something will be done, and that speedily, with the Church, seems to be understood. It appears to be admitted, even on the present system, that its revenues require a new apportionment between the dignitaries and the labouring clergy. A commencement has already been made with the Irish Church. On the 6th of last September, Mr. Hume made a motion in Parliament, that an address should be presented to his Majesty, "that he will be graciously pleased not to recommend to fill up the vacant sees of Derry and of Dublin, until the revenues of those sees are regulated in a manner consistent with the best interests of the established Church and the peace of Ireland." On occasion of this motion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that in making a disposition of these sees, it was the intention of the Government to make it, not as regarded the see of Derry, but generally as regarded all the sees. It was his opinion, that no appropriation should be made of the revenues of the established Church to any other object; but that a different distribution of those revenues could be made with great advantage.

'It is plain, that the principle here advanced applies equally to the English sees, and, probably, to some of them in an equal degree.

'Did the whole population belong to the Church of England, a new distribution of the revenues of the Church, which should give a fair remuneration to the labouring clergy, would be all that justice requires in this respect. It may be, as we have said, a question of public expediency, how far it is right to raise those funds exclusively from the land. But as the present owner of the lands came into possession of them with this incumbrance, he does not appear to be wronged. That the tenant, however, does not, as is alleged, suffer a proportionate share of this burden on the land, we are not prepared to admit. But this is aside from our purpose, and would plunge us into the whole metaphysics of the subject of rent.

'But the Church of England being the Church of the minority, it is plain, that "the sense of the people" will go beyond a more equal distribution among the teachers of that Church of the funds consecrated to the purpose of religion. It will require, that by some process or other, these funds should be apportioned among all the communions. Whether this shall be done, by permitting the tithe-payer to make his payment to the religious teacher of his own election, or whether the whole shall be paid into the Exchequer, to be apportioned by the Government among all the Churches of all communions, will be a question for future decision. In France, in consequence of the alienation of Church property in the revolution, the entire religious establishment is supported by the Government. It ought to be borne in mind, to the honour of the French Government, that the Protestant teachers are paid their salaries from the treasury, as well as the priests of the establishment. A similar liberality is extended by the Government of Austria to the dissenting communions in that empire, not excepting the Unitarians of Transylvania.

'But we cannot disguise the conviction, that the sense of the people of Great Britain, equally represented in a free Parliament, will go much farther in the matter of Church reform than we have yet indicated. If we have not mistaken the state of public opinion in that country, it has on this subject been ripening toward *a grand and general system of independency* and religious freedom. If ever there was a truly Anglo-Saxon idea struck out,—if ever there was a notion suggested in the full spirit of English liberty, it was that of our glorious forefathers, the Puritans or Independents. They developed it, in all its perfection, as far as it concerns the independence of each single religious society; but even they did not carry it out to the liberty of each and every individual conscience. But the civilization of the age has pretty nearly reached the goal on this subject, and the one principle is as widely admitted as the other.

'It is an essential—the most essential—part of religious liberty to be permitted to join those, who agree with us in opinion, in selecting the religious teacher to whose instructions we choose to listen. If we voluntarily attach ourselves to a communion, whose spiritual heads are authorized to designate the subordinate teachers, there is, of course, no hardship in their designation in this way. But the State, as such, must not interfere. Whether after its interference shall be withdrawn in Great Britain, the spiritual organization of the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Catholic, and other Churches will subsist, as it does at present, will depend on themselves. There will, probably, be a great extension of the practice of a choice of the religious teacher, by the society which he is to instruct. What difficulty would there be in adopting, in the Church of England, the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country, whose clergy are as respectable as their brethren in England, and are elected by the churches to which they minister? The pecuniary interest possessed in advowsons will, of course, if any change should be made in this system, be a proper subject for equitable indemnification. But this we are bold to say, that before a Parliament representing the sense of the people, the present ecclesiastical system cannot stand a day. There is not an argument in favour of it. Dr. Paley, a high dignitary of the established Church, admits that the provision for the support of religion in some parts of America, as he understood it, was the most perfect which had been devised. The provision to which he referred was one, which obliged the citizen to contribute to the support of a religious teacher, leaving to each individual the choice of his teacher. Short of this, the progress of reform will hardly stop in England.'—pp. 28—34.

We think so too. We own that we look forward to what we may call the ecclesiastical consequences of the Bill, as among the most important, as well as the most salutary, which it is calculated to produce. In England the approach of Church reform is already manifest. There are many highly-gifted and well-informed minds at work, preparing the moral rail-road, on which that great and necessary change is to travel at an accelerated rate. Every man you meet, unless he be himself a clergyman, or have clerical connexions, speaks of reform in the Church of England as a measure absolutely requisite, even to the maintenance of the clergy themselves. In many parishes the church rate has been refused: of course, it will be enforced during the present year, but not many years longer. In Ireland the tithe has been refused with so much effect, that Parliament has taken up the question, with a view to bring about some arrangement, whereby the clergy can be supported with less inconvenience to the population. With such a subject as this, so far as Ireland is concerned, we may fearlessly predict, the legislature will find it impossible to deal, except in the way of utter abolition. The view which our American friend has taken upon this point, is just and statesman-like.

> 'There is no part of the landscape, of which we find it so difficult to get a clear view as Ireland. A fatal wall of partition is kept up between her and the English Government. If that wall should be broken down, Ireland is safe; if not, we see not how, under a popular Parliament, it can be retained. That wall of partition is the legal establishment in Ireland of a Church hostile to the faith of the people of Ireland. Turks and Greeks do not differ more in their feelings on this subject, than the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland. Ireland is outraged by the Church establishment; and doubly so, on the comparison of herself with Scotland, whose national faith is established by law. This is the great cause of Irish disaffection. Redundant population and absenteeism are evils; but it is the Church that lies at the root of the difficulty, and poisons every thing. Unless the feelings of the people are consulted on this head, they must be held in subjection by military power, or not at all. But how are you to hold a people in military subjection, who, by popular election, send one hundred members to Parliament? The thing is impossible. If that representation do not work out an entire equality of privilege for its constituents, they will swarm off. The concessions already made to the Catholics will avail nothing. Concessions to a discontented party have no effect, but to give the party new strength and confidence. There is no medium between withholding all and granting all. If the Catholic population of Ireland shall, in each and every respect, be placed on a footing with their Protestant brethren, and every point of distinction be removed, and if Ireland be admitted to a share of the representation proportioned to her numbers, it may be retained in its connexion with England. If this is not done, it can only be kept by military possession.'—pp. 40, 41.

The government will, unquestionably, very soon have to choose one of three courses with respect to Ireland: either to allow it to govern itself as a separate and independent state, or to abolish not only the tithes, but the Church by law established in that country, and govern it through the Catholic millions of its population; or to keep up the Protestant Church by a modification of the tithe system, and by the assistance of at least a hundred thousand armed soldiers. It is a mere idle speculation to think of any medium between these three divergent paths. There are no two men in the empire who know this better than Lords Grey and Brougham; and it is very clear to us, that in permitting Mr. Stanley and Viscount Melbourne to obtain committees from the two Houses of Parliament, for the purpose of collecting evidence, with respect to the tithe question in Ireland, they have given their sanction to an experiment which must result in proving to demonstration, that the Established Church cannot go on in Ireland, consistently with the peace and welfare of the great majority of the people.

Mr. Eagle's legal argument, with a view to shew that tithes are the property of the public, and under the absolute control of the legislature, is unanswerable. In the Christian Church, when the hierarchy was first established, there were no such things as benefices. The bishop and his clergy lived together at the cathedral church, and 'whatever tithes and offerings were received by the bishop, or his officers, they were all brought into a common fund for the maintenance of worship, the support of the bishop and clergy, the feeding, clothing, and burying their poor brethren; for the relief of widows or orphans, persons tyrannically condemned to the mines, to prison, or banishment, and for other suitable works of piety and charity.' When parishes were created, and benefices endowed, the tithes, which had been previously divided into four parts, were apportioned in three; the first part being reserved for the support of the church, the second for the clergy, and the third for the poor; and although in some places the lay patrons had taken the first and third portions under their own management, in trust for the maintenance of the church and the poor, yet this abuse had very generally ceased in England before the Reformation. When that event occurred, the parochial clergy and the religious houses were, in fact, possessed of all the tithes of ecclesiastical benefices, in trust, for the three purposes just stated. Since the Reformation, however, the clergy have taken the whole of the three divisions to themselves, and have thrown the expense of erecting and repairing churches, and of feeding the poor, upon the community at large.

There is no doubt that the payment of tithes was originally a voluntary and pious offering, and that every person who paid tithes was at liberty to pay them to any clergyman whom he thought entitled to such an acknowledgment for his services. When benefices were first created, they were endowed by private liberality with a house and glebe; but although partial consecrations of tithes had taken place before the reign of John, they were not generally annexed to benefices until the commencement of the thirteenth century, when a law was enacted for that purpose. It follows, that if the legislature gave the tithes to the parochial clergy, the legislature can also take them away.

But it is, in truth, mere folly to entangle our fingers among the old cobwebs of the law, upon such a topic as this. The real question is, will the people continue to pay the tithes to the clergy of a church, which, in Ireland, does not embrace within its circle a fifteenth part of the population, and, in England, is every year becoming less and less respected?

The picture which Mr. Stanley drew of the state of Ireland, when he proposed the reference of this important subject to a select committee, at the commencement of the present session, displays a much wider field for reflection than he, perhaps, had intended to furnish. Mr. Stanley is an ambitious man, desirous of shining and leading in public life, and looking, no doubt, to a much higher rank in the cabinet than that which he now enjoys. He is apprehensive that he cannot possibly succeed in his wishes, if he entertain, or, at least, give expression to, ideas calculated to excite the suspicions of the churchmen as to the sincerity of his attachment to the established faith; and although he well knows that some very strong measures must eventually be adopted with respect to the Church of Ireland, he is as yet afraid to approach them, and, as Lord Ebrington well expressed it, upon another occasion, he, and indeed all his colleagues, are at present "halting between two opinions." Hence it was that he talked of improvements in the collection of tithe in Ireland, which "would afford the necessary security to the Protestant Church, while they tended to the removal of the grievances complained of." This, we beg leave to tell the Right Honourable Secretary, is downright nonsense. Under whatever title, money or the produce of land can be appropriated to the maintenance of the Protestant clergy in Ireland, the system itself will be odious, and, he may depend upon it, will be, from the very beginning of it, impracticable. It is not so much to the tithes that the objection is entertained in that country, but to the payment of tithes to a hierarchy, whose services the great majority of the people have uniformly repudiated,—whose very presence they detest,—whose doctrines they despise. "Security to the Protestant Church," indeed! Why, what a statesman is this not to see, and not to proclaim it openly, and without disguise, that it is the existence of that very burthensome establishment which stands between the people of Ireland and the hope of prosperity! It is impossible that the Church can be secure in a country where it is almost universally hated, and it is equally impossible that the Irish people can ever be attached to the British government, until, instead of devising measures for raising new bulwarks round that Church, the ministry efface every vestige of it from the face of a land, upon which it never would flourish, if the world were to endure for a *hundred thousand* years.

It is admitted on all hands, that the law of tithe, as it at present stands, cannot be enforced in Ireland, and that any attempt to enforce it has only been followed by fresh triumphs on the part of the people. We are very far from considering, as triumphs, however, those outrages which have been occasionally perpetrated against the persons of the unfortunate men, who have been employed as the officers of the law by the clergy. Such proceedings as these are more than criminal. They indicate a state of society, differing only in name, from the hordes of savage hunters who still occupy the north-western territories of America. At the same time it must be admitted, that the ferocity which particularly marked the massacre of a number of policemen in the county of Kilkenny, infamous though it must be deemed, gave a terrible warning, as to the extremes of madness and despair to which the people had been driven. It must also be acknowledged, that such outrages are of rare occurrence, and that latterly the opposition to the payment of tithes has been carried on in a strictly legal manner. The impost is refused, and the clergy are compelled to adopt the most vexatious proceedings, which, even when successful, reduce their expected incomes to a half, or even to a third. In describing the systematic opposition which they experience throughout the counties of Carlow, Wicklow, Wexford, Tipperary, Longford, Westmeath, Kilkenny, and the King's and Queen's counties, Mr. Stanley says, "Cattle had been seized in default of payment, and the plan was resorted to of confining them within doors in the daytime, and letting them out during a short period of the night. If they were sent to graze in the daytime, scouts and signals intimated the approach of the officers of the law, and they were driven off. When seized, no opposition was offered to the law; being branded by the owner beforehand, they were impounded and brought to sale. No man, however, would expose himself to the odium of becoming a purchaser, and the tithe collector was obliged to purchase them himself. They were taken to a distant market; but on their way thither, no man would give them provender, or even a night's shelter. They were escorted by police to the sea-shore, for the purpose of being sold in the markets of this country; but resolutions had been entered into, even in this country, that no person would buy Irish cattle, branded and brought to sale for the payment of tithes!" Who shall say after this, that the acts of the legislature, even when zealously aided by the civil and military authorities, are worth one farthing, when they are opposed to the interests and wishes of the people?

Under Mr. Goulburn's Irish administration, a law was enacted for the composition of tithes, the effect of which was to make the tithe a kind of equitable assessment upon the whole parish, and the clergy were put in possession of all the remedies of a landlord. Yet under this law, the matter was not at all mended. In proof of this, we may refer to the letter of Archdeacon Cotton, rector of

Thurles, a populous and important town in the county of Tipperary. We refer to that gentleman's statement the more readily, because he is, in every sense of the word, an amiable, enlightened, liberal-minded man; who would be one of the last persons in the country to commit himself in any unnecessary proceedings, that might tend to render his church more odious than it was in the eyes of his parishioners, all of whom, (numbering six or seven thousand,) with the exception of about two hundred and fifty, are Catholics. That gentleman, addressing the Irish government from a place where the new Act was in force, said,

> "I am not asking payment for any tithes of this last harvest, but am merely suing for arrears of former years, and suing in the only way which the law provides—namely, by civil bill process at the quarter sessions, for notes voluntarily passed by the tithe payers, which notes ought to have been paid long ago, but which the parties uniformly decline paying, until compelled to it by course of law. More than £1000 is now due to me on such notes, and as these sums are owing by about 500 persons, the law requires that each person or his house shall be served with a process before he is brought into Court: how great a difficulty, if resistance be made, presents itself even in this first stage! Yet this is far from the whole; for even if these processes be served by means of extraordinary military succour, the presence of the person who served them, and his oath to that effect, will be required at the sessions: should he be prevented by violence, or deterred by threats, (a very likely matter in the present state of things,) the whole of these, accomplished with so much difficulty, become as mere waste paper. Again, if the person who witnessed the promissory notes be deterred in the same way from appearing, the notes become useless; and the clergyman is not only defrauded of his rights, long and painfully sought for, and acknowledged even by the parties themselves, but moreover is put to considerable expense in legal proceedings, all of which will then fall upon himself. Still farther, if these obstructions are surmounted, and the assistant barrister is satisfied as to the justice of the claims, and grants all the decrees, is the end now gained? Far from it! Another stage of difficulty is yet to be passed, and the same brute force will be brought forward to resist execution of the Court's judgements; and who will dare in the present state of that district to execute a single decree? In the mean time, for every one of these I must have advanced 7*s.* 6*d.*, the whole 500 of which may possibly be entirely useless."

What can be more painful, we ask, than to see a clergyman of a Christian church placed in such a situation as this? How is it possible that he can go through his duties, agitated by perpetual apprehensions, not only for the decent maintenance of his family, but even for his personal safety, amongst a hostile population? What new system can be substituted for the Composition Act, which can by possibility render the payment of the tithe more palatable to the people? Let it be demanded from them as a rent payable to the landlord, or a tax payable to the state, they still must feel that it goes to the support of an establishment in which they have no interest, to which they owe all the misery that at present afflicts their country, and still they will refuse it under the new fangled title quite as systematically and as firmly as they have refused it under the old. The consequence will be, that the clergy must abandon the Catholic counties of Ireland; and that undoubtedly would be the wisest resolution they could take. They are not wanted in those counties; on the contrary, they are all looked upon as intruders, and the sooner they quit the better. Mr. Stanley read in the House a communication from another clergyman, Dr. Butler, vicar of Burnchurch, in the county of Kilkenny, from which it appears that the life of a vicar at Burnchurch is anything but enviable.

> "You are aware that a meeting of hurlers, persons unconnected with the parish, assembled at my house, and that I would not submit to their intimidation. Since that day one of my proctors was most cruelly murdered. The other has been obliged, privately, to leave the country. An unfortunate server of latitats was taken by force from 25 police, and by a miracle escaped death. The most foul and false calumnies have been published concerning me in the *Kilkenny Journal*, and myself and two of my sons have finally been obliged to fly the country. And after a residence of more than 36 years, during which time my sole endeavour was to benefit my parishioners, I have been banished from my home and my duty, a starving exile. The income of the parish is above 2000*l.* a year. The sums payable out of that income amount to more than 600*l.* a year, to wit, interest on money borrowed for building the glebe-house; quit rent; crown rent; instalment to the Board of First Fruits; rent of glebe; school-masters' salary; rent of school-house; four curates' proxies, and exhibits; insurance of house and offices which the law requires to be paid, and the charge for management. The money to pay these demands must be provided and paid. I have sold my horses, advertised my carriage, parted with all my labourers and servants, and broken up my entire establishment. I have now but one woman servant; and I believe that I am not the only clergyman in the same situation, reduced from comfort to absolute poverty. No remuneration could tempt any person to view the parish—no process-server appointed by the Assistant Barrister will serve a tithe process—no bailiff dare make his appearance; and if legal decrees were obtained, they could not be executed. The farmers say that they have completely abolished tithes; and that they never will pay until they know what Parliament will do."

There are many other clergymen of the establishment, it is well known, in the other Catholic counties of Ireland similarly situated; and we are not at all surprised at it. The people of Ireland are beginning to know their rights, and determined, we hope, to assert them. The grievance of being compelled to pay tithe to a church which is an alien to all their religious habits, a scorner of their tenets, is perhaps the most intolerable which a man can be called upon to suffer. But this grievance, odious as it is in its most simple and mitigated form, becomes a wicked tyranny as it exists in Ireland. There, it seems, a poor man, whose whole tithes annually do not amount to more than 1*s.* 8*d.*, "is yet subject to have his cow, sheep, pig, or horse, taken and driven to the pound six times in the year for tithes, and liable upon each and every driving to a charge of 2*s.* 6*d.*, driver's fees, besides expense of impounding, and waste of time from his labour in seeking the person duly authorised to give him a receipt. He is liable to be summoned, moreover, and decreed for vestry cess once in the year, making annually seven calls on account of the church to his little plot of *one acre!*" A fact of this description, stated, as it is, upon the authority of a Protestant clergyman, is too revolting to that spirit of justice which exists in every man's heart, to need one word of commentary. Every person in whom the feelings of humanity are not utterly extinguished, will at once agree, that such a system of exaction as this ought not to be permitted in a free country.

Mr. Stanley flatters himself with the hope that he can commute the tithe for an adequate portion of land in Ireland. It is not very easy to see by what process this object can be effected, without the outlay of a large sum of money by the Treasury; an outlay to which we much doubt whether a Reformed Parliament will ever consent. But supposing that this plan be accomplished, and that the clergy obtain a tenth or twelfth part of all the productive land in Ireland in lieu of the tithe, will their lot be in any degree ameliorated? Far from it. They must either cultivate the land themselves, or let it out to tenants. If the former, they must cease to be clergymen; for the business of their farms will occupy all their time. If the latter, they must still be dependent on Catholic tenants for the payment of their rents; and these ecclesiastical rents would very soon become as odious as the tithes, and would either cease to be paid, or the lands would be uncultivated. Put it in what shape you will, it will still return to its old objectionable form, a payment for the support of an intrusive church; and until that church be confined within the narrow limits in which its doctrines are received, the people of Ireland never will know contentment, and can make no progress in the career of commercial enterprize.

ART. II.—*Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times.* By Lord Nugent. In 2 vols., 8vo. London: Murray. 1832.

LORD NUGENT sets out with an acknowledgment, which very favourably distinguishes him from almost all the modern biographers with whose works we are acquainted; for it argues in his lordship's mind the existence of a very just estimate of the duties which he thus voluntarily undertakes. He observes, that it would have been idle and presumptuous in him to attempt an enterprise such as the Life of Hampden, unless that attempt were justified by a consciousness on the author's part, that he was able to contribute some material addition to what is generally known of the conduct and character of that great man. The noble author accordingly presents us with a specification of those sources of information to which, for the purposes now professed, he has had the advantage of exclusive access. These sources consist, for the most part, of private historical collections, belonging to the representatives of eminent families, most of whom shared in the scenes in which Hampden was a principal actor. The fruits of Lord Nugent's researches amongst those interesting cabinets, added to the results of a careful reference to contemporary history, but particularly to the parliamentary journals and sessional papers of the time, constitute the chief materials of the present work.

We are not prepared, however, to promise that any very important or striking addition to the well-known history of Hampden has been supplied in these volumes. Indeed, Lord Nugent himself seems disposed to forbear from offering any grounds for a contrary anticipation, and he produces as his proximate motive for embarking in this work, the recent publication of "certain imputations" against the political integrity of Hampden. If then we regard the volumes before us not merely in the light of a biography, but chiefly in the nature of a defence of the public conduct of John Hampden, we shall perhaps be better prepared to comprehend the plan and objects of the author. The great design of Lord Nugent appears to be, not by an elaborate and highly finished portrait, to exhibit a perfect resemblance of the original; but, by repairing those traces of beauty in the picture, which calumnious hands have nearly erased from the historical canvas, and by vindicating for his hero the possession of those high virtues, of which a hostile faction would seek to plunder his reputation, to restore the character of Hampden to that unlimited veneration of his countrymen, which it once enjoyed, and will ever continue to deserve.

No one can be acquainted even partially with history, who can hear with surprise that such a patriot as Hampden has been accused of corrupt and interested motives. Inculpations of such a nature as this, are the sad conditions upon which some portion of mankind consents to uphold the memory of even its greatest benefactors. But those who are beyond the reach of the petty passions which lead to such ingratitude, will at once see the useful policy of a people exhibiting a solicitude for the fame and credit of men who have, at any time, eminently advanced the interests of their country. How often has it occurred, that patriots, who have conferred benefits of inestimable price upon the land of their birth, have retired out of life, unrequited, and with no other consolation to cheer their dying hour, but the hope that some more impartial generation, in future times, would grant to the memory of the good, that justice which was refused to them when living! The certainty that such a hope of ultimate justice will always be realized, it is useful and politic as often as possible to exemplify. If, at any time, it will happen, that a distant and otherwise discerning p terity shall blindly confirm the iniquitous decree, which, in a passionate and prejudiced age, their forefathers had pronounced against a contemporary of extraordinary merit, then will be destroyed one of the most forcible inducements that have yet impelled men to the execution of virtuous and heroic deeds.

It is only by reflecting on considerations like these, that the reader will be able duly to appreciate, or even relish, these 'Memorials of Hampden.' His attention will be constantly directed throughout these pages, to the diversified counts of that protracted indictment against the celebrated patriot, which was commenced by the great Clarendon, and concluded by—Mr. D'Israeli! He will find that every accusation, however trivial, against one of the brightest, and, at the same time, one of the most rational champions of popular rights, of whom our annals make mention, is met with a degree of candour and indulgence, of which our literary controversies, unfortunately, show but few parallels. In exposing the misrepresentations by which Clarendon sought to blacken the memory of Hampden, Lord Nugent exhibits a consummate acquaintance with the whole of the authentic testimony on which the true history of the period rests: he pursues the noble historian through all the intricacies of his most ingenious sophistry, and traces, with a masterly hand, the various exaggerations and insinuations against Hampden contained in Clarendon's work, to that hatred of the popular cause, which has done so much to impede the salutary influence of one of the finest and most philosophical spirits that adorned the seventeenth century. Laden with the trophies of victory over such an adversary as Lord Clarendon, it is the unhappy fortune of our author to be compelled to enter the lists with such a foe as Mr. D'Israeli, the latest, but by no means the least acrimonious—and certainly the weakest—of the calumniators of Hampden. The consciousness of superior strength over an antagonist was never more nobly displayed, than in the extreme tone of moderation with which Lord Nugent enumerates the offences of Mr. D'Israeli's recent work against historical truth. We fear that the noble writer has too irresistibly proved, that the false criminations of Hampden, and some of the best of Hampden's colleagues, contained in the "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," are not to be attributed altogether to that precipitancy of conclusion, to which men of frail judgment are always so prone. Before the publication of the volumes before us, we had ourselves set down Mr. D'Israeli as worthy of being ranked amongst the gossiping minions of a court. We held him to be a man of extreme simplicity, following the innocent occupation of a collector of literary *vertù*—one who, with all his little political malice, could in no quarter excite the slightest apprehension of mischief. This is our opinion still, although we confess that Lord Nugent has afforded us some new materials for estimating the moral principles by which Mr. D'Israeli seems to be actuated in his historical labours.

It is not only in particular instances, that the spirit of candour and temperate discussion is maintained by Lord Nugent: every page of his lordship's book is animated by it, and so uniformly and so unaffectedly is it preserved throughout, that we feel not less inclined to yield implicit confidence to his authority, than to submit our judgments to the force of his arguments. To every Briton, then, who can take pride in the exaltation of his native country, it must be a subject of the greatest satisfaction to find that an enquiry, conducted upon the principles which we have just described, and so obviously calculated to elicit the truth, has terminated in results which place the honour of the illustrious Hampden out of the reach of all future impeachment. 'I find,' observes Lord Nugent, upon a full review of the whole of the evidence touching the conduct of Hampden, of which he could obtain a sight, 'I find that the motives of Hampden are unstained by any trace of meanness, uninfluenced by any ambitious or vindictive impulse; and his course, throughout, calm, lofty, and undeviating, among the indirect practises of many who surrounded him, and the violent counsels of many more, though himself under the greatest and most varied provocations of any.'—*preface*, p. xix.

Though John Hampden may be considered as one of the most familiarly known characters of British history, yet the fame which he acquired is entirely founded on the transactions of the last seven years of his life. Little, indeed, is known of his previous history, except that, being of a very ancient family, and of large estate, he was looked up to in his county with a respect, which was considerably enhanced by the occasional display of superior talents and judgment in the management of local business. At the age of twenty-six he took his seat in the House of Commons, for the borough of Grampound. He seems to have made no figure at this time in Parliament, and his mother was extremely anxious that he should be raised to the peerage. She writes, in a letter which is still preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum—"If ever my sonn will seek for his honor, tell him nowe to come; for heare is multitudes of lords a makinge——I am ambitious of my sonn's honor, which I wish were now conferred upon hime, that he might not come after so many new creations." Although the calumniators of Hampden have laboured to shew, that the mortification which the denial of a peerage inflicted on his mind, produced that determined hostility to regal power by which his life was rendered so eminent, yet Lord Nugent shows that a thought of the kind never entered into his imagination; and, indeed, when we consider the sort of claims that were in James the First's time admitted as constituting a title to the honours of the state, we must feel that they could not be objects of much ambition to such men as Hampden.

A considerable portion of the first volume of Lord Nugent's work, is devoted to a retrospective view of the various causes, which contributed to place the affairs of the kingdom in the position that called forth the interference of Hampden and his party. When Charles I. succeeded to the throne, the doctrine of Divine Right was maintained with a high hand. Both James and Charles attempted to push the most extravagant parts of this theory into practice, so that the necessity of extending the basis upon which the assertion of popular freedom was to be maintained, appeared obvious to every well-directed mind. A determined party was formed in the House of Commons, for the purpose of resisting the despotic pretensions of the sovereign; and, in the course of a few sessions, the members of this small body, with Hampden at their head, discharged their duties to the public with such zeal and effect, as to draw upon them the direct vengeance of the government.

'The selection of certain eminent persons, at the close of each Parliament, to expiate to the Court their opposition to its measures, had been a course adopted, though with doubtful success, three times before. Now, for the first time, John Hampden was considered to be of sufficient public importance to be ranked among its victims. When the King, in pursuance of his threat to resort to new modes of raising supplies, required a general loan equal to the last assessment for a subsidy (in the raising of which it was announced that persuasion, if ineffectual, was to be only the forerunner of force), Hampden resolutely refused his part; and on being asked why he would not contribute to the King's necessities, made this bold and remarkable reply.*

'"That he could be content to lend, as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a year against those who infringe it."

'The Privy Council, not being satisfied with his own recognizance to appear at the Board, although answerable with a landed property, nearly the largest possessed by any commoner of England, committed him to a close and rigorous imprisonment in the Gate-house. Being again brought before the Council, and persisting in his first refusal, he was sent in custody, although a mitigated one, into Hampshire.'—vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

A series of mischances in the naval operations of the country, taught Charles the necessity of striving to conciliate his subjects; and, by virtue of some limited act of amnesty passed by the King, Hampden, with seventy-seven persons of various conditions, was set at liberty. Persecution had, on this occasion, its usual influence in raising its martyr in general estimation. Hampden's influence went on increasing, and in every important measure which was referred to a committee, he was invariably chosen as one of its members. But shortly before the dissolution of Parliament in 1628-29, perhaps despairing of carrying any measure of redress, and anxious to ascertain if a short period of abstraction from public business, would enable him to resume his parliamentary duties with better chances of success than he could then reckon upon, Hampden retired to the privacy of his estate in Buckinghamshire. In the meantime, the despotic nature of Charles was indulging itself, at

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'* Rushworth,—Whitelocke.'

the expense of every class of the people, in all its wildest excesses. The very foundations of society appeared to have been undermined, and every regard for virtue nearly eradicated in the kingdom, by the example of licentiousness, political as well as moral, which the monarch had presented to his subjects.

> 'Luxury, impiety, and excess, prevailed amongst the higher orders; and the pompous ceremonial and fiery intolerance of the clergy, opposed but a feeble barrier, if any, to their increase. The sober-minded, and of these, the far greater proportion amongst the yeomanry and the country gentry, by habit and example, endeavoured to stem the torrent which threatened alike the morals and the freedom of their country. Even those among them who were indolent or unskilful to watch the advantages of prerogative, still clove with reverence to the reviled customs and scruples of their simple life, and sadly, but irresolutely, saw all the ties loosening which bind a free and reflecting people to a government of law. Nor did the crisis they deprecated appear distant. Many foresaw that slavery must either be fixed upon themselves and their posterity, or shaken off by an effort such as no good man could but dread and deplore. Deprived of all prospect of relief from Parliament, forbidden by proclamation, forbidden from the bench, the pulpit, the throne, to speak of asserting their ancient privileges in a parliamentary way, they looked forward to the alternative with affliction and dismay; whilst the manners of a great part were so corrupt, that, unable to bear patiently the pressure of misgovernment, they were ill prepared to remonstrate.'—vol. i. pp. 203, 204.

When we consider the state of the country and the government at the period here alluded to, we shall not be surprised to find that but little attention was bestowed on objects of foreign policy. Powerful merchants at home, and the feeblest states abroad—the one by forced monopolies, the other by the exaction of tributes, which we had not the courage or the means to resist—nearly annihilated our commerce; whilst, at the same time, the pirates of the Mediterranean insulted and plundered our very shores with impunity. All these calamities pressed so grievously on the nation, that the government could not avoid attending to the numerous complaints to which they gave rise. But Charles, pretending that all these evils arose from the limited resources which the parliament supplied him, for the purpose of asserting the inviolability and honour of the country, thought himself justified in resorting to fresh acts of power for recruiting his exchequer; and in October, 1634, issued the fatal writ for levying the impost of the *ship money*—"a word," exclaims Lord Clarendon, "of a lasting sound in the memory of this kingdom." This document marks the commencement of that great historical tragedy, of which the decapitation of the king was the well-known catastrophe.

The truth of history demands that we should remove the notion popularly entertained, that Hampden was the first who opposed the levying of the ship money. The glory of originating the national resistance to this impost, belongs to a man who, though his name be not emblazoned in the calendar of our political saints, will receive from all the true worshippers of liberty, that homage which is due to one of its most heroic confessors. Richard Chambers, the individual alluded to, had already given proof of the noble spirit which may lurk in the humble form of a London silk mercer. He opposed, in still more precarious times, an attempt on the part of the Crown to burden his bale of imported "silk grograms," with an arbitrary duty, for which attempt the Star Chamber fined him in the sum of 2,000*l.*, and ordered him to be committed to the Fleet. But the terrors of a prison could not bend the intrepid soul of Chambers, for when the emissaries of government waited on him with an offer of liberation, on condition of his signing a form of submission, confession, and repentance, he bravely traced upon the paper these remarkable words; "All the above said contents I, Richard Chambers, do utterly abhor and detest, as most unjust and false; and never till death will acknowledge any part thereof." At the time that Hampden opposed the levy of the ship money, this impost had assumed a far more repugnant and oppressive character, than could be attributed to it in Chambers's time; for, at first, the duty was exacted from the City of London alone; next it was extended to the maritime towns: but when Hampden was provoked to resistance, the government had carried its extortion to such an extent, as to require from an inland district like Buckinghamshire, a large contribution, as if it came under the description of a maritime county. He therefore had upon his side, the reason, and sense, and feeling, of every subject in the country in his favour. He undertook to put the great question of the authority of the king in this case to issue. The amount of the rate which Hampden refused to pay, was only thirty-one shillings and sixpence, yet it subsequently turned out to be the full price of a splendid diadem. The judicial proceedings which subsequently took place, the intrigues, the tampering with the judges, and the final result of this great contest, are given in minute detail by Lord Nugent: but, as being familiar to most of our readers, they cannot properly occupy any portion of our pages. The case occupied the attention of the judges during several terms, and in its progress, is distinguished for having produced very unusual variations of opinion in the same minds. It is said of Croke, one of the judges, that he was preparing to support the exactions of the king, in opposition to the dictates of his conscience, when he was reproached for this baseness by his wife. 'She cast the shield of her feminine virtue,' says Lord Nugent, 'before the honour of her husband, to guard it from the assaults equally of interest and fear; and with that moral bravery, which is so often found the purest and brightest in her sex, she exhorted him to do his duty, at any risk to himself, to her, or to her children; and she prevailed.' When the decision was at last made, it is well known that several judges gave their opinions against the power of the king, and this circumstance only added to the general disgust which was felt at the award itself. The alarms of the country became more intense, particularly since it was about this time that Bishop Laud was permitted to revive the horrid accompaniments which formed, in a remoter day, the ordinary punishment of the pillory. The chief members of the Puritan party, as it was called, saw safety only in a speedy flight, and began to collect their effects in order to migrate to some new settlements in America. But the king, predestined to be the direct instrument of his own destruction, absolutely defeated the intention of this people, by restraining all ship owners and masters from carrying passengers to America, without a special license to that effect; and it is a strange and memorable fact, that at the moment when this edict was promulgated, no less remarkable a pair of personages than Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden themselves, were on board a vessel on the Thames, which was destined to carry them to the new colony, but which, on account of the king's order, was obliged to remain in her harbour.

In the ensuing parliament, which was called immediately after the troubles in Scotland, Hampden was chosen one of the representatives for the County of Bucks; but this was not the only compliment with which the country sought to shew its estimation of his character. From this moment, to the end of his illustrious career, a period only of three brief years, Hampden renounced all those occupations of private life to which he had hitherto shown himself so devoted, and for which, indeed, he had been, by taste and temper, so entirely suited, in order that his attention to public affairs might be subject to no possible distraction. Lord Nugent, after stating, that from the period already alluded to, he never returned to the home of his long-cherished attachment, presents us with a very happy description of the present state of that interesting residence.

'His mansion still remains. It stands away from both the principal roads which pass through Buckinghamshire, at the back of that chalky range of the Chilterns which bounds, on one side, the vale of Aylesbury. The scenery which immediately surrounds it, from its seclusion little known, is of singular beauty, opening upon a ridge which commands a very extensive view over several counties, and diversified by dells, clothed with a natural growth of box, juniper, and beech.*

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* 'The woods of Hampden terminate to the north upon the bare brow of a lofty hill, called Green Haly, on the side of which is cut, in the chalk, the form of a cross, which is seen from all the country round. This monument, of a very remote antiquity, is known by the name of the White Leaf Cross, and is supposed by Mr. Wise, (in a learned letter to Browne Willis, on the subject of Saxon antiquities,) to have been designed in commemoration of a victory gained by Edward, king of the West Saxons, over the Danes, early in the tenth century. It appears, however, with more probability, to have been intended as a memorial of the last battle of Hengist and Horsa with the Britons, which was fought over the extensive plain of Risborough and Saunderton, when, on this height, and on the Bledlow Ridge which adjoins it, the Saxon princes planted their victorious standards, to recall their troops from the pursuit.'

> 'What has once been the abode of such a man, can never but be interesting, from the associations which belong to it. But, even forgetting these, no one, surely, who has heart or taste for the charm of high breezy hills, and green glades enclosed within the shadowy stillness of ancient woods, and avenues leading to a house, on whose walls the remains of the different styles of architecture, from the early Norman to the Tudor, are still partly traced through the deforming innovations of the eighteenth century,—no one, surely, can visit the residence of Hampden, and not do justice to the love which its master bore it, and to that strong feeling which could lead him from such a retirement to the toils and perils to which thenceforth he entirely devoted himself.'—vol. i. pp. 286—288.

We cannot follow our author in his review of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, which was opened by Charles in person, on the 3rd of November, 1640. Considering the main object of Lord Nugent's work, we do not see the necessity of his dwelling so much at length on those proceedings; and, certainly, the extent to which the account of Strafford's trial is given, seems to us not to be justified by any assistance which it has afforded in the way of illustrating the principal subject of the work. We do not deny, however, that the pen of Lord Nugent has conferred an additional degree of interest upon a chapter of our history, the naked materials of which abound in attraction. The part which Hampden took in the attainder against Strafford, is a question of great doubt. Whilst the Commonwealth party are anxious to enlist his name amongst those of the most active prosecutors of the unhappy nobleman, Lord Nugent seems to think it necessary to the credit of Hampden, to show that he took a contrary course.

A powerful description is given by our author, of the character of those who composed that confederated body of parliamentary men, which, under the auspices of Hampden, urged the abolition of episcopacy.

> 'One person, and one only, was there in this confederacy, whose power seemed to have long remained unknown and unmeasured by all but by the searching sagacity of his kinsman Hampden; and this was Oliver Cromwell, burgess for Cambridge, who, with an ill-favoured countenance, a sharp untuneable voice, an ungraceful address, "a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor, and little band, none of the cleanest," had never yet risen to notice in debate, but by mere occasional disjointed proposition, coarse in itself, and not recommended by the mode of delivery. Yet this was he, of whom, when Lord Digby asked, "pray, Mr. Hampden, who is that man? for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day;" Hampden answered, "That sloven whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; but that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid!) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."'—vol. ii. pp. 39, 40.

How truly, and under what circumstances, this prophecy was afterwards realized, it is now unnecessary to describe.

The history of the progress of that struggle which was carried on between Charles and the Long Parliament, is traced by Lord Nugent in a very skilful and lucid manner, to that eventful stage when both were placed in armed hostility against each other. Hampden, up to that critical period, distinguished himself in the House of Commons, by a tone of moderation which was highly calculated to produce the most conciliatory dispositions in the opposite party; but when arms were taken up by the partizans of the king, and when thus no alternative but a civil war was left to the country, he was the most earnest of the Parliament leaders in the adoption of vigorous measures. And he gave a proof of his determination at the earliest opportunity, as we find from the following passage:—

'It was under the woody brows of his own beauteous Chilterns that Hampden first published the ordinance to marshal the militia of his native county. The parishes and hundreds, often with their preachers at the head, mustered at their market-houses, to march forth to training. In the dearth of all the ordinary implements of war, arms, and accoutrements, of the most grotesque fashion, now left the walls where, from the times of the civil wars of the two Roses, they had hung as hereditary trophies in the manor-houses, the churches, and the cottages of the yeomen. In the return of arms, particularly of the levies of the northern parts, at the first outbreak, the long-bow, the brown-bill, and the cross-bow, resumed their place among the equipments of a man at arms. It was not till some months after, when the stores of Hull, and Newcastle, and Plymouth, and of the Tower of London, were distributed, that the match-lock and pistol found their way into the hands of the "ordered musqueteers and dragooneers" in the country parts; and, even to the end of the civil wars, large bodies of men, besides the regular pikemen, were furnished only with rude lances; and on the King's part, many thousands, particularly of the Welchmen, went to the battle with staves and Danish clubs.'—vol. ii. pp. 169, 170.

The bold resolution of the Parliament to appeal to arms, excited the greatest enthusiasm in those parts of the country, where the king's influence was not too powerful to check it. The cities of London and Westminster shewed the most generous zeal in the cause. The women of the metropolis laid their rings and jewels as a sacrifice on the public altar, and the train bands of the city mustered daily at Moorfields to exercise. It cannot be denied that the king was cordially and liberally supported also by many of his subjects; and in respect of military appointments, he had a very decided advantage over his adversaries. The far-famed campaign which ensued, had rather a singular commencement; for one of the first acts on the offensive which the forces of the king had determined on, was the siege of Caldecott manor-house, the account of which is well given by Lord Nugent.

'Scarcely had the siege of Warwick castle been raised, when prince Rupert, with from five to six hundred cavalry, marched upon Caldecot manor-house, in the north of the county, with intent to take it by surprize.

It belonged to Mr. Wm. Purefoy, a gentleman of ancient family, a member of the House of Commons, and colonel of a regiment in garrison at Warwick castle. When Rupert summoned Caldecot, there were within but Mrs. Purefoy, her two daughters, Mr. Abbott, her son-in-law, eight serving men, and a few maid-servants. This brave little garrison refused to surrender, inspired by the example of a woman's courage and fidelity to maintain the charge for her absent husband. The history of the civil wars affords several such instances. The stories of Latham Hall, held by the Countess of Derby, and of Wardour castle, by Blanch, lady Arundel, have added lustre to those noble names. The holding of Caldecot was not less heroic, nor its capitulation less honourable. The assailants broke down the main gate of the outer court, but the men stationed at the windows received them with so well-directed a fire, that, at the first outset, three of Rupert's officers and several of his soldiers were slain. There were twelve muskets in the house, the women loading them, as the men continued the execution with rapid and deadly aim. The attack continued for several hours, with repeated assaults, in the intervals between which, as the bullets were expended, the women ran the pewter of their kitchen dishes into moulds for a fresh supply. At length, towards nightfall, mortified with the obstinate resistance, and with the loss he had already sustained, Rupert drew off his party, but as he retired, set fire to the barns and out-houses. The wind blowing fresh upon the main buildings, he again advanced under cover of the smoke and darkness. And now,—the ammunition within failing,—the house threatened with instant conflagration, and no hope of succour remaining,—the brave lady went forth, and claimed protection from the prince, stipulating for the lives of her garrison.

'It was then first that he was made aware of the smallness of the force which had so gallantly withstood so fierce and protracted an assault. He granted her condition, and to his honour, as Viccars confesses, "being much taken with their most notable valour, saved their lives and house from plundering, saying to Mr. Abbott, that he was worthy to be a chief commander in an army, and offered him such a place in his army, if he would go with him : but he modestly refused it. However, the said prince fairly performed his promise, and would not suffer a pennyworth of the goods of the house to be taken from them, and so departed."—vol. ii. pp. 252—254.

The motions of the hostile armies respectively, and the celebrated combat of Edgehill, are sketched by Lord Nugent in his very best style. The leaders of the various regiments which fought at this battle on both sides, the positions they occupied, and the deeds which they performed, are recorded with all the minuteness that the highest classic precedent justifies. Even some of the characteristic expressions of the warriors in the hour of danger, are retained in the ample description of Lord Nugent. The brave Lord Lindsey, on the king's side, urged his men to advance by "swearing" the following singular prayer:—"Oh, Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me. March on, my boys!" Nor was he forgotten, indeed, by the enemy, for he received a mortal wound, of which he died on the same day. On which side the victory of Edgehill lies, is a matter that has puzzled too many able partizans to allow us to pronounce an opinion upon that question. The contest was certainly a sanguinary one, and reflected credit on the bravery of the regiments on both sides. In finishing his elaborate picture of this great historical event, Lord Nugent has followed the example of the celebrated painters, who were in the habit of introducing into their most tragic scenes, some incidental group or distant prospect, which, by its soothing influence over the imagination, would afford a resting place, where the mind of the spectator would obtain a temporary repose, after the conflict which it has endured during the contemplation of the dreadful story pourtrayed before it. Thus Leonardo, in his Last Supper, opens the windows of the apartment in which the arch traitor is prosecuting his unholy purposes; and in the distance is observed the scenery of the loveliest of landscapes, enhancing, by its exquisite natural beauty, our horror for the crime, which first claims our attention. 'The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York,' artfully subjoins Lord Nugent, 'then twelve and ten years' old, were on the hill. They were placed under the care of Dr. William Harvey, afterwards so famous for his discoveries concerning the circulation of the blood, and then physician in ordinary to the king. During the action, forgetful both of his position and of his charge, and too sensible of the value of time to a philosophic mind, to be cognizant of bodily danger, he took out a book, and sat him down on the grass to read, till warned by the sound of the bullets that grazed and whistled round him, he rose, and withdrew the princes to a securer distance.' As marking the extreme credulity of the time when the battle of Edgehill was fought, we may mention that one of the best authenticated ghost stories in record relates to the events of this encounter. It is represented on the oath of three officers of honour and discretion, and of three other gentlemen of credit, whom the king appointed to report on these prodigies, and to tranquillize the alarms of a country town, that two great armies of ghosts fought over again at the midnight hour, for a period of two months, the battle of Edgehill, to the great consternation of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

It would be entirely foreign to our purpose to follow the story of the subsequent fortunes of this unparalleled war. Hampden bore a distinguished part in the campaign, aiding, not less by his counsels and personal bravery, than by the example of strict discipline which he afforded to the troops, the cause of the parliamentary party. It is a fact worthy of being impressed on every British mind, that, during the raging of this civil war, no instance occurred of private assassination or massacre, by any portion of the people. We feel proud, likewise, of the homage which the ministers of justice uniformly received from each of the contending parties; and it must have been a thrilling sight to behold the judges of the land, passing through their circuits with flags of truce, which secured them equal respect from all parties, whether parliamentarians or loyalists. This state of things, however, did not last to the end of the war.

It is well known, that Hampden died the glorious death of a patriot soldier in the field of battle, in the neighbourhood of Wycombe, 'crowned,' says Lord Nugent, 'not with the renown of victory, but with a testimony not less glorious, of fidelity to the sinking fortunes of a conflict which his genius might have more prosperously guided.' The account of his last moments will be read with interest.

'It is a tradition that he was seen first moving in the direction of his father-in-law's (Simeon's) house, at Pyrton. There he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have gone to die. But Rupert's cavalry were covering the plain between. Turning his horse, therefore, he rode back across the grounds of Hazeley, in his way to Thame. At the brook which divides the parishes he paused awhile: but it being impossible for him, in his wounded state, to remount if he had alighted to turn his horse over, he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs, and cleared the leap. In great pain, and almost fainting, he reached Thame, and was conducted to the house of one Ezekiel Browne, where his wounds being dressed, the surgeons would for a while have given him hopes of life. But he felt that his hurt was mortal, and indulging in no weak expectations of recovery, he occupied the few days that remained to him in despatching letters of counsel to the parliament, in prosecution of his favourite plan. While the irresolute and lazy spirit which had directed the army in the field should continue to preside in the council of war, Hampden had reason to despair of the great forward movement to which he had throughout looked for the success of the cause.

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'After nearly six days of cruel suffering, his bodily powers no longer sufficed to pursue or conclude the business of his earthly work. About seven hours before his death he received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: declaring that "though he could not away with the governance of the church by bishops, and did utterly abominate the scandalous lives of some clergymen, he thought its greater part primitive and conformable to God's word as in Holy Scripture revealed." He was attended by Dr. Giles, rector of Chinnor, with whom he had lived in habits of close friendship, and Dr. Spurstowe, an independent minister, the chaplain of his regiment. At length being well nigh spent and labouring for breath, he turned himself to die in prayer: "Oh, Lord God of Hosts," said he, "great is thy mercy—just and holy are thy dealings unto us, simple men. Save me, oh Lord, if it be thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. Oh, Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy especial keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the King see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellours from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesu receive my soul!" He then mournfully uttered, "Oh, Lord, save my country! Oh, Lord be merciful to . . . . ." and here his speech failed him. He fell back in the bed and expired.'—vol. ii. pp. 435—438.

With respect to Hampden's general character and conduct, we feel that we cannot act more prudently, than by adopting the opinion of Lord Nugent, who states, that it would be presumptuous to say more of that great man than what his acts tell. His eulogy is beautifully and truly recorded in an inscription over the bust of Hampden, in the Temple of British Worthies, at Stowe, in the following words: "With great courage and consummate abilities he began an open opposition to an arbitrary court, in defence of the liberties of his country: supported them in parliament, and died for them in the field."

Art. III.—*The Annual Obituary. Vol. XVI.* 8vo. pp. 476. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

It is well that amidst the festivities of the season which ushers in the new year, we should be uniformly reminded by such a volume as this, of the certain goal towards which we are all hastening, and of the names of the most distinguished among those who have most recently arrived at that termination of their earthly career. To many persons, death wears so formidable an aspect, that they cannot be induced to contemplate it in its abstract form; it is clothed in terrors from which they fly, as from the impure contact of a being suffering under the plague. The Obituary brings the matter before them under a less repulsive aspect, and it were well if, when they read of the departure of such of their fellow beings as had risen to eminence during life, they would also cast a glance before them, and convince themselves that, in the language of the poet, the path even of glory "leads but to the grave." So much is this the case, that he who would wish to anticipate the catalogue of names, which is likely to occupy the seventeenth volume of this publication for the ensuing year, need do little more than run over the lists of Parliament, and the different professions, make a few calculations of the ages of those who have been long before the public eye, and he will find it not difficult to hit upon those, who are much nearer to their last homes than they are aware of. For none of us can ever believe that death is approaching our door. We have all a hope, even the oldest amongst us, that he is at least five or ten years off; and the time which ought, in truth, to be spent in preparing for his reception, is too often devoted to the most strenuous exertions for dissipating the fear of a visit from him altogether.

Of all the follies which mankind commit, there is no one more gross, or more inexcusable than this. What, in fact, is death, but a change of life? It has been beautifully and truly described by some writer, as "a second edition of man, revised and corrected." The promises of immortality hereafter, which are everywhere around us presented to our notice, are so numerous and so striking, that it is impossible to believe that we can be under a delusion upon that subject. If so, we should, and might, if we set rightly about it, easily make up our minds to the transition which, sooner or later, must take place; and instead of considering it as a matter to be dreaded, rather to contemplate it with Christian firmness, and to secure the better alternative of bliss, or woe, by which that change is to be succeeded, by taking care that our conduct shall be without reproach. A feeling of this kind, while it is calculated to strengthen our hopes of a happy futurity, will also tend to wean us gradually from those objects to which we are too often inordinately attached in this world, and will enable us to look upon prosperous or adverse seasons with equanimity.

The first name in point of arrangement upon the catalogue now before us, is that of the Hon. Sir Robert Cavendish Spencer, second son of the venerable Earl Spencer, a gallant officer, who had served, not without distinction, in the navy. He was private secretary to his present Majesty, when, as Duke of Clarence, he filled the office of Lord High Admiral; for such an appointment Sir Robert Spencer was peculiarly well adapted, as, throughout his life, all his energies had been unremittingly devoted to the science of his profession. As a commander, he was extremely popular: in private life, his society is said to have been peculiarly fascinating. His manners were gay and playful; and to these he added a tenderness of heart, a degree of good sense and deep feeling, which singularly endeared him to all those who had the good fortune to enjoy his intimate acquaintance. He was snatched away from a brilliant career in the thirty-ninth year of his age, very shortly before the period when the accession of his brother, Lord Althorp, to the cabinet, was destined to open a still more exalted path for his exertions.

We were rather surprised to find the brief biographical sketch which is given of this young nobleman, followed by a lengthened article on the character of Henry Mackenzie, well known as the Scottish Addison, and the author of "The Man of Feeling," and of "Julia de Roubigné." We had been under the impression, that Mr. Mackenzie had been removed some years since from this scene of his fame; and no wonder, for he appears to have lived almost a century, having been born at Edinburgh, in August, 1745, where he died in January, 1831. He spent the early part of his life as a partner in the office of Attorney for the Crown, to which he afterwards succeeded. His professional labours did not, however, as the world already knows, prevent him from devoting a good deal of time to pursuits of a literary kind, for which he had inherited a taste from his father, who was an eminent physician at Edinburgh, and the author of Medical and Literary essays. The novels which Mr. Mackenzie successively published, have been too frequently criticised to require any additional notice in this place. We need hardly remind our readers, that he was also the editor of "The Mirror," and "The Lounger," two periodical works, which appeared upon the plan of the "Spectator," between the years 1779 and 1787. It was in the latter of these works that he paid the first tribute to the genius of Burns, by a review of his poems, then newly published, which brought the unknown poet into immediate notice, and at once drew him from obscurity, into the full blaze of a fame that will never die! He was a firm believer in the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, which he zealously vindicated in the "Transactions" of the Highland Society, in a paper that is in other respects very interesting, on account of the history of Gaelic poetry which it contains. Mr. Mackenzie has left behind him in print, several dramatic pieces, not one of which is now remembered, though they fretted their hour upon the stage with considerable applause.

A political pamphlet, which he wrote at the instigation of his friend Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, obtained for him the patronage of Mr. Pitt, through whom he was appointed Comptroller of the Taxes for Scotland, an office of considerable labour and responsibility. His present biographer gives no account of the latter years of his life, beyond a general statement that they were spent in a very retired manner. He was latterly altogether confined to his apartments, by the debility attendant on old age. He was married in 1776, to a lady of ancient family in Scotland, by whom he had a family of eleven children. His eldest son is now Lord Mackenzie, one of the judges in the Courts of Session and Justiciary.

The partiality of private friendship, has here bestowed an article of some length, upon the life and services of Brigadier-General Walker, whose name, we fear, will be new to many of our readers. It is very truly stated at the commencement of the paper, that we do not generally feel in this country, much interest in the exploits of those brave men, who have essentially contributed to extend and secure our dominions in the east. The names even of the most celebrated fields of Indian glory, are scarcely ever heard pronounced amongst us; and, with the exception of particular circles, there is an almost universal apathy in England, with respect to communications from that vast empire, even of a scientific or literary character. We shall not, therefore, go farther into the subject of General Walker's biography than to state, that he was, of course, a Scotchman—for the Caledonians seem to have India to themselves,—that he went out as a cadet about the year 1780, and that he continued for many years to distinguish himself as a soldier, until the year 1810, when he was allowed to return home. The principal scene of his exertions was the province of Guzerat, of which his biographer gives the following description: we extract it the more readily, as it exhibits the leading merits that entitled the Brigadier-General to the honours which he had received.

'Guzerat is known as one of the great states of the anomalous empire of the Mahrattas: it lies between the 20th and 24th degrees of north latitude. The gulf of Kutch and the Pudda river chiefly mark its north-western boundary; and the gulf of Cambay and the river Nerbudda the south-eastern. South-westward is the sea: north-eastward, Malwa and Kandeesh. North-east and south-west, its length may be estimated at about 400 miles, by less than 200 in average breadth. Its population has been somewhat roughly and vaguely reckoned between six and seven millions; probably over-rated, in the proportion of one Mahomedan to ten Hindoos. Its capabilities of export in cotton, grain, butter, and other prime articles, are prodigious. In its best days, between forty and sixty years ago, the Gaikawar could bring into the field from sixty to seventy thousand horse; and it is the boast of the family, heretofore renowned for military prowess, that its territories have never been conquered. The eastern parts are hilly, and the immemorial resort and abode of many lawless tribes of plunderers. They are fully persuaded that the low fertile lands were and are the property of their forefathers and themselves, and they act fully on such persuasion—

—— " on the good old plan,
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can."

'The low regions near the sea have been equally notorious for piracy, from times long anterior to the invasion of Alexander, as noted by Arrian and Nearchus, to the present, or nearly: for the English, within the last twenty-five or thirty years, as far as relates to the practice of their piratical habits, have almost, perhaps wholly, annihilated them, root and branch.

'Few countries in the world have a greater variety of inhabitants than Guzerat. The bases of its population are, as has been noticed, Hindoos. Of these the military tribes abound; but it has been also the favourite abode of brahmins and merchants. Splendid temples, rich endowments, and superstitious legends, mark it as the seat of priests and priestcraft. Schismatics also are very numerous; no part of India abounds more in Jainas and Budhists. The Mahomedans have heretofore had considerable, at times (of Akber and Aurengzeb) almost paramount, influence in Guzerat. Several independent states arose, and became established there out of the conquests and decline of the imperial house of Timour, and still retain some show of power; little consonant, however, with the fine cities which flourished in the days of their prosperity; still magnificent in their decay. The sect of Parsee consider Guzerat as their home; perhaps 20,000 of that fine race may be found there. This is said to be one of the most priest-ridden sects in India; and strange to tell, the laity are wealthy, and the priesthood not. But the fact is, that it is the Parsee women over whom the priests have so much influence. The men, the higher classes, are said to be rather philosophic in matters of religion; the women are, assuredly, among the most chaste in the world. Many thousands of Arabs and Hubshees (the latter are natives of Habesh, or Abyssinia,) were found in the armies of the chieftains of Guzerat, and were among the most turbulent and troublesome of its discordant elements.

'The early part of Major Walker's negotiations in the Gaikawar states, had for their objects the reconcilement of estranged and hostile members of the ruling family; the payment of the arrears, and the dismissal of the lawless soldiery; the arrangement and collection of the dilapidated, and almost unproductive, revenues; the reduction of the overwhelming debt of the state; the re-organization of the nearly inoperative courts, judicial and civil; and various other points essential to the restoration to tranquillity of an unhappy country, sunk in the combined results of all these, and many other co-existing abuses.

'Effecting these, or any of these reforms, was necessarily in direct opposition to the views and interests of those numerous and influential parties, including the soldiery who had created the abuses, and would benefit by their continuance; and every art that accomplished intriguers could bring into ingenious operation at Baroda, the seat of government, and the usual residence of the court and head of the state, was to be early combated and frustrated.'—pp. 33—35.

It is rather an abrupt transition from such a scene and theme as this, to the memoir of poor Elliston, one of the most eccentric beings whom the history of the stage has presented to us for some years. It is a very just remark of the "Tatler," the most able and amusing of all the penny journals with which this metropolis at present abounds, that "the death of a comic actor is felt more than that of a tragedian." To the latter the ceremony is so familiar, that when his final hour really comes, the world is quite prepared for his exit. But when we hear that the actor who frequently made us laugh, and set many an audience in a roar, has been removed from amongst us, we feel the intelligence the more deeply, on account of the melancholy contrast which it forms to the gaiety of his previous career. Elliston had, undoubtedly, many faults, some of them of a serious kind, to answer for; but it is not our business now to inquire into them. He was born in Orange-street, Bloomsbury, on the 7th of April, 1774. When about nine years old, he was placed by his father, who was a watchmaker, at St. Paul's School, and it would appear, that he had at first some notion of entering the Church. It is said, however, that the applause which he received at the school speeches, in 1790, gave his ambition a direction towards the stage, which induced him to quit school without the knowledge of his friends, and to join a theatrical company at Bath, where, in April, 1791, he made his debût in the humble part of Tressel, in Richard III. Though sufficiently successful, he could obtain no permanent engagement either there or at York, where he also tried his fortune, and being weary of his disappointments, he obtained leave to return to his family. His predisposition for the stage, however, was not to be overcome, and he returned to Bath in 1793; he was, after some time, placed upon the theatrical establishment, and played a variety of characters. He married, in 1796, Miss Rundall, a teacher of dancing in that city, after which he came to London, and was well received. The remainder of his career is well known; his connexion with the lease of Drury Lane, which made him a bankrupt, and his almost equally unfortunate speculations in the Olympic and the Surrey theatres. He died of apoplexy, on the 7th of July, 1831, up to which period he was remarkable for his attachment to the pleasures of the table.

We cheerfully follow the example of his biographer, in quoting from the Tatler the most accurate delineation of Elliston, as a comedian, that we have ever read. The vein of the criticism is delightful.

'" Mr. Elliston was the best comedian, in the highest sense of the word, that we have seen. Others equalled him in some particular points: Lewis surpassed him in airiness; but there was no gentleman comedian who comprised so many qualities of his art as he did, or who could diverge so well into those parts of tragedy which find a connecting link with the graver powers of the comedian in their gracefulness and humanity. He was the best *Wildair*, the best *Archer*, the best *Aranza*, and carrying the seriousness of *Aranza* a little further, or making him a tragic gentleman instead of a comic, he became the best *Mortimer*, and even the best *Macbeth*, of any performer who excelled in comedy."

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'" The tragedy of this accomplished actor was, however, only an elongation, or drawing out, of the graver and more sensitive part of his comedy. It was in comedy that he was the master."

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'" In comedy, after the death of Lewis, he remained without a rival. He had three distinguished excellencies,—dry humour, gentlemanly mirth, and fervid gallantry. His features were a little too round, and his person latterly became a great deal too much so. But we speak of him in his best days. His face, in one respect, was of that rare order, which is peculiarly fitted for the expression of enjoyment:—it laughed with the eyes as well as the mouth. His eyes, which were not large, grew smaller when he was merry, and twinkled with glee and archness; his smile was full of enjoyment; and yet the moment he shook his head with a satirical deprecation, or dropped the expression of his face into an inuendo, nothing could be drier or more angular than his mouth. There was a generosity in his style, both in its greater and smaller points. He understood all the little pretended or avowed arts of a gentleman, when he was conversing, or complimenting, or making love; every thing which implied the necessity of attention to the other person, and a just, and, as it were, mutual consciousness of the graces of life on his own. His manners had the true *minuet-dance* spirit of gentility,—the knowledge how to give and take, with a certain recognition of the merits on either side, even in the midst of raillery. And then his voice was remarkable for the union of manly with the melodious; and as a lover, nobody approached him. Certainly nobody approached a woman as he did. It was the reverse of that preposterous style of *touch and avoid*,—that embracing at arm's length, and hinting of a mutual touch on the shoulders,—by which the ladies and gentlemen of the stage think fit to distinguish themselves from the characters they perform; and even the *Pollys* and *Macheaths* propitiate our good opinion. Elliston made out that it was no shame to love a woman; and no shame in her to return his passion. He took her hand, he cherished it against his bosom, he watched the moving of her countenance, he made the space less and less between them, and as he at length burst out into some exclamation of 'Charming!' or, 'Lovely!' his voice trembled, not with the weakness, but with the strength and fervour of its emotion."

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'" In tragedy, for want of a strong sympathy with the serious, he sometimes got into a common-place turbulence, and at others, put on an affected solemnity; and he was in the habit of *hawing* between his words. The longer he was a manager the worse this habit became. He was not naturally inclined to the authoritative; but having once commenced it in order to give weight to his levity, he seems to have carried about the habit with him, to maintain his importance. Unfortunately, he fancied that he was never more natural than on these occasions. He said once, at the table of a friend of ours, clapping himself on the knee, and breathing with his usual fervour, 'Nature-*aw*, Sir, is every thing-*aw*; I-*aw* am always-*aw* natural-*aw*.'"

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'"We had an hour's conversation with him once at Drury-lane, during which, in answer to some observations we made respecting the quantity of business he had to get through, he told us, that he had formed himself 'on the model of the Grand Pensionary de Witt.' Coming with him out of the theatre, we noticed the present portico in Brydges-street, which had just been added to the front; and said that it seemed to have started up like magic. 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'energy is the thing,—I no sooner said it, than it was done:—it was *a Bonaparte blow*."'—pp. 53—55.

No man certainly delighted in the pompous more than Elliston. A writer in the Monthly Magazine gives a laughable anecdote in proof of this remarkable failing in the lessee's character. But we pass it over, as it has already gone the round of all the newspapers. Some anecdotes from the pen of Charles Lamb are also inserted in this article, but we must confess that the style in which they are written does not at all suit our taste. "Joyousest of once embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown? to what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted?" "This mortal frame," &c., "it was thy pleasure house, thy palace of dainty devices; thy Louvre, or thy Whitehall." "In green-rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire." "Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, Robert William Elliston! for as yet we know not thy name in heaven!" With great deference to the opinions of those readers to whom such a style of composition as this is acceptable, we take leave to pass it by as trash of the most contemptible description.

"Marshall's Royal Naval Biography" has furnished the editor of the volume before us with so great a proportion of his matter, that almost every second paper we meet is occupied with the career of some officer of that service. To the friends of the parties it may be gratifying to read over again, in the Annual Obituary, the same account of the births, promotions, and honours of their kinsmen or acquaintances, which they had already perused in a work of more limited circulation. But to the public at large, the majority of these articles, which rarely contain any thing worth remembering, will prove any thing but entertaining or instructive.

Though scanty in its details, the sketch that is given of the biography of Mr. Jackson, the artist, is pregnant with interest. He was the son of a tailor, and was born at Lastingham, a small vil in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on the 31st of May, 1778. His taste for painting displayed itself at a very early period of his life: while apprenticed to his father, he felt infinitely more delight in penciling off likenesses of his neighbours, than in the operations of the needle. Before his indentures were expired, he had produced some heads in small, which exhibited so much talent, that the schoolmaster of the village brought them under the notice of the late Earl of Mulgrave. His lordship immediately took the youth under his patronage, and recommended him to the attention of Sir George Beaumont, the well-known friend of an art which he cultivated himself with considerable success. A subscription fund was collected, by means of which the remainder of young Jackson's apprenticeship was purchased, and he was placed in a situation which enabled him to pursue his natural inclinations. Having remained for some time in the country, where he produced several portraits that fully satisfied his distinguished friends that he possessed abilities of a very high order, he was, with the concurrence of Lord Mulgrave, recommended by Sir George Beaumont to proceed to the metropolis, in order to perfect himself in the profession for which he was destined. "You must attend the drawing-school of the academy," said the liberal baronet, "in the evening, and copy pictures by day. Now you shall have fifty pounds annually during your studies, which, with a table at my house in town at my expense, will, I think, be ample for a youngster who is desirous of improvement in his art. Be steady, and you will be secure of my friendship, and that of my worthy friend Lord Mulgrave." This generous arrangement was carried into effect, and Jackson was thus possessed of every facility which he could well desire for the attainment of distinction.

For some years, however, his oil portraits met with but limited success. He was more fortunate in his portraits in water colours, in which 'the heads were tastefully drawn, the resemblances faithfully correct, and, although carefully finished, wrought with masterly spirit.' From his drawings, many of the heads in Cadell's "Portaits of illustrious persons of the eighteenth century" are engraved. But not content with the fame and income which he acquired, in a department of the art in which he had few rivals, he aspired to the higher grade; and in the course of some time, relinquishing his practise in water colours, he obtained a high reputation in oil portraits. He never reached, however, the more elevated niches in the temple of fame. His genius, though respectable, was not brilliant; and although the best copyist of the works of the great masters that perhaps England has for some time produced he has left behind him no work which immortality has stamped fo her own. One of his best whole-length portraits is that of the Marquis of Chandos, which perhaps some of our readers may remember to have seen in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1830. His portrait of Flaxman was also much admired by Si

Thomas Lawrence, who characterized it as "a great achievement of the English school, and a picture of which Vandyck might have felt proud to own himself the author."

> 'The death of this distinguished artist took place at his house, in St. John's Wood, on the 1st of June, 1831. It may be justly said of him, that he was a most amiable and generous man, and that few persons have gone to the grave more sincerely regretted by his private, though extensive, circle of friends and acquaintance. He abstained from mingling in the bickerings of his brethren in the art; and there was an honesty, a manliness, an urbanity in his conduct and deportment, which secured the respect and esteem of every one who knew him. The liberality of his character was such as frequently to make him transgress those bounds which are prescribed by the maxim that charity begins at home; and the young students in art always found him a willing counsellor, and ready to explain the course by which he had himself obtained so high and honourable a station in his profession.'—pp. 104, 105.

Although the memoir which we have here of Mr. Abernethy is very well drawn up, and is characteristic as far as it goes, yet we hope that his friends will take care to have a much more ample, as well as a more authentic, account of that extraordinary person, laid before the public. We are not even informed, with certainty, in what part of the United Kingdom he was born; it is a question whether he first saw the light in Ireland or Scotland, though we can hardly doubt that the fact would be well known in the circle of his own family. The date of his birth is equally unknown to the writer of the memoir. It is said to have taken place 'about the year 1763-4.' At a very early period of his boyhood, his parents came to reside in London; the elements of his education he received at a day-school in Lothbury; and at a suitable age he was apprenticed to the late Mr. Charles Blick, a medical practitioner of considerable eminence in his day, whose connection with St. Bartholomew's hospital afforded to his pupil abundant means of acquiring experience. He read little, but he thought deeply; the fruits of his reflection and knowledge were given to the profession in a course of lectures, which he delivered at the hospital just mentioned, where he succeeded Mr. Pott, as assistant-surgeon. His class was at first very limited indeed; but this did not discourage him, or check the principle of emulation by which he was actuated from the commencement of his career. By degrees he became better known, and in the course of a few years he was reputed to be the best lecturer on anatomy, physiology, and surgery in London. Both in his *vivâ voce* instructions, and his written works, Mr. Abernethy uniformly inculcated the grand and consoling doctrine of the immateriality of that faculty within us, whatever it be, which is endowed with reason, Upon this important subject he diligently and consistently followed in the footsteps of the celebrated Hunter, whose views he thus elucidates in one of his treatises:—

> '"We perceive," observes Mr. Abernethy, "an exact correspondence

between those opinions which result from physiological researches, and those which so naturally arise from the suggestions of reason, that some have considered them as intuitive; for most reflecting persons in all ages have believed, and indeed it seems natural to believe, what modern physiology also appears to teach, that in the human body there exists an assemblage of organs formed of common inert matter, such as we see after death, a principle of life and action, and a sentient and rational faculty, all intimately connected, yet each apparently distinct from the other."

'" So intimate, indeed, is the connection, as to impose on us the opinion of their identity. The body springs and bounds, as though its inert fabric were alive; yet we have good reasons for believing that life is distinct from organisation. The mind and the actions of life affect each other: failure or disturbance of the actions of life prevent or disturb our feelings, and enfeeble, perplex, or distract our intellectual operations. The mind equally affects the actions of life, and thus influences the whole body. Terror seems to palsy all its parts, whilst contrary emotions cause the limbs to struggle and become contracted from energy. Now, though these facts may countenance the idea of the identity of mind and life, yet we have good reasons for believing that they are perfectly distinct: whilst, therefore, on the one hand I feel interested in oppugning those physiological opinions which tend to confound life with organisation, I would, on the other, equally oppose those which confound perception and intelligence with mere vitality."

He thus concludes:—

'" Thus my mind rests at peace in thinking on the subject of life as it has been taught by Mr. Hunter; and I am visionary enough to imagine, that if these opinions should become so established as to be generally admitted by philosophers, that if they once saw reason to believe that life was something of an invisible and active nature superadded to organisation, they would then see equal reason to believe that mind might be superadded to life, as life is to structure. They would then, indeed, still farther perceive how mind and matter might reciprocally operate on each other by means of an intervening substance. Thus, even, would physiological researches enforce the belief which, I may say, is natural to man; that, in addition to his bodily frame, he possesses a sensible, intelligent, and independent mind; an opinion which tends, in an eminent degree, to produce virtuous, honourable, and useful actions."'—pp. 119-120.

Mr. Abernethy's controversy with Mr. Lawrence upon this subject, is, very properly, but hastily glanced at in the memoir. It could produce no beneficial effect to revive an argument, which we sincerely wish had never been raised. We believe that Mr. Lawrence has since found reason to believe that his views of the question, however ingenious, were far from being well founded. At least, we hope that this is the case.

Many anecdotes have been told of Abernethy's eccentric manners. We shall collect a few of them for the reader's amusement, which we may throw together without any attempt at arrangement:—

'An anecdote illustrative of the sound integrity, as well as of the humour, of Mr. Abernethy's character, may here be introduced. On his receiving the appointment of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons, a professional friend observed to him that they should now have something new.—"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Abernethy. "Why," said the other, "of course you will brush up the lectures which you have been so long delivering at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and let us have them in an improved form."—"Do you take me for a fool or a knave?" rejoined Mr. Abernethy; "I have always given the students at the Hospital that to which they are entitled—the best produce of my mind. If I could have made my lectures to them better, I would certainly have made them so. I will give the College of Surgeons precisely the same lectures, down to the smallest details:—nay, I will tell the old fellows how to make a poultice." Soon after, when he was lecturing to the students at St. Bartholomew's, and adverting to the College of Surgeons, he chucklingly exclaimed, "I told the big wigs how to make a poultice!" It is said by those who have witnessed it, that Mr. Abernethy's explanation of the art of making a poultice was irresistibly entertaining.'

The writer of this memoir, in alluding to the singular bluntness with which Abernethy used frequently to treat those who consulted him, assures us, that however inexcusable such conduct may be on the part of a medical man, this capital has seen, for above a century and a half, a regular succession of practitioners, 'who have substituted a certain roughness of mien and speech for the more customary suavity of the profession.' We do not, we confess, understand the advantages which he ascribes to such a demeanour; and we humbly conceive, that the sooner such an entail of savage behaviour is cut off, the better. It is impossible not to laugh at some of the consequences which Abernethy's *fortiter in modo* produced.

'A lady, consulting him on a nervous disorder, entered into a long, frivolous, and fantastic detail of her symptoms. Unsatisfied with being referred to his "book" for instruction respecting the treatment of her complaints, she persisted in endeavouring to extract further information from Mr. Abernethy. After suffering her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated "May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?"—"I'll tell you what, Ma'am; you may eat any thing but the poker and bellows; for the one is too hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind."'

'"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a-day—and earn it!" was the pithy answer.'

'A scene of much entertainment once took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times without having had an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady: at last, determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the "doctor," and said—"Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and I have paid you eight different guineas; but you have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, Sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so." Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, and assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed, in a tone of half surprise, half humour, —" Oh! very well, Sir; I am ready to hear you out. Go on, give me the whole—your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on." Upon which Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began:— " My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman, of small fortune, in that neighbourhood, procured my admission into one of the Protestant free-schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble sphere of a *sizer*:"—and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true, but irresistibly laughable account of his " birth, parentage, and education," as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient was, from that hour to the close of his life, assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.'

'On one occasion, Mr. Abernethy was highly amused with the course pursued by a lady who was aware of his detestation of ignorant loquacity and silly affectation. Abruptly entering his consulting-room, without uttering a word, she thrust towards him her finger, which had received a severe injury. Mr. Abernethy looked first at her face, and then at her finger, which he dressed; and the fair patient instantly and silently withdrew. In a few days she called again, and again protruded the affected part. " Better?" asked Mr. Abernethy;—" Better," answered the lady: again the finger was dressed, and again the lady left the apartment. After several similar visits, at length she held out her finger free from all bandages, and in fact healed. " Well?" enquired Mr. Abernethy;—" Well," echoed the lady.—" Upon my soul, Madam," exclaimed the delighted surgeon, " you are the most rational woman I ever met with!"'

Beneath all this repulsiveness of manner, Abernethy, it is believed, disguised a really benevolent disposition, of which we shall add one or two instances.

' A yet more pleasant part of our task remains to be performed: it is to record the humanity and liberality of Mr. Abernethy. Where poverty and disease have prevented individuals from waiting upon him in his own house for advice, he has been frequently known not only to visit them constantly, and at inconvenient distances, without fee or reward, but generously to supply them from his own purse with what their wants required. More affecting instances of charity and generosity, seconding the utmost exertions of medical skill, could not be produced from the life of any of his contemporaries (liberal and admirable as the conduct of many of them is) than from that of John Abernethy. The following is one example:—

' In the year 1818, Lieutenant D—— fell from his horse on a paved street in London, and fractured his skull and arm, whilst his horse trod on his thigh, and grievously injured the limb. Mr. Abernethy was the surgeon nearest to the young man's lodgings; he was sent for; he came, and attended daily. After the lapse of months, convalescence took place amidst great weakness, when Abernethy enjoined the adoption of shell-fish diet at Margate. His grateful patient requested information as to the amount of his pecuniary debt for professional aid and care. Abernethy smiled, and said, "Who is that young woman?"—"She is my wife."—"What is your rank in the army?"—"I am a half-pay Lieutenant."—"Oh! very well; wait till you are a General; then come and see me, and we'll talk about it."'

'One of the students at the Hospital intimated to Mr. Abernethy that he wished to become his "dresser," the usual fee for which is sixty guineas for the year. Mr. Abernethy invited the young man to breakfast with him the next morning, to arrange the matter; and in the meantime, having made some enquiries respecting him, ascertained that he was attentive and clever, but in straitened circumstances. At the breakfast table the student took a small bag from his pocket, containing the sixty guineas, and placed it on the table; when it was instantly returned to him by Mr. Abernethy, who, in the most kind and friendly manner, insisted upon his applying the money to the purchase of books, and other necessary means of improvement. That student is now a practitioner of considerable eminence in the metropolis.'

It is well known that Abernethy displayed the oddities of his manner even in the style of his lectures.

'In lecturing, Mr. Abernethy's manner was peculiar, abrupt, and conversational; and often when he indulged in episodes and anecdotes, he convulsed his class with laughter, especially when he used to enforce his descriptions by earnest gesticulation. Frequently, while lecturing, he would descend from his high stool, on which he sat with his legs dangling, to exhibit to his class some peculiar attitudes and movements illustrative of the results of different casualties and disorders; so that a stranger coming in, unacquainted with the lecturer's topics, might easily have supposed him to be an actor entertaining his audience with a monologue, after the manner of Matthews or Yates. This disposition, indeed, gave rise to a joke among his pupils of "*Abernethy at Home*," whenever he lectured upon any special subject. In relating a case, he was seen at times to be quite fatigued with the contortions into which he threw his body and limbs; and the stories he would tell of his consultations, with the dialogue between his patient and himself, were theatrical and comic to the greatest degree.'

The story related of his courtship is perfectly characteristic.

'The reported fashion of Mr. Abernethy's courtship and marriage is extremely characteristic. It is told, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—"You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the meantime, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to —— *l.*, and I can settle —— *l.* on my wife: my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and ladylike member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship." In this humour the lady was wooed and won; and the union proved fortunate in every respect. A happier couple never existed.'

This eminent man died, after a protracted illness, at his house at Enfield, on the 20th of April, 1831. To the last he persevered in his theory, that the stomach is the prime cause of all our maladies. "It is all the stomach," he said, accounting for his own complaint; "we use our stomach ill when we are young, and it uses us ill when we are old." It is a curious and extraordinary fact, adds his biographer, 'that he gave strict directions that his body should be carefully watched, to prevent its being examined or opened.'

There have been so many lives of Mrs. Siddons given to the world, that we may be excused from entering at any length into the merits of the rather inflated memoir of that distinguished actress, which appears in the present volume. The reader, however, will feel a pleasure, in the present dearth of high dramatic talent, in being reminded of some of the characters in which she never had, and probably never will have, a rival. Her first great effect upon the town was produced by her representation of Isabella.

'Isabella, in Southerne's tragedy of that name, was the character she selected; and her performance, judging from the language of contemporary criticism, was even thus early cast in a mould which she never saw reason to alter, during the thirty years she continued to represent it. This fulness of perfection is the exclusive attribute of genius of the highest order. Inferior minds strive to produce complete effects by laborious study, and successive improvements; superior ones seize at once what they design to do, and execute what they design with the same rapidity. It is the flight of the arrow which goes directly to its mark. And any one who has a clear remembrance of Mrs. Siddons, will recollect that there was a uniformity in her style of personating all her characters, instead of a perpetual effort to strike out new beauties; the natural result of a vivid conception in the first instance, regulated afterwards by profound judgment.

It is unnecessary to add that her success was decisive. The public had never before beheld an actress whom Nature had so prodigally gifted. She combined all the separate excellences of her predecessors and contemporaries, and added to their common stock her own exclusive endowments. Mrs. Siddons was majestic, Mrs. Crawford pathetic, Miss Younge enthusiastic; the voice of the first was melodious, that of the second harsh, that of the third tremulous. As to features, Mrs. Yates was after the antique, but she had little flexibility; Mrs. Crawford was even handsome, but the expression of her countenance was rather satirical; of Miss Younge, the features wanted prominence and relief, and the eye had little colour. In their style of acting they differed considerably. Mrs. Yates studied to be graceful; Mrs. Crawford was vehement, and threw her arms out from side to side, struck the bosom, &c.; Miss Younge had acquired the temperance in action which Shakspeare recommends, and in every motion was correct and refined, delicate and persuasive. Their rival, as we have said, had all their separate excellences united, with all that they had not. There was no invidious *but* to curtail her of her full perfections, in every requisite that imagination could devise.

It is allowed, we believe, on all hands, that her master-piece was Lady Macbeth. Those who have had the good fortune to see her in that tragedy, may say that they have witnessed a performance, every way worthy of the great mind by which the character was drawn. It was in itself a model, fit for the study of the sculptor or the painter, who desired to represent the figure of woman in its most sublime attitudes.

"If we may be allowed to parody the almost (if not quite) Hibernian passage of our great epic poet, that in the *lowest* deep there is a *lower* still, we should say, that Mrs. Siddons having gained the topmost point of fame already, she this season, at one spring, placed herself upon a yet loftier elevation. We allude to her performance of Lady Macbeth, in which character she appeared for the first time on the 2d of February, 1785, when "criticism, and envy, and rivalry, sunk before her. From that hour her dominion over the passions was undisputed, her genius pronounced to be at least equal to her art, and Sir Joshua's happy thought of identifying her person with the Muse of tragedy, confirmed by the immutable decision of the public. We entirely acquiesce in the opinion that has been expressed with regard to this magnificent effort—that if, since the Eumenides of Æschylus, tragic poetry had produced nothing so terrible and sublime as the Macbeth of Shakspeare, it may be said with equal truth, that since dramatic fiction has been invested with seeming reality, nothing superior to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons has been seen." But it would demand an elaborate essay to show fully in what consisted the extraordinary excellence of this performance; while, as words *cannot* describe looks, or give the perfect image of living action, much of what *did* constitute it must of necessity be incommunicable. There are many yet surviving who remember *what* it was. When there shall be none remaining who can do so, the recollection of the most perfect exhibition which the stage ever presented,—the exhibition of one of Shakspeare's greatest creations in a spirit akin to his own mighty conceptions,—will have passed away for ever; and all that mere language can effect will be to exhaust itself in vague generalities. From the first night of her appearance in this character down to her retirement from the stage, it became her exclusive possession. Not but there were those who attempted to dispute the possession; but the intermediate space was so vast, Mrs. Siddons' elevation was so unapproachable, that each attempt was soon abandoned. Garrick's Lear, or John Kemble's Coriolanus, was not more exclusively made his than Mrs. Siddons made Lady Macbeth her's. The policy of abstaining so long from the performance of such a character was now apparent; for by what new poetic wonder could it be followed? All other force in female character is comparative feebleness on the English stage.

The writer of the memoir has thought it right to take some notice of the imputations which have been frequently made, both in public and private, against Mrs. Siddons's generosity of disposition in pecuniary matters. We shall give his vindication of her upon this point; but we fear that it will not be deemed a triumphant one:—

> One accusation was early made, and to the last by some maintained, against Mrs. Siddons,—that of parsimony. It is of little moment now to discuss the justice of this charge: but it was at least prudent, if she shared any portion of those *friendly* fears that were expressed as to the permanency of her attractions, that she should husband carefully for her family the means she was then enabled to command; and it is just possible that what began in prudence continued from habit. At the period we are describing, she was publicly accused "of lingering behind the rest of the congregation, in the gallery of St. Martin's Church, to avoid a present of benevolence to the Westminster Dispensary." Lingering behind! An odd way this of managing such an affair. Would it not have been much better to go out first, along with the bulk of the congregation? By such a contrivance, a person who really wished to save half-a-crown, might stand a fair chance of doing so without observation; but to be the last, to linger till the churchwarden's plate was full, and till the holder of the plate had nothing to do but to note the charitable deeds of the straggling few that brought up the rear, was surely the only way to invite observation, and to render as conspicuous as possible the solitary meanness. Such clumsy detraction, however, did her rising greatness provoke; and, in all probability, the more general imputation of covetousness was fastened upon her, not so much from any real evidence of a sordid disposition, as from the laudable contrast which her prudence and frugality presented to the proverbial prodigality of the profession to which she belonged.'

Mrs. Siddons died on the 8th of June, 1831, when she had nearly completed her 76th year. Her remains are deposited in a vault in Paddington church; they should, undoubtedly, have found a place in Westminster.

We pass over the memoir of the Rev. Robert Hall, the distinguished Bristol preacher, as we shall have occasion to allude to it, when the edition of his works, which is now nearly completed, shall lie before us. The principal materials for the life of Sir Murray Maxwell, have been derived from the voyages of Captain Hall, and Mr. M'Leod; and are therefore so well known, that the repetition of any of the particulars which those writers so well detailed, must be considered, in the present volume, as at least superfluous. Of Mr. Hope, with whose biography the public would most willingly become acquainted, we have but a trifling notice, and even the greatest portion of that is taken up with an analysis of that distinguished author's last work—his "Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man," a composition which fell, and deserved to fall, still born from the press. The most remarkable feature in the life of the Earl of Dundonald, the father of Lord Cochrane, is that he exhausted his fortune in speculations which have become profitable only to others, and that, in the latter part of his life, he was the object of the charity of the Literary Fund Society. In the latter respect, we find him, as it were, in company with poor Carrington, the author of "Dartmoor," "The Banks of Tamar," and other poems, which have been noticed with well deserved praise in this journal from time to time. It seems that he was, in early life, bound apprentice to a shipwright, but not liking the occupation, he ran away, and entered himself as a seaman on board a ship of war. Upon his return to his native town, Plymouth, he took up the business of a schoolmaster, in consequence of his predilection for literature, but he struggled with adversity, and with disease, to the last moment of his existence. We have another striking instance of literary misfortune, in the memoir of the late Mr. Roscoe. We hope that the detailed life of their father, which is said to be in course of preparation by one of his sons, will be soon given to the public. For the present, we shall content ourselves with a short extract from the imperfect account before us.

'While Mr. Roscoe's mind was chiefly occupied with his literary and political studies, a series of unforeseen circumstances, particularly several other failures, obliged the banking-house in which he was engaged to suspend payment. The creditors, however, had so much confidence in Mr. Roscoe's integrity, that time was given for the firm to recover from its embarrassments; and Mr. Roscoe, on first entering the bank after this accommodation, was loudly greeted by the populace. The difficulties, however, in which the bank was placed, rendered it impossible for the proprietors to make good their engagements. Mr. Roscoe did all that could be expected from an honest man; he gave up the whole of his property to satisfy his creditors. His library, which was very extensive, and consisted principally of Italian works, was the greatest sacrifice. The books were sold (at Liverpool) for 5150*l.*, the prints for 1880*l.*, and the drawings for 738*l.* A portrait of Leo X. was purchased for 500*l.* by Mr. Coke, of Holkham.

'Yet, upon the whole, Mr. Roscoe can scarcely be termed unfortunate. Distinguished through life by the friendship of the gifted and noble, his days were passed in a free intercourse with kindred minds, and his declining years were solaced by the affectionate attentions of justly and sincerely attached relations. He was regarded as the head of the literary and scientific circles of his native town; and much of his time was spent in the promotion of many noble public institutions which he had contributed to establish. The reflection that by his means no citizen of Athens had ever assumed a mourning garment, afforded satisfaction to the dying moments of the statesman of old: as concise a comment has been supplied on the tenour of Mr. Roscoe's life, in the assertion that he has not left behind him a single enemy. "Such," it has been observed, "was the charm of his manner,—of his unaffected cheerfulness—of his conciliating disposition—of his playful humour—of his natural eloquence—of his open and candid dealing—of his evident and unceasing kindness of heart and universal benevolence—such his domestic virtues, and such his various and brilliant talents—that he was every where, at home and abroad, loved and admired; and he died, as he lived, without an enemy."

'The death of this amiable and highly gifted man took place in the eightieth year of his age, at Toxteth Park, Liverpool, on the 30th of June, 1831; after a short illness, partaking somewhat of the nature of cholera. His funeral was attended by committees of the Royal Institution, the Philosophical Society, and the Athenæum; and by nearly two hundred gentlemen on foot, besides those in carriages.'—pp. 312—314.

The name of Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, has long been familiar to our literature. Like his father, he acquired great influence in the republic of letters, by his purchases, frequently in connexion with the late Alderman Cadell, of the copyrights of the most celebrated authors of his time, amongst whom were Hume, Warburton, Hurd, Blackstone, Robertson, and Gibbon. He was remarkable for the liberality and perfect integrity of all his dealings, and for the admirable correctness of his typography, a point upon which he especially prided himself. Though possessed of great wealth, his mode of living was quite unostentatious; he was a decided tory in his politics, and a man, in every respect, of the old school of rich traders, living to his last moment in the house in which he was born. We feel much pleasure in quoting the simple and interesting description of his habits and character, which the author of the memoir before us has given.

'That Mr. Strahan should be attached to the house in which he was born and died, is not remarkable. It was consistent with the plan of life in which he had been educated. The house was, in truth, classic ground,—not a room in it that was not dear to his remembrance. In that hospitable mansion he had, from his earliest years, enjoyed the conversation of the eminent literary characters above mentioned; and it was there that he entertained their successors, up to the present period. Some years, indeed, before his death, he had purchased a house and grounds at Ashted, Surrey, to which he retired in the summer months, when his health permitted, and in which he took great pleasure; but this retirement was seldom of long duration, as the enlargement of his business and extensive offices required his frequent attention. His life, indeed, was more laborious, and required greater strength of mind than can be readily conceived by those who have not attained the same eminence, and whose opinions have not been in equal demand by their contemporaries.

'From the age to which he had arrived, and the company to which he had been accustomed, joined to the happiest powers of memory and recollection, his conversaiton was replete with literary anecdote, which he related in a manner that had all the charms of good-humour, and all the security of the strictest veracity. In the latter quality he was a genuine pupil of Dr. Johnson. Whatever he related might be depended on. Nearly forty years ago, the writer of the present article, happening to relate an incident, with some mistake in names as well as date, next morning received from Mr. Strahan, a kind letter, rectifying his mistakes, and placing the little narrative on authentic proofs.

'In all his intercourse with his friends and professional brethren, he evinced an uncommon vigour of mind; which, indeed, he retained to the last. Long experience always directed him to that which was most salutary. In cases of professional difficulty, no man could see his way more clearly. It was wise, therefore, as well as common, for his brethren to solicit his advice, which, whether he was himself interested or not, was always given with ready kindness, and never without effect. The peculiarities of his temper were of the most amiable kind; and, of the numerous friends and connections who have outlived him, there are none who have not a pensive recollection of many instances of his kindness.

'Benevolence was a striking feature in his character. In 1822, he presented 1,000*l.* three per cents. to the Literary Fund. It has been stated in the public journals, that he bequeathed, by his will, 1,000*l.* each, to six other charitable institutions; but these form but a part of the large sums periodically bestowed,—although, as already noticed, with a secrecy which is not often observed in such transactions, and which was not violated by him, even when, in some few cases, he had not met with the most grateful return. Much was given to those who had been the companions of his early life; and to many he contributed that assistance which afterwards rendered them independent.

'During Mr. Strahan's long and active life, he filled various offices and relations; and in all his conduct was exemplary, although his career was not without difficulties and vicissitudes. In 1797, he was elected representative for Newport, in Hampshire; in 1802 and 1806, for Wareham; in 1807, for Carlow; in 1812, for Aldeburgh; and sat in Parliament until 1818, when he retired from public life, in consequence of his advanced age (seventy-one). In 1804, he was elected on the Court of Assistants of the Stationers' Company; but, as he was beginning to experience some of the infirmities of age, he declined the honourable degrees of office. In 1815, Mr. Strahan informed the Company, "that, being desirous of treading in the steps of his respected father (who had bequeathed 1,000*l.* for the benefit of poor printers), he had transferred to the Company 1,225*l.* four per cents. for the same charitable uses." He also presented to the Company a portrait of his father,—an excellent likeness,—copied by Sir William Beechey, from an original by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Their Court-room is also decorated by a portrait of himself, by the late William Owen, Esq., R.A., placed there at the expense of the Company, about the time he became a benefactor.

'It was not until February, 1830, that Mr. Strahan showed symptoms of decay. He had for some years become very corpulent, and seldom went abroad but in his carriage. But, after the period mentioned, his health visibly declined; yet, such were the changes in his disorder, that his friends were frequently flattered by its favourable appearances. He was often enabled to take an airing in his carriage; and was much interested in the wonderful changes which have taken place in the western part of the metropolis, as well as in its environs. A very few days before his death, he was able to take one of these pleasant rides; and it was only the day before that event that symptoms of dissolution were visible. Yet, up to the last, his mind seemed to retain its powers; and, except in some moments of lethargy, he conversed with his usual acuteness on any subject that happened to occur.'—pp. 327—330.

Mr. Strahan's death took place at his house in New-street, near Fleet-street, on the 25th of August last, when he was in the eighty-third year of his age. Almost about the same period died another octogenarian, who was justly celebrated in his day—James Northcote, 'the last link which connected us with the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds.' He was born at Plymouth in the year 1746, where he lived until the age of manhood. His father, who was a watch-maker, endeavoured to bring him up to his own trade, but the force of nature, which seems to prevail over artists with particular power, impelled him to prefer the palette to the mechanical business of watch-making, and in his twenty-fifth year he became one of Sir Joshua's pupils. His career has been already amply described in Hazlitt's Conversations, of which we gave a full account at the time that very entertaining book was published. The following anecdote will perhaps be new to some of our readers.

'A certain Royal Duke was at the head of those who chaperoned Master Betty, the Young Roscius, at the period when the *furor* of fashion made all the *beau monde* consider it an enviable honour to be admitted within throne-distance of the boy-actor. Amongst others who obtained the privilege of making a portrait of this chosen favourite of Fortune, was Mr. Northcote.

'The Royal Duke to whom we allude was in the habit of taking Master Betty to Argyll Place in his own carriage; and there were usually three or four ladies and gentlemen of rank, who either accompanied his Royal Highness, or met him at the studio of the artist.

'Northcote, nothing awed by the splendid coteries thus assembled, maintained his opinions upon all subjects that were discussed,—and his independence obtained for him general respect, though one pronounced him a cynic—another an eccentric—another a humourist—another a free-thinker—and the prince, with manly taste, in the nautical phrase, dubbed him a d——d honest, independent, little old fellow.

'One day, however, the Royal Duke, being left with only Lady ——, the Young Roscius, and the painter, and his patience being, perhaps, worn a little with the tedium of an unusually long sitting, thought to beguile an idle minute by quizzing the personal appearance of the Royal Academician. Northcote, at no period of life, was either a buck, a blood, a fop, or a maccaroni; he soon dispatched the business of dressing when a young man; and, as he advanced to a later period, he certainly could not be called a dandy. The loose gown in which he painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might, perchance, be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. The royal visitor, standing behind him whilst he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched the collar of the gown, which Mr. Northcote resented, by suddenly turning and expressing his displeasure by a frown. Nothing daunted, his Royal Highness presently, with his finger, touched the professor's grey locks, observing, "You do not devote much time to the toilette, I presume—pray how long?"

'Northcote instantly replied, "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me;—you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house." He then resumed his painting.

'The Prince, whatever he thought or felt, kept it to himself; and, remaining silent for some minutes, Mr. Northcote addressed his conversation to the lady, when the Royal Duke gently opening the door of the studio, shut it after him, and walked away.

'Nothcote did not quit his post, but proceeded with the picture. It happened that the royal carriage was not ordered until five o'clock;—it was now not four. Presently the Royal Duke returned, re-opened the door, and said, "Mr. Northcote, it rains: pray lend me an umbrella." Northcote, without emotion, rang the bell; the servant attended; and he desired her to bring her mistress's umbrella, that being the best in the house, and sufficiently handsome. The Royal Duke patiently waited for it in the back drawing-room, the studio door still open; when, having received it, he again walked down stairs, attended by the female servant. On her opening the street door, his Royal Highness thanked her, and spreading the umbrella, departed.

'"Surely his Royal Highness is not gone,—I wish you would allow me to ask," said Lady ——. "Certainly his Royal Highness is gone," replied Northcote; "but I will inquire at your instance." The bell was rung again, and the servant confirmed the assertion.

'"Dear Mr. Northcote," said Lady ——, "I fear you have highly offended his Royal Highness."—"Madam," replied the painter, "I am the offended party." Lady —— made no remark, except wishing that her carriage had arrived. When it came, Mr. Northcote courteously attended her down to the hall: he bowed, she curtsied, and, stepping into her carriage, set off with the Young Roscius.

'The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote happening to be alone, a gentle tap was heard, and the studio door being opened, in walked his Royal Highness.

'"Mr. Northcote," said he, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella, which she was so good as to lend me yesterday." The painter bowed, received it, and placed it in a corner.

'"I brought it myself, Mr. Northcote, that I might have the opportunity of saying that I yesterday thoughtlessly took a very unbecoming liberty with you, and you properly resented it. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it."

'"And what did you say?" inquired the first friend to whom Northcote related the circumstance. "Say! Gude God! what would 'e have me have said? Why, nothing; I only bowed, and he might see what I felt. I could, at the instant, have sacrificed my life for him!—such a Prince is worthy to be a King!" The venerable painter had the gratification to live to see him a King. May he long remain so!'

His personal property was sworn to be under 25,000*l*. It is a curious precaution in his will, that he directs his body to be kept uninterred as long as it can be suffered, "to prevent the possibility of being buried alive."

Art. V.—*History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, from the Anglo-Norman Invasion, till the Union of the Country with Great Britain.* By W. C. Taylor, Esq., A. B., of Trinity College, Dublin. In two volumes, 18mo. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London: Hurst & Chance. 1831.

The history of Ireland is the collection of an almost uninterrupted series of national misfortunes. Broken before its political connexion with England, into five kingdoms, which five kingdoms were again parcelled out into several principalities, inhabited by distinct septs or clans, each governed by its own chieftain, it has remained to this hour as much divided as it was in the days of Brian Boirombe; and most probably will continue to be so, until some mighty influence shall arise, which shall be popular and powerful enough to blend the various provinces into one nation, and to gather the strength of its innumerable parties round one transcendant interest. The thrones of these petty kingdoms having been elective, with a restriction, however, to particular families, their annals are but the records of incessant civil contentions. In the catalogue of one hundred and seventy-eight monarchs of the Milesian line, enumerated by the Irish antiquaries, only forty-seven died natural deaths; seventy-one were slain in battle, and no fewer than sixty were murdered. The list may be incorrect, or may, for aught that we know, be a fabrication altogether; but its existence, at all events, proves the opinion which the early Irish historians had collected, with respect to the nature of the intercourse which these kings kept up with each other, as well as with their own subjects.

Such a state of society, as must have existed in those remote times, in a country cut up into districts, each of which was claimed to be the collective property of the most powerful clan that inhabited it, must have been productive of incessant discord throughout all the grades of the entire community. It gave rise also, of necessity, to those habits of rustic warfare and restless agitation, which even still characterize Ireland; and it sowed in families those seeds of disunion, which have not yet been eradicated, but which, on the contrary, seem every year to have taken deeper root, and to have yielded to the common enemy annual harvests of the most acceptable description. When he first landed on her shores, he had no nation in arms to contend against him. It was easy for him to beat her petty sovereignties in detail, and he had no occasion to act upon the Roman rule, "divide and conquer," for he found the country already divided admirably for his purposes. He had only to keep them as he found them, committed in the most bitter personal strife against each other, and by awarding his favours, now to one party, and now to another, to keep the majority discontented, and yet incapable, from their perpetual local quarrels, ever to join together in one powerful and heroic effort against his domination.

Amidst the frequent and bloody wars in which the Irish kingdoms were engaged in the early ages of Christianity, the hospitable character of the people never failed to shine out with a lustre, that no other nation has ever rivalled. Hence it happened, that when the Franks, the Saxons, and other barbarians, who poured down from the north upon the fair and fertile regions of the south, and in a great measure banished from them men of learning and religion, it is well known, that numbers of persons distinguished for the combination of profound knowledge with the most ardent piety, fled to Ireland, as an asylum at once beyond the reach of their foes, and prepared to afford them a friendly reception. Thus it happened, that during a period when ignorance and barbarism prevailed, like a dense cloud, over the greater part of France, Spain, and Italy, the seminaries of Ireland were filled with scholars, whose acquirements were not surpassed by men of a much later age. Unhappily, these great lights of civilization shed their influence within circles that were much confined, in consequence of there being at that time but few and imperfect means for communicating with the masses of the people; and although it may be said with truth, that small portions of Ireland were refined by education, and taught the great duties of life by religion, yet the petty kingdoms were as barbarous as ever, and as much divided against each other.

It was in this situation they were found in the ninth century, by those enterprizing pirates, who, under the general name of Danes, swarmed on the seas in vessels which they fitted out upon the northern coasts of the continent. Though not numerous, 'they obtained,' as Mr. Taylor justly remarks, 'extraordinary success in a country distracted by internal commotions, where each sept rejoiced in the depression of its rival, and where the feelings of nationality were lost in the virulence of party spirit.' The Danes might have been easily destroyed, if any thing like a general combination could have been formed against them. In point of fact, the first prince, Brian Boiromhe, who, by the vigour of his arms, and his sagacity, obtained a temporary supreme control over nearly the whole island, repressed the power of the invaders, and preserved a general peace for about ten years. But the history of his fall displays, in striking colours, the spirit of factious rivalry and discord, which has been in all ages the bane of the country.

'Murchard, the eldest son of Brian, incautiously reproached Maolmordha, King of Leinster, for his former treacherous connection with the Danes, and so irritated the vindictive passions of the haughty prince, that he determined to purchase revenge, even at the price of his country's ruin. An alliance was soon formed between the King of Leinster, and the Danish colony of Dublin. Auxiliaries were summoned from Norway, and the northern islands; emissaries were sent to stimulate the discontented princes into rebellion; and Brian, now in the extremity of old age, found himself involved in a contest more fearful than any he had hitherto experienced.

The monarch, however, proved himself equal to the emergency; he summoned to his standard all the princes who owed him obedience, and collected together his hereditary forces, on whom alone he saw that implicit reliance could be placed. The battle, which for the time decided the fate of Ireland, was fought on the plains of Clontarf, now a pretty village near Dublin. The engagement commenced on the morning of Good Friday, A. D. 1014, a circumstance which added religious enthusiasm to the patriotic zeal of the Irish, for the Danes had not been as yet converted to Christianity. At the very moment that battle was joined, Malachi, King of Meath, withdrew his forces, leaving Brian with only his own provincial army to withstand the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The soldiers of Munster were not, however, disconcerted; they had with them in the field every member of the royal house, to which they were passionately attached; for the King brought with him to the battle his five sons, his grandson, and his fifteen nephews. The conflict lasted the entire day; but at length the valour of the Irish prevailed. The traitor Maolmordha, with his chief associates, were slain. His followers immediately broke their lines and fled; and the Danes were driven, with dreadful slaughter, to their ships and the gates of Dublin. But this success was dearly purchased. Brian was slain, while praying in his tent, by a wandering party of the enemy; his son Murchard, with the best and bravest of the Irish nobility, fell in the arms of victory; and the gallant sept of the Dalgais, Brian's own tribe, was almost annihilated.'—vol. i. pp. 27, 28.

New contests then arose for the supreme dignity, which still farther embroiled the parties already abundantly inflamed against each other, and thus the way was easily opened to the expedition which invaded Ireland in the reign of Henry II. It was apparently the intention of that sovereign, when he visited the country, to provide, as far as the political knowledge of the day could enable him, for the proper government of his new dominion; but in the midst of his plans, he was obliged to return to England to defend his throne; and it is very remarkable, that from that day to this, there has been scarcely a single arrangement made for the benefit of Ireland, which originated here, that has not been suspended or neglected, in consequence of more pressing exigencies demanding the attention of its framers. England, in fact, has never since had time to raise Ireland from its original state of disorganization, and she remains to this moment, a conspicuous monument of hasty and abortive legislation.

'The premature departure of Henry was the primary cause of all the evils under which Ireland laboured for centuries. Had he completed the subjugation of the country, he would naturally have established a uniform system of law and government: he would have made his followers, and the native inhabitants, bear the common name of fellow-subjects. Unfortunately, after his departure, the extension of the Anglo-Norman power was intrusted to private adventurers, whose rewards were the spoils of the vanquished. When spoliation was thus legalized, it is not surprising that many Norman leaders were unscrupulous in the selection of their victims, and seized the lands of those who were in the King's peace, as eagerly as the estates of those who still disdained submission. Indeed, the septs which had been foremost in acknowledging the Norman sovereignty, were the greatest sufferers. The adventurers seized their lands on any pretence, or on no pretence. The provincial governors were bribed by a share of the spoil to refuse redress; and an appeal to the sovereign was difficult on account of the distance, and not likely to succeed, when the crime was supposed favourable to the royal interests. The settlement at the synod of Cashel was manifestly misunderstood by all the parties concerned. The clergy believed that Henry assumed the title of Lord Paramount only as deputy to the Pope. The toparchs supposed, that, by their tender of allegiance, they only conceded the precarious sovereignty which had been enjoyed by the native princes: and Henry imagined that he had secured the possession of the island, though his power really extended not beyond the places actually colonized by the Normans. The distinction between the new settlers and the natives was preserved more forcibly by the continuance of the Brehon law, and the old customs of tenure and descent. The English laws were granted only to the Norman settlers, to the citizens of the principal seaports, and to a few who obtained charters of denization as a matter of favour. Five principal septs, the O'Neills of Ulster, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, the O'Lacklans or Melachlans of Meath, and the MacMurroghs, called also Kavenaghs, of Leinster, were received within the pale of English law; but all the rest were esteemed aliens or enemies, and could neither sue nor be sued, even down to the reign of Elizabeth, This, in fact, amounted to a total denial of justice for any wrongs inflicted on the natives.* The old rolls contain numberless instances of complaints made for various acts of violence, to which the defendants plead, that "the plaintiff is an Irishman, and not of the five bloods," an answer which, if verified, was always held sufficient. When an English settler was slain, the murderer was executed according to English law; but the death of a native was compensated by an *eric*, according to the Brehon code. Such an incongruity afforded so many chances of escape to the powerful, and opened so many facilities for suppression, that we cannot wonder at the opposition which all plans for the establishment of a uniform system of law received from the adventurers and their descendants.'—vol. i. pp. 60—62.

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* 'One instance may be quoted as an example. It occurs among the rolls of pleas, 28, Edward III.

'"Simon Neal complains of William Newlagh, that he, with force and arms, on the Monday after the feast of Saint Margaret, at Clondalkin, in the county of Dublin, broke the said Simon's close and his herbage with oxen, calves and sheep, consumed and trampled, contrary to the peace, &c.; whence he says, that he is damaged to the amount of twenty shillings and thereof, &c.

'"And the aforesaid William comes now and says, that the aforesaid Simon *is an Irishman, and not of the five bloods;* and asks judgment if he be held to answer him.

'"And the aforesaid Simon says, that *he is one of the five bloods,* to wit, of the O'Neales of Ulster, who, by the concession of the progenitors of our lord the king, ought *to enjoy and use the liberties of England, and be deemed as freemen;* and this he offers to verify, &c.

'"And the aforesaid William says, that Simon *is an Irishman, and not of the O'Neales of Ulster, nor of the five bloods;* and thereupon issue is joined, &c. Wherefore let a jury, &c."'

In this passage we have as perfect an abridgement as could possibly be made, of the policy which has been acted upon by the English government, with respect to Ireland, ever since the reign of Henry II. Substitute in the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I., William III., and Anne, the penal laws enacted against the Catholics for the regulations which were made in that of Henry II.: in place of the words "Norman settlers," write the Protestant inhabitants, and for the "five principal septs within the pale of English law," write the dependents of the English government, and you have exactly a continuation under new names, of all the old outrages against justice and honour, which were perpetrated in Ireland with impunity, because the people were too much disunited to rise in combined rebellion, and trample this atrocious system of tyranny to the earth.

It is a singular fact, that we may trace also to the incompleteness of Henry's conquest, another evil, which has been industriously propagated from generation to generation by all the oligarchies that have succeeded the "Norman settlers." Prior to his invasion, land in Ireland was held at the will of the district chieftain, or toparch, who thus secured the services of a large number of tenants for military purposes. Those tenants were in no better situation than mere serfs, for they were the slaves of the chieftain in every sense of the word; the precariousness of their power induced the Norman leaders to continue this kind of tenure, which exists to the present day, notwithstanding all the efforts which modern legislators have made to modify or eradicate it; and the consequence is, that there is not, and never has been, a body of substantial yeomanry in Ireland. The occupiers of the land are, for the most part, of what we should call in this country, the lowest class of the peasantry; they are in a state which their universal poverty assimilates to servitude; they cannot live without land, and they are obliged, from the competition that prevails amongst them, whenever a small farm is to let, to pay for the possession a rent, that scarcely leaves them the power of enjoying the common necessaries of life. 'Hence,' to use the language of Mr. Taylor, 'hence, the great mass always ready for insurrection, when summoned by popular leaders, or by their own passions; men possessing no sympathy with their landlords, for never did community of feeling exist between master and slave; men having nothing to lose in agrarian tumult, and every thing to hope from the prospect of revolution.' Mr. Taylor adds, and his description serves equally well for the orangemen of the present day,' The monarchs soon found the degenerate English who had adopted Irish customs, more obstinate and more formidable enemies than the natives. In the language of the old Irish historians, "they were more Irish than the Irish themselves;" and, from their first settlement, their principal object, and that of their successors was, to control, and, if possible, prevent, the wholesome influence of the British government, in *order to maintain their own monopoly of oppression*. Had Henry remained a sufficient time to complete his prudent plans, he might really have established an English interest in Ireland; but he only left behind him an oligarchy, which, like all other oligarchies in a country possessing the semblance of freedom, was ever jealous of the sovereign, and odious to the people!' This is precisely the case at the present moment, and until the existing orange oligarchy is utterly destroyed, there can be no permanent peace for Ireland.

A foreigner becoming acquainted with this subject for the first time, would be much surprised to observe in how many points the modern and early histories of that country coincide. It was but a year or two ago that those abominable statutes were repealed, which excluded the Irish Catholics from office on account of their religion. But Edward III. issued a similar decree, not indeed against the Catholics of Ireland, for there were then no religious distinctions known, but against the Irish *en masse*. He actually promulgated a proclamation, that none but those of English birth should be eligible to any office in Ireland! Not content with this audacious insult, he instructed his son, the Duke of Clarence, whom he appointed Lord Deputy of that country, to summon an assembly of corrupted chieftains at Kilkenny, by whom the celebrated statute named after that city was enacted. We need but mention a few of its provisions, to shew how unrestrained was the insolence of the governing party at that period (1367). It provided, among other things, that *marriage* with the Irish, or submission to the Irish law, as distinguished from the English, should be punished as *high treason!* It declared, that if any man of English descent should use an Irish name, the Irish language, or observe Irish customs, he should forfeit his estates, until security was given for his conformity to English habits. It was also declared penal, to present a mere Irishman (that is, one who had not purchased a charter of denization) to any benefice, or to receive him into any monastery. And, finally, it was strictly forbidden to entertain any native bard, minstrel, or story teller; *or to admit any Irish horse to graze on the pasture of a liege subject*. Who can wonder, after such a precious specimen of legislation as this, which in spirit as well as in letter existed in Ireland to a very late period, at the miserable aspect which that degraded country now presents? Verily the abuses of its government are of no modern origin. They bear date nearly five hundred years ago, and their consequences are still conspicuous, in the wretchedness and general disaffection which they have generated, and will for many years prolong.

As if the system established by the statute of Kilkenny had not been sufficiently degrading and detrimental to Ireland, the reformation came, and in its train followed, not peace and good-will, but disturbance, and sacrilege, and robbery. It is highly honourable to the advisers of Queen Mary, that her reign in Ireland, at least, was commenced by several acts equally just, humane, and politic! No persecution of the Protestants, as Mr. Taylor attests, was attempted; and several of the English who fled from the furious zeal of Mary's inquisitors, found a safe retreat among the Catholics of Ireland! 'It is but justice,' he continues, 'to this maligned body to add, that on three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand, they never injured a single person in life or limb, for professing a religion different from their own.' This testimony is valuable coming from a writer who proclaims himself a devoted member of the Church of England! No doubt can be entertained, that in England a real gun-powder plot existed: in Ireland a similar plot was imagined, and was followed by real confiscations, witnesses having been absolutely hired and kept in the pay of the local government, for the purpose of establishing conspiracies that never were even thought of by the parties who were implicated in the results. In this manner the king took to himself more than half a million of acres in the north of Ireland, where, without paying any regard to the rights of the occupants, he determined to settle colonies from England and Scotland, and to drive the actual inhabitants into the woods and mountains. It was thus that the Indians were treated by the Spaniards in South America. The plea for this iniquitous proceeding was, that the chieftains who held, in fact, but a nominal sovereignty over that part of the country, had rebelled; therefore the lawful owners, against whom no charge of treason, or any other crime, was made, were deprived of their property. This was the logic upon which the government of Ireland was administered!

> 'The lands were divided into portions of two thousand, fifteen hundred, and one thousand acres, according to the capacity of the undertakers. They were bound to sublet only to English tenants; to give these secure leases on equitable terms; to erect houses after the English fashion; and to adopt the English system of agriculture. They were strictly prohibited from giving land to the mere Irish, or to such persons as refused the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. The companies in the city of London obtained very large grants as undertakers; and it is but justice to add, that their estates are, and long have been, the best managed in Ireland. Few complaints would be made of absenteeism, if the estates of all absentees were managed with so much attention to the comforts of the tenantry, and the general welfare of the country, as those of the London companies. In the commencement of the plantation, their conduct was, however, far different: they openly, and almost avowedly, violated every part of their contract; they acted entirely by agents, in whose selection little care was taken; and they permitted them to exhaust, in private emolument, resources of which they were slow in learning the value.'—vol. i. pp. 239, 240.

Plots of treason, however, could not be plausibly invented every day; the ingenuity of the Irish government could go no farther at that time in that particular way, and they had therefore recourse to a new device, which was, " a commission for the discovery of defctive titles," at the head of which was placed, the notorious Sir William Parsons. At any period, the issuing of a commission of this kind would be deemed, in a free country, tantamount to an abdication of the crown: no community who had nerves to feel, and arms to defend, their rights, would endure such an act of tyranny, without bringing the question to an issue in the field, if the king who sanctioned, would find soldiers to enforce, such a decree. But situated as Ireland was in the reign of the first James, after a long course of civil wars, which necessarily produced much confusion in every family, and destroyed many of their title papers, a sweeping investigation of that description was the very extreme point to which, it would seem, that tyranny could by possibility be extended. It was carried into execution as a matter of course in Ireland. When the requisite documents could not be found, where feudal services were left unperformed, where crown rents remained unpaid, or any other irregularity had taken place, it was taken instant advantage of, and the lands were seized by the crown. The reign of James was, in consequence, a mere system of robbery in Ireland; his officers, surpassing him in inquity, plundered the loyal, as well as the disaffected. We suppose that there is to be found in no history of any part of the world, a narrative so truly appalling, as that which we subjoin, in connexion with this state Inquisition.

'Bryan and Turlogh Byrne were the rightful owners of a tract in Leinster, called the Ranelaghs. Its vicinity to the capital made it a desirable plunder; and accordingly Parsons, Lord Esmond, and some others, determined that it should be forfeited. The Byrnes, however, had powerful interest in England, and obtained a patent grant of their lands from the King. Parsons and Esmond were not to be disappointed so easily. They flatly refused to pass the royal grant; and, deeming the destruction of the Byrnes necessary to their safety, they had them arrested on a charge of treason. The witnesses provided to support the charge, were Duffe, whom Turlogh Byrne, as a justice of the peace, had sent to prison for cow-stealing, MacArt and MacGriffin, two notorious thieves, and a farmer named Archer. This last long resisted the attempts to force him to become a perjured witness; and his obstinacy was punished by the most horrible tortures. He was burned in the fleshy parts of the body with hot irons; placed on a gridiron over a charcoal fire; and, finally, flogged until nature could support him no longer, and he promised to swear any thing that the commissioners pleased. Bills of indictment were presented to two successive grand juries in the county of Carlow, and at once ignored, as the suborned witnesses were unworthy of credit, and contradicted themselves and each other. For this opposition to the will of government, the jurors were summoned to the Star-Chamber in Dublin, and heavily fined. The witnesses, MacArt and MacGriffin, being no longer useful, were given up to the vengeance of the law. They were hanged for robbery at Kilkenny; and, with their dying breath, declared the innocence of the Byrnes.

'The ingenuity of Parsons and his accomplices was not yet exhausted.

The Byrnes presented themselves before the Court of King's Bench in Dublin, to answer any charge that might be brought against them. No prosecutor appeared, and yet the chief-justice refused to grant their discharge. During two years, repeated orders were transmitted from England, directing that the Byrnes should be freed from further process, and restored to their estates; but the faction in the castle evaded and disobeyed every mandate. At length, on learning that the Duke of Richmond, the generous patron of the persecuted Irishmen, was dead, it was determined by Parsons to complete the destruction of the victims. He had before been baffled by the integrity of a grand jury; on this occasion, he took proper precautions to prevent a similar disappointment. The bills were sent before the grand jurors of Wicklow, the majority of whom had obtained grants of the Byrne property, and all were intimately connected with the prosecutors. The evidence placed before this impartial body was the depositions of four criminals, who were pardoned on condition of giving evidence; but even these wretches were not brought in person before the jury. Their depositions were taken in Irish by one of the prosecutors, and translated by one of his creatures. These suspicious documents, however, proved sufficient, and the bills were found.

'To procure additional evidence, it was necessary to use expedients still more atrocious. A number of persons were seized, and subjected to the mockery of trial by martial law, though the regular courts were sitting. The most horrid tortures were inflicted on those who refused to accuse the Byrnes; and some of the most obstinate were punished with death. But the firmness of the victims presented obstacles which were not overcome, before some virtuous Englishmen represented the affair so strongly to the King, that he was shamed into interference. He sent over commissioners from England to investigate the entire affair. The Byrnes were brought before them, and honourably acquitted. Their lives were thus saved; but Parsons had previously contrived to obtain a great portion of their estates by patent, and was permitted to keep them undisturbed.'—vol. i. pp. 243—246.

Mr. Taylor, who has authenticated this statement by documents, which are still preserved in the library of the Dublin University, passes but a brief commentary upon the system which it discloses. Words are not necessary, and indeed would be inadequate, to express the horror, with which it must fill the heart of every man who has sympathy for his kind. But the atrocity of the reign of James did not stop here: from the omission of a formality, the enrolment of some patents, he was meditating the confiscation of the whole province of Connaught, when, fortunately for its inhabitants, he died. Martial law proclaimed in times of peace; corruption of witnesses, and juries, and judges; the conversion of the civil and ecclesiastical courts into instruments of oppression; peculation in every office of the state; confiscation without trial, and without even a plausible pretence of guilt on the part of the supposed offenders, combined to mark his reign in Ireland, as more infamous than a Nero or a Caligula would have even dared to aspire to.

The reign of Charles I. in the same devoted country, though not intentionally oppressive, so far as the personal wishes of the king were concerned, was, from a variety of causes, productive of new calamities. From ignorance, rather than design, the administration of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford was so conducted, as to bring upon his name a degree of detestation, which will never be effaced from the memory of Ireland. He was, and still is, popularly called "Black Tom," on account of the deeds of tyranny and persecution which are justly attributed to him. The principle of all his policy was the same, indeed, as that which the Duke of Wellington once proclaimed in the House of Lords, that Ireland ought to be treated as a conquered country, the inhabitants of which had no rights, except those which were granted to them by the crown. He acted upon this principle towards Catholics, and Protestants, and presbyterians, and arrayed them all in rebellion against Charles. But even in their hostility to the king, they would not join with each other. It would be a curious fact in any other country except Ireland, that a civil war was actually commenced in the year 1641, by four separate armies. There was first, the army of the native Irish; secondly, that of the confederates, or Catholics of the Pale; and thirdly, that of the parliamentarians. The royalist army made a fourth, which, by proper management, might have been induced to join the first or second; but no exertions could succeed in establishing any thing like harmony amongst those who were opposed to the parliamentarians, and the latter, though the weakest of the four, were eventually, of course, triumphant. The object of the different parties was property, and consequently, when the parliamentarians gained the victory, it was followed by a new series of confiscations, more extensive than any that had previously taken place. Such was the opinion entertained in England, with respect to Ireland, in the time of the Commonwealth, that Harrington, in his "Oceana" a work notorious for the extravagant ideas of liberty which it advocates, gravely proposed that Ireland should be leased out by the government to the Jews! The ordinance of the English parliament, however, with a degree of consideration, for which they really deserve some credit, premises that it was not their intention "to extirpate" the Irish nation. Undoubtedly, it was a very great favour upon their part, to suffer the Irish to live in their own country! The greater part of the soil of Ireland was distributed under this ordinance amongst the Cromwellians, as they are called to this day; and if any portion of it be now in the hands of the Catholics again, they are indebted for it, not to any acts of restitution upon the part of the government, or its grantees, but to their own industry and enterprise, which have enabled them to purchase the estates of their ancestors. We need hardly remark, that this new settlement of Ireland, by the government of the Commonwealth, added not a little to the elements of discord which were already in operation in that unhappy country. We need not, therefore, wonder at the numerous conflicts into which they afterwards broke out, nor at the precautions which the dominant party adopted for their own security. It is true that such precautions as the penal laws then enacted, and rigidly enforced against the Catholics, were never heard of in any other nation; but the Irish had truly great reason to be grateful, for " they were not extirpated!" They were simply stripped of their property, and expelled from their homes, and exposed to die of famine. That was all!

And reading of these transactions, ought we to feel surprised that Ireland is not, at this day, upon a level with England, in wealth, and prosperity? It were a miracle, indeed, if she had been. No; Ireland is yet, and for centuries, we fear, must remain, an eye-sore to the people of this country, and a constant drain upon their resources. This is but a part of the punishment which the crimes of their ancestors have entailed upon them.

Even if Ireland had been permitted to live in peace, during the period that intervened between the Cromwellian settlement, and the commencement of the reign of George III., it is by no means improbable, that a country, so favourably placed in every respect, would have made some important steps in the career of national exertion. But one war was scarcely beginning to be forgotten, when another renewed all the horrors by which war has always been peculiarly characterized in that island. The attachment of the Irish to the Stuarts, brought upon them the vengeance of William III., and the further penal laws, by which his reign, and that of Anne, were disgraced. The effect of these abominable statutes is thus accurately described by Mr. Taylor.

'The grants of extensive forfeitures to several English proprietors was the first great cause of absenteeism, which is usually reckoned one of the chief causes of misery in Ireland. It is certainly absurd to say that evil has not resulted from this system; but it is just as absurd to suppose, that compulsory residence would be a remedy. The mere fact of the landlord living in Ireland or England, would make little difference, if the Irish still continued to export their raw produce, and import all manufactured articles; for there would be still the same impediment to the accumulation of capital, and the exercise of collective industry. Absenteeism is a part, and by no means the worst part, of a destructive system of land-letting, which arose from the joint operation of forfeitures and the penal laws. A great portion of Irish lands is held on leases of lives, renewable for ever, or on leases of extraordinary duration. These tenures arose from the uncertainty of property. The persons to whom estates were granted, eagerly embraced any offer made to them by persons residing on or near the lands. Many of them were English proprietors, and never intended to visit Ireland. Others had learned to dread the peasantry, and sought refuge in the towns. Both classes were glad to get a certain rent, however disproportioned, when they considered the uncertainty of their possessions. In consequence of this, a regular subordination of landlords, sometimes six or seven, existed between the proprietor and the actual tiller of the ground. Thus, the non-productive classes were disproportionately increased; for each of them was, wholly or partly, supported by his profit-rent; and as the weight of maintaining all fell upon the producers, they derived no advantage from their labours beyond a sufficiency to protract a miserable existence. The numerous class of what were usually called "poor gentlemen," now fast disappearing, became a greater curse to the country, than absenteeism ever has been, or could be—men whose property ranged from one to five hundred a year, and who chose to live on that sum in idleness, deeming trade, commerce, and honourable industry, a degradation. The support of these gentlemen being derived from some lease, or share in a lease, of course fell upon the peasant, and absorbed all the fruits of his industry. The country, therefore, became, and continued, wretched; because the labourers had to provide for a greatly disproportioned number of consumers.

‘Forfeitures placed the greater part, indeed almost the whole, of the lands in the hands of the Protestants; and the penal laws continued them in exclusive possession. Having already described the Cromwellians and their descendants, who constituted the great mass of Irish proprietors, it is needless to show how unfit such men were to be trusted with the destinies of a country. Even if we had not the evidence of an impartial witness, common sense would lead us to conclude, that these men would, in the ordinary transactions of life, exhibit the same unprincipled tyranny and injustice which their representatives had displayed in Parliament. Men who, as legislators, had unscrupulously violated a solemn treaty, and enacted persecuting laws sanctioning robbery and crime, could not have been kind landlords, nor equitable justices of the peace. We are not, however, left to mere reasoning, to discover the general character of the landlords in the middle of the last century. That celebrated agriculturist, Mr. Arthur Young, has recorded what he witnessed during his tour in Ireland, with all the indignation which an English gentleman feels at witnessing tyranny and oppression. His picture is not overcharged, as will be readily acknowledged by many who can remember some remnants of the system which he saw, in its full bloom of perfection. He says, "The landlord of an Irish estate, inhabited by Roman Catholics, is a sort of despot, who yields obedience, in whatever concerns the poor, to no law but his will. A long series of oppressions, aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into the habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an honest unlimited submission. Speaking a language that is despised—professing a religion that is abhorred—and being disarmed, the poor find themselves slaves in a land of written liberty. *Nay, I have heard anecdotes of the lives of the people being made free with, without any apprehension from the justice of a jury.* The execution of the laws lies very much in the hands of justices of the peace, many of whom are drawn from the most illiberal class in the kingdom. If a poor man lodges a complaint against a gentleman, or any animal that chooses to call itself a gentleman, and the justice isues out a summons for his appearance, it is a fixed offence, and he will infallibly be *called out.* The peasants know their situation too well to think of it. They can have no defence, but by means of protection from one gentleman against another, who probably protects his vassal as he would the sheep he intends to eat."

‘The Irish landlords had professed an earnest desire to surround themselves with a Protestant tenantry; but they soon found that this would be inconsistent with what they deemed their interests. The Protestants would not pay the extravagant rents demanded by the landlords, and were of course rejected. They emigrated in thousands to North America, and furnished the States with a body of determined soldiery, at the moment they were about to commence their contest with Great Britain.

'Nor was this the only cause of the disappearance of Protestantism among the lower ranks. The inefficiency, the negligence, and, in many cases, the immorality of the established clergy, were at this unhappy period perfectly scandalous. Their anxiety was to diminish their congregations, and make their parishes perfect sinecures. To the lower ranks of their flocks they were utter strangers, and would have looked upon any attempt to force intercourse as unpardonable impertinence. The great defect in the constitution of the church of England is, that it makes no provision for the instruction of the poor and ignorant. The sublime service, and simple but touching eloquence of the liturgy, loses much of its effect by constant repetition; but when read carelessly, in the style of a school-boy hurrying over a disagreeable task, its efficacy is wholly lost. The sermons are by no means an adequate substitute for the instruction that should be conveyed by personal communication: a well-written essay, in elegant and classical language, read from the pulpit, is really a very inefficient means of conveying religious knowledge to the illiterate and uninstructed. Irish Protestants have frequently boasted that theirs is the religion of gentlemen —can they forget that such is not the boast of Christianity? A higher merit than the restoration of sight to the blind, health to the sick, or even life to the dead, was, that "to the poor the gospel is preached." The church of Rome, with more wisdom, insists on a personal intercourse between the priest and his flock, by the institution of confession. That this is liable to abuse, nay, that it has frequently been abused, is incontrovertible; but equally certain is it, that confession has been the source of many and great benefits. The first reformers felt this: and, in the rubric, required some such intercourse between the minister and the congregation, as a preparation for receiving the sacrament; but if ever practised in the reformed church, it soon fell into disuse; and the legal desecration of the sacrament, by making it a political test, rendered the revival of it impossible.

'Another cause for the decay of Protestantism, was the want of service in the Irish language. Whether the liturgy, in their own beloved tongue, would have reconciled the Irish to a religion, known to them only as the great source of their national calamities, may perhaps be doubtful; but the experiment was never tried, and the Irish church could not discern the ludicrous inconsistency of preaching against the church of Rome, for keeping the service of the mass in an unknown tongue, while it itself inflicted penalties on millions, for not attending service in a language almost equally unknown.

'Persecution drew still closer the ties that united the priests to the people. Both were cruelly oppressed by the "Protestant ascendancy," and mutual suffering has ever been a source of firm friendship. The poor Protestant felt sensibly the difference between a pastor, who scarcely deigned to recognise his existence, and one who would be his comforter, his adviser, his guide, and his friend. Such a spectacle daily before his eyes, was a more powerful argument than the most laborious treatise on the differences between the churches. Reason might show, that the opinions of the Protestant rector were the better; but reason and feeling united to prove that the conduct of the Catholic priest was more in accordance with the precepts of the gospel, and the conduct of the apostles. So powerful, indeed, was the effect of the contrast, that but for the labours of the Methodists and other dissenters, whose preachers mixed with the people, there would now be scarcely a single Protestant among the lower ranks in Ireland.

'But with whatever other negligences the church of Ireland may be charged, carelessness in the exaction of tithes is assuredly not among the number. Thrown, by the law, on the miserable tillers of the soil for support, the majority of the clergy employed a class of men, called Tithe-proctors, to collect their revenues; and never was there a greater scourge inflicted on an unfortunate country. Their exactions, their cruelties, their oppressions, would furnish materials for volumes; and would even then convey but a faint image of the intolerable misery they occasioned. The Irish law of tithe was far more severe than the English—it armed the parson with greater powers—it took from the farmer every means of defence against illegal overcharges. If the Irish clergy and their proctors had been angels, they must have been corrupted by the system; but they were not even the best of men; and they used their tremendous power in its fullest extent. If any thing further was required to alienate the hearts of the Irish peasantry from the reformed religion, it was to be found in the exactions of the tithe-mongers; for how could the cottier love, or even respect, pastors who seized the fruits of his industry, and snatched the last morsel from the mouths of his starving family?

'The oppressions of the landlords and the tithe-mongers produced their natural effect. The peasants, driven to despair, broke out in agrarian insurrections, which soon became formidable. The Protestant labourers of the north took the title "Hearts of Oak;" those of the south, from wearing their shirts outside their clothes, were denominated "Whiteboys." They committed the most alarming outrages, and inflicted the most revolting cruelties, on all whom they deemed the authors of their wrongs. There was not a man in Ireland ignorant of the cause of these disturbances; but the rulers of the land were neither willing to acknowledge their tyranny, nor inclined to cease from their rapacity. They adopted the usual favourite remedy of Irish legislators, and passed a sanguinary code of laws, to which no country in Europe can furnish a parallel.

'"The Whiteboys," says Mr. Young, "being labouring Catholics, met with all those oppressions I have described, and would probably have continued in full submission, had not very severe treatment in respect of tithes, united with a great speculative rise of rents about the same time, blown up the flame of resistance. The atrocious acts they were guilty of, made them the subject of general indignation. Acts were passed for their punishment, which seemed calculated for the meridian of Barbary. This arose to such a height, that, by one, they were to be hanged under circumstances without the common formalities of a trial, which, though repealed in the following session, marks the spirit of punishment; while others yet remain the law of the land, that would, if executed, tend more to raise than quel an insurrection."

‘ The old cry of a Popish plot was raised ; and the cruelty of fear induced the leaders of the ascendancy to commit new acts of tyranny, and several fell victims to the forms of law, under circumstances of very doubtful guilt. Many more would have met a similar fate, but for the exertions of the judges, and especially Sir Edward Aston, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. He was nobly rewarded. On his return from a special commission at Clonmel, he found the roads lined by multitudes of both sexes, the friends and relatives of those whom he had rescued from destruction, invoking the blessings of heaven on his head, for his impartiality in the administration of justice—a blessing, of which its rarity had taught them the value.

‘ There was, however, one victim, whose fate deserves to be recorded, not merely as an illustration of the temper of the times, but as an example of the reckless fury with which the Irish aristocracy then, and since, used to hunt down an obnoxious individual. Nicholas Sheehy, the parish-priest of Clogheen, was a man of strong, generous feeling, and full of a noble sympathy for the injured and oppressed—a sentiment which was long deemed treasonable in Ireland. He had given unpardonable offence to the gentry in the neighbourhood, by resisting their oppression of their tenantry, and denouncing magisterial tyranny. He had frequently shielded persecuted victims, and relieved those whom “ the little tyrants of the fields” had reduced to misery ; but his character of “ village Hampden” was full of danger, even greater than that of his prototype ; for in England, at the worst of times, there was some chance of obtaining justice. During the disturbances in the south, he had frequently been tried for “ acting as a Popish priest”—an offence then punished with transportation ; but evidence sufficient for his conviction could not be obtained. A complaint was next made to government, that he had procured money from France to pay the Whiteboys, and to enlist them in the service of the Pretender. A proclamation was issued, offering a reward of three hundred pounds for Sheehy’s apprehension. On hearing of this, he wrote a letter to the Secretary of State, offering to surrender, provided that he should not be tried at Clonmel, where his enemies would easily be able to pack a jury. His offer was accepted ; he was brought to trial in Dublin, and, after a laborious investigation of fourteen hours, was honourably acquitted. The evidence against him was that of a vagrant boy, a common prostitute, and an impeached thief, taken from Clonmel jail, and bribed to give testimony, by promises of pardon and reward.

‘ His acquittal only stimulated the malice of his enemies. A report was circulated that a Whiteboy, named Bridge, had been murdered by his associates, to prevent his giving information ; and Sheehy was arrested as a participator in the crime. He had reason to dread a Clonmel jury. On the very same evidence that had been rejected in Dublin, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged and quartered. The most essential part of the evidence, we should naturally suppose, would be the proof of Bridge’s death ; but no such thing was attempted. In fact, it was sworn, by two unexceptionable witnesses, that he had left the country ; and it is notorious, that he was known to be alive several years after. During the trial, the faction that conducted the prosecution formed a guard round the court, excluding the prisoner’s witnesses, and grossly insulting all who dared to speak in his favour. So far was the system of terror carried, that his attorney narrowly escaped with his life, and was forced to fly by night to Dublin.

'The pretended murder of Bridge was made the pretext for the judicial murder of some other individuals obnoxious to the aristocracy of Tipperary; but the effect produced by the dying declarations of these unhappy men, caused such a strong sensation of horror, that the persecutors were stopped short in the midst of their career.

'The state of morals, during this unhappy time, was deplorable; the habits of the gentry were coarse and brutal; the peasant learned all the vices of the slave. The few Catholics who pretended to conform, neither were, nor affected to be, influenced by religious principle. A certificate of having received the sacrament in the church of England, was all that the law required to secure their property; and tradition records many instances of horrible profanation that took place when the test was administered to these insincere converts. But there were also some noble examples of virtue, which it is much more pleasing to contemplate. Many Catholics made fictitious conveyances of their estates to Protestants; and there were very few instances of the violation of this confidence. A poor Protestant barber held the title-deeds of all the Catholic estates in a southern county. He would accept from them neither present nor reward, but supported himself by the labour of his own hands. His only recompense was the testimony of his own conscience, and the gratitude of those whose estates he rescued from the rapacity of the discoverers:—But what more noble recompense could he have obtained?

The seats in the Irish Parliament were, at this time, held for life, except at the demise of the Crown, or when the King pleased to order a dissolution. The people had consequently little controul over their representatives; and by the ingenious contrivances used to close the corporations, the Irish House of Commons became a mere mockery of representation. The English reader will scarcely credit the reality of such an anomaly as the existence of cities and towns, containing several thousand inhabitants, where the elective franchise is confined to twelve or thirteen individuals. But some such still remain; and the populous towns of Clonmel, Cashel, and Belfast, have not a constituency much larger than that of Gatton or Old Sarum. If he asks why such an abuse is permitted to exist?—he will be told, that it is essential to the Protestant interest! If he asks for any explanation of the wicked nonsense of such a reply, he will get no answer. Where the towns contained a larger constituency, the corporations adopted an ingenious plan of selling themselves to an extensive dealer in boroughs, and, by bestowing the elective franchise on his friends, dependents, and servants, they soon outnumbered the resident freemen. This was very successfully practised in Youghal. The corporation party happened to be less numerous than the independents; but they contrived, by finesse, to hold an assembly of which the others were not aware, and created an overwhelming majority of non-residents. They then constituted the Earl of Shannon their patron, agreeing to return his nominees, and receiving, in return, appointments in the Customs and Excise—the Irish government having erected an immense number of useless places in both departments, for the special purpose of rewarding its dependents.

'The proprietors of boroughs, or rather the proprietors of the Irish Parliament, for its cities and counties were virtually close boroughs, formed an anomalous body called *Undertakers*. They entered into a bargain with the government to carry all its measures in Parliament, receiving, in return, places, pensions, and profitable jobs. Similiar transactions have occasionally taken place in England, where the parties had the grace to keep them secret. But, in Ireland, corruption stalked unblushingly abroad, and seemed to court the face of day. Honesty and patriotism were so lightly valued, that no one thought it worth while to lay claim to them. The two great objects of the undertakers were, to oppose the independence of the Crown, and the liberty of the people. The English ministry did not interfere with the oligarchy in their misgovernment of the unfortunate country, which "they insulted by their ignorance, plundered by their rapacity, and slandered by their malice." But factitious opposition to the power of the Crown was an evil of a different nature, which they determined to remove. For this purpose it was resolved, that the Lord Lieutenant, instead of visiting Ireland once in two years, and intrusting the government, in the interval, to Lords-Justices chosen from the undertakers, should, for the future, reside in Dublin, and manage in person the disposal of places, pensions, and preferments.

'An unexpected result followed this change. The condition of the people was gradually improved, as the authority of government was strengthened; and, save when the old oligarchy, by lending their odious influence to a minister, contrived to gain back some portion of their old monopoly, no examples of wanton oppression, on the part of the supreme power, will be found in the rest of this history. It was, however, the misfortune of George the Third's reign, that most of the administrations formed in it felt afraid of the people; and that, in consequence, they entered into a new alliance with the Irish oligarchy, and intrusted that dangerous body with powers which they were afterwards unable to control. Every direct exertion of British power has been uniformly in favour of the people; and Ireland continued to be oppressed, not because the British minister had too much influence, but because he had too little; being checked, controlled, and fettered by the confederacy of the boroughmongers, which knavery called, and folly believed, to be "the Protestant interest."

'This beneficial change was not effected without great expense, and was made the subject of more jokes, good and bad, than will bear to be recorded. Lord Townshend, the viceroy appointed to effect the revolution, possessed a large share of the convivial talents so highly appreciated in Ireland; he easily collected about the Castle the inferior dependents of the great boroughmonges, and purchased the transfer of their allegiance by the united influence of cash and claret. This was described as "an attempt to monopolize the manufacture of legislators, by purchasing up the raw material;" and the needy crowd that thronged the Upper Castle-yard, pacing the narrow precincts in hopes of reward, were said to be employed in "ploughing the half acre;" for so much did its area contain.'—vol. ii. pp. 260—273.

Thus we see from every page, that the history of Ireland is but an almost uninterrupted series of national misfortunes; that ever since she has been connected with England, she has been treated as a conquered country; that her people have been looked upon as the natural enemies of the English; that her civil institutions have been recklessly trampled upon; that her altars have been constantly insulted, frequently overthrown; that her commerce has been fettered, her resources wasted, her interests despised or opposed, and her career, as a nation, embarrassed by all the impediments by which a powerful state can obstruct the progress of a weak one. It is, indeed, a heart-rending history to peruse. Evidence of misgovernment, of gross rapacity, and of the most cruel legislation, upon the part of England, flashes upon the eye at every line. We know not what Ireland might have done, had the island been a thousand miles further to the west, in the Atlantic; but placed as it is, it is unquestionably the most wretched spot upon the map of civilized Europe.

There are few, if any, exaggerations in the picture which Mr. O'Connell has drawn, of the natural advantages which that country possesses. In fertility of soil it is unrivalled; it is remarkably well circumstanced for general commerce, at the western extremity of Europe, with every facility for navigation to every part of the maritime world; it is indented by spacious roadsteads, bays, estuaries, and harbours; and many of the latter are open in all states of the tide, and sheltered from tempests. The interior of the country is intersected by numerous navigable rivers, and there is scarcely any part of it without the best materials for the construction of roads. Water-mill sites abound in most of the counties, where machinery might be erected for manufactories of every description. The climate is genial, equally free from the extremes of heat and cold. The people who inhabit that fine island, are patient of labour, exceedingly industrious, generous, cheerful, eminently intelligent, and, by temperament, attached to religion. How, then, has it happened, that a country thus blessed by nature with every good gift which nature can bestow, seems rather to be retrograding to the ages of barbarity, and poverty, than to be advancing in refinement, and in national wealth? These two volumes furnish a painful answer to this question,—the same answer which Mr. O'Connell has also given to it,—eternal domestic dissension, and English misgovernment.

ART. V.—*Memorie storico-gritighe della vita e delle opere di Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, cappellano cantore, e quindi compositore della cappella pontificia, maestro di cappella della basilica vaticana, lateranense, e libreriana detto il principe della musica compilata.* Da Giuseppe Baini sacerdote romano, cappellano cantore, e direttore della stessa cappella pontificia. Vols. I. II. Folio. Roma: dalla societa tipografica. 1828.

THE name of Palestrina is dear to all lovers of musical harmony. He was intimately conversant with all its rules, and both with its recondite and familiar artifices and beauties. He was the first who introduced into it the charms of melody. We are, therefore, pleased to see an elaborate account of his life, his compositions, and their peculiar character.

Many attempts have been made to investigate the music of Greece and Rome. Hitherto they have not been very successful. Something has been done to discover and explain the mathematical principles by which it was regulated, but its practical rules are little known: it is even doubtful whether either the Greeks or the Romans performed music in different parts. It is admitted that the Grecian music was divided into three scales, the *Diatonic,* the *Chromatic,* and the *Enharmonic.* The former consisted of whole tones and semitones, the second of semitones, and the third of quarter-tones. But whether all, or more than one, of these were admitted into *one* air, is uncertain. The Roman music was less complex, but its general nature is as little known. Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney, in their several histories of music, have entered upon the subject and discussed it at length. Sir John Hawkins always writes with a leaden pen; Dr. Burney is generally entertaining, and often ingenious, but is too frequently flimsy. We wish some writer would favour us with a new history of music, which should contain all that is interesting in each of these works. It might, we think, be compressed into two octavo volumes..

We are next carried to the Gregorian chaunt. It has generally been supposed that this was derived from the Greek. The celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau denies this; and, after much examination of the point, we incline to his system. We observed that Mr. Butler, in his letter upon music, inserted in the first volume of his Reminiscences, adopts this opinion, and we think the reasons which he gives for it are plausible. Many learned treatises on the Gregorian chaunt have been published, but some points in it still remain to be cleared up. The melody of the Gregorian chaunt, and particularly its psalmody, are very pleasing. The accompaniment of the organ adds to its beauties, but necessarily detracts something from its peculiar nature.

The Gregorian Chaunt was superseded by the *Hexachords of Guido Aretinus,* and this introduced modern harmony. It first appeared in the Netherlands. It was extremely complicated and learned, and is music rather to the eye, than to the ear. Still it may be heard with pleasure by scientific ears. Palestrina was the first who simplified its harmony; he increased its general melody, and greatly delivered it from the heavy superstructure with which it was loaded. His alterations gave rise to the Italian *Madrigal,* the parent of the modern English glee, but not surpassed by it. We do not know a greater musical treat than an Italian Madrigal, scientifically and feelingly performed.

Dr. Burney inserted in the third volume of his History of Music, a good account of Palestrina and his works. The publication before us collects many other particulars respecting them; but these are of little consequence to general readers. It appears that Palestrina was born in 1529, in a city of that name in Italy, called, in ancient times, *Prænéste;* that, about 1555, he was admitted into the Pope's chapel at Rome; that in 1562, he was elected Maestro di Capella of Santa Maria Maggiore, in the same city; that, in 1571, he was honoured with a similar appointment at St. Peter's; and lastly, that having brought choral harmony to great perfection, he died in the year 1594, at the age of sixty-five.

The only event of importance in his history which his biographers have related, is, that florid song had been so much introduced into the church-music of Italy, as to excite the displeasure and disgust of Marcellus the Second, the then reigning Pope. It had before his time attracted the attention of Pope John the Twenty-second. The wish of that Pope was, to banish it entirely from the churches, and that the music sung in them should be of the simplest kind; that it should be in unison, and that more than one note should never be assigned to one syllable. His Holiness published two bulls to this effect. He afterwards relaxed so far as to allow that a more complex or refined music should be sung on feasts of particular solemnity. But the wishes of his Holiness were not complied with, so that at the time of Marcellus the Second, the Roman church-music was of the lightest kind. To induce the Pope to allow in the churches the performance of modern music, Palestrina requested permission, that a mass to be composed by himself should be performed in the Pope's chapel. It was accordingly composed and performed, and gave the greatest satisfaction to his Holiness and all others who heard it. From that time Palestrina was the favourite composer of ecclesiastical music. His works are very numerous, and we understand that it is very difficult to procure a complete collection of them, but that a great proportion of them may be easily obtained. The composition, by which Palestrina is most known in England, is his Exaltabo, a sublime and elegant motet. But if the species of music which the works of Palestrina superseded, was too trifling and familiar, we think that which he introduced was too cumbrous and complicated; and that a simpler style is more proper for churches and chapels. Is there not reason to suppose, that one cause of the prevalence of the evangelical chapels, is the superior simplicity of their music? To a connoisseur nothing can be more beautiful than many of the anthems which are performed in the cathedral service of the established church of England; but, to the public in general, the simple strains of the evangelical choirs, will always be much more acceptable.

Art. VI.—*A Practical Medico-Historical Account of the Western Coast of Africa, embracing a Topographical Description of the Shores, Rivers, and Settlements, with their Seasons of Comparative Healthfulness; together with the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of the Fevers of Western Africa, and a similar Account respecting the other Diseases which prevail there.* By James Boyle, M.C.S.L., Colonial Surgeon to Sierra Leone, Surgeon R.N., &c. pp. 423. London: Highley. 1831.

The circumstance of a war having but just broken out in a part of the settlements to which Mr. Boyle's descriptions refer, is one of the principal motives which have induced us to examine a work, that in its title, however elaborate, offered no very extraordinary provocation to our curiosity. And yet we cannot, on consideration, deny, that the comparative salubrity of one of the most important of our colonial possessions, forms a subject by no means of a subordinate interest, amongst those grave questions of state policy which press themselves on the immediate attention of the great council of the nation. Whether or not Sierra Leone, and the settlements in immediate connection with it, be suitable residences for Englishmen, even for a short time, is, surely, an inquiry that must be encouraged in a country where expeditions are yearly projected to our foreign possessions, for purposes of scientific curiosity, or of moral or religious benevolence. Mr. Boyle observes, that between England and Western Africa there is subsisting a beneficial connection, from which the former cannot withdraw without a sacrifice, which it would be extremely impolitic to make. An extensive traffic, he observes, is carried on with that coast in gold dust, ivory, palm oil, wax, and hides; and in some of the settlements we are engaged with the inhabitants in an important trade in timber. Besides, the Western Coast of Africa has been for many years, and still continues to be, the principal station where a British squadron can most efficiently carry into effect the anxious desire of the legislature and the country, to suppress the slave trade; Free-Town, in Sierra Leone, being the site of the courts of those mixed commissions, which have been appointed to give the sanction of the law, to the justifiable acts of our naval force in that important service.

Mr. Boyle, after several concise geographical and statistical descriptions of the Western Coast of Africa, and some of the adjacent parts, proceeds to the consideration of those diseases which may be said to be peculiar to the country, and respecting which he, as a medical authority, and a diligent witness, is entitled to a respectful hearing. It is fortunate that the habits of his practical life have altogether loosened the foundations of that eternal disposition to speculation, which is as certain an entailment upon the early professional life of every medical man, as vaccination is on his natural one. The author, therefore, is not induced to attempt what he himself rather quaintly denominates, ' a *stiff* arrangement of causes,' (p. 71), his only object being to give a straightforward register of the symptoms as they occurred, and of the treatment and its results. Mr. Boyle pursues his subject in its diversified divisions, to an extent of detail which is calculated, we should think, to render his descriptions highly valuable, as contributions to medical science. He next invites our attention to the medical topography of the British settlements on the leeward portion of the Western Coast of Africa, with other particulars of equal importance and interest. The work concludes with a notice of the diseases which come under the general category of tropical; and further, of those which, though they occur frequently on the Western shores of Africa, still cannot, with propriety, be represented as peculiar to that coast.

In the statistical portion of his observations, Mr. Boyle has furnished us with many descriptions of interesting natural scenes, which, we have no doubt, it will gratify our readers to peruse. Some of the peculiarities of the Gambia, a river which runs into the sea on the Western Coast of Africa, are thus noticed by the author.

> 'The banks of the Gambia, near its mouth, are in general low, and, in some places, sandy and sterile, although, for the most part, they are marshy, and of black mud, thickly wooded. This, indeed, is the character common to the banks of the whole river. The stream is muddy, and the borders in general are low, swampy, and, from low water mark, covered with mangroves and aquatic shrubs and thick weeds. The adjacent country is thickly wooded, and may almost be styled an impenetrable bush. Much of it is marshy. The inland soil is mostly sand, with some clay and rocky ground. Vegetation is extremely rapid, so much so, that if a spot be cleared of the bush, and neglected but for one season, it appears again in nearly its original state.'

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> 'The Gambia abounds with fish, hippopotami, and alligators. The marshy tracks on its banks yield luxuriant crops of rice, while horses, cows, sheep, and goats, pasture on the plains and on the declivities of hills. Noxious reptiles and insects almost cover the surface of the earth; and beasts of prey, occasionally leaving the forests, are found on the banks. The native inhabitants, who are few in number, reside mostly in towns or villages of huts, round which a portion (sometimes considerable) of ground is cleared, and in a state of cultivation for the production of rice, maize, tobacco, and some other articles.'—pp. 2—4.

In noticing, in two or three pages afterwards, the settlement of Bathurst, Mr. Boyle attributes its establishment, as a British settlement in 1816, to Lieutenant-Colonel Brereton, the very individual, that, at the moment we write, has consigned his name to the melancholy catalogue of those who, not possessing enough of the virtuous courage that would have enabled them to bear the frowns of an untoward fortune for a brief season, refused to bide the pleasure of that Almighty Ruler, in whose hands the term of our existence may safely be entrusted Bathurst is described as a neat, cleanly town, as well calculated for success as any establishment could be, so near the mouth of the Gambia, but, in respect of health, very far from being an eligible residence. Fish there is not superabundant; beef is tolerably good; mutton is rare; palm wine is one of the staple commodities of the neighbourhood; and partridges and guinea fowls may be occasionally procured. Considerably to the south of the Gambia, is the river Rio Grande, which has a rapid tide, with a rise of nine feet, and is said to be navigable for 150 leagues above its mouth. Mr. Boyle informs us that it was in one of the islands at the mouth of Rio Grande, that Captain Beaver attempted to form his settlement. The reader will at once recollect the island of Bulam, in association with an adventure as interesting as any that can be found in the annals of romance. This island presents, according to our author, a beautiful appearance to the eye, yet being swampy and covered with bush, it contains the elements of the most violent remittent fever. The numerous islands and points of main land, with the rivers and various settlements which are to be met with in the voyage from Bathurst to Freetown, are noticed in detail by Mr. Boyle. He states the result of his inquiries into the condition of the soil, the natural history, the state of the inhabitants of the various places which he visited, and upon the whole appears to have collected some very satisfactory and interesting information relative to the Western Coast of Africa, which is well worthy the attention of the Colonial Department of our Government. The description which he gives of the first sight of Sierra Leone, is marked by an unusual vigour of expression.

'There are very few parts in the tropical world, which, at first sight, hold out more allurements, even to the experienced traveller, than Sierra Leone. Its splendid scenery, and its beautiful river, together with its extensive, commodious, and generally secure harbour, and pleasant-looking town and villages, are calculated to excite the most flattering hopes in respect of health and enjoyment, notwithstanding strong previous impressions to the contrary. On making Sierra Leone from the north, the mountains from which the peninsula was named, first excite attention. They are lofty, perpetually clothed, from their summits to their bases, in all the fertile gaiety of nature's verdant and richest scenery; and there is a pleasing and endless variety in the outline of their countless peaks and declivities. As the ship draws in with the shore, signs of cultivation appear, and increase with rapidity, both in number and attractiveness. Freetown, and the lately-formed villages in its neighbourhood, at first shew like anomalous patches in the view, but, on a nearer approach, they add greatly to its beauty and its interest. When the ship has arrived just at that point of distance, from which a person may see all the broad outlines and apparent characteristics of an extensive scene, without being able to discern the minute details, the effect is magnificent. On the left hand is the Bullom shore, low, but covered with luxurious and richly-coloured bush, an *occasional palm* and pullom tree, rising in graceful form above the neighbouring mangroves: in appearance, it seems to embody the notions formed of fairyland, but its realities most sadly illustrate the folly of such dreams. The middle ground also occurs on the left hand, and it gives a variety to the view. In front, are the spacious river, (extending farther than the eye can reach,) and the north side of the peninsula, with its lofty mountains, and Freetown, running to the water's edge, and surmounted by the barracks, and protected by a handsome fort, and a coast forming numerous small and convenient bays, from the town to its termination at the cape, which runs boldly into the sea. On the right is the Atlantic. That a scene, composed of such ostensible material features, is grand and imposing, may readily be supposed; but those who are ignorant of the peculiarities of a tropical climate, and its seductive influences on a stranger, can form no adequate notion of the character and extent of its actual power. For the moment, home is forgotten, or if remembered, the remembrance is accompanied with a desire it should be situated in such a seeming paradise. In thus speaking of the view on arriving at Sierra Leone, we are supposing that settlement to be made on a fine clear day, when the atmosphere is bright, and comparatively devoid of malaria, and the river runs its natural course, unswollen and free from discolouration. Should the arrival, however, happen at a different period, when the atmosphere is dense, oppressive, and fraught with deleterious exhalations, and the rains are deluging the face of the country, and at once augmenting the river, and destroying its beauty, then Sierra Leone presents a very different appearance: there is nothing to excite a pleasing anticipation, but there are a world of causes for apprehension and for dread. The realities of the scene are, of course, unaltered, for the two periods are the property of the climate, and must be alike endured by the colonist; but the appearances present a melancholy and a fearful contrast.'—pp. 23—25.

The population of the settlement does not exceed twenty-six thousand souls; but it is composed of a greater number of independent races, than we believe was ever found congregated in one community before. The Europeans, it seems, cannot muster more than about one hundred and twenty. The Maroons form a numerous class. They are, though of African descent, chiefly emigrants from Jamaica, and carry on the principal trade of the place. Its artizans consist of what are technically called Settlers, and have originally migrated from Nova Scotia. The class of traders admits amongst its members, an order called Mandingos, who are natives of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. The discharged soldiers, and the liberated Africans, form no inconsiderable item in the population. With respect to the latter, Mr. Boyle makes some curious observations.

'The liberated Africans display almost every variety of the negro character. Generally speaking, those who were consigned to slavery through the fortune of war, are desirous of returning to their native countries, and frequently effect their wish, either with or without the leave of Government, which, however, is never refused them when asked; while those who were sold into slavery as a punishment for the commission of some crime, or have passed the whole of their lives in bondage in their native countries, at once adopt their new homes, as a permanent residence. For the first six months after their liberation, these people are supported and clothed by Government. They are at once placed under the direction of an official department, constituted for the purpose, and for the first three months employed on public works, when they are located in some of the villages for the remainder of the period, at the expiration of which they are left to their own resources. This is the case with respect to the men. The women mostly get married on their being liberated, for the men are not allowed to take them on any other terms. Of the children, both boys and girls, many, on liberation, are apprenticed to the inhabitants of Freetown, and the others are sent to the villages, where there are regular schools, under church missionaries, and supported, clothed, and instructed, until they are apprenticed, or qualified to provide for themselves. The people but seldom make good mechanics. Their inclination seems chiefly for traffic, and some of them have acquired considerable property. They rarely follow the sea, whether in ships or boats; and those among them who possess canoes, generally employ the natives of the neighbouring coast to work them. Many of them will readily hire themselves as servants, and, after much tuition and looking after, they are well enough in that capacity. A few have been taken by merchants, principally in the timber trade, as apprentices, and they are said to have turned out tolerably good clerks. The great body of them, however, have made but little progress in European civilization, and adhere most tenaciously to their early habits. They are tolerably cleanly, and have no peculiarities or habits likely to produce disease. One of their customs, although distinct altogether from considerations connected with health, may be noticed here without much impropriety. A secret institution has been introduced among them by the Bulloms and Timmanees, called *Purrha*, which seems to bear resemblance, at least in its spirit, to freemasonry. The meetings of *Purrha* are held at irregular periods, and they are strictly confined to the members, who are extremely numerous, and embrace many liberated Africans.'—pp. 32, 33.

The last class of inhabitants noticed by Mr. Boyle is called the Kroomen; and from his account, it would appear that the persons composing this class, in some respects resemble the bands of Irish peasantry, which the approach of each harvest invites to this country. They are mostly, he says, labourers that come from a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles: they rarely fix their residences permanently in the settlement; and, whilst in service, their great object is to get together a box of clothes, or other more valuable articles, and with these return to their own country. They remain, however, at home only so long as their store lasts, and then they come back to resume their laborious occupations. Each of the diversified classes composing the population of the settlement, is described as maintaining respectively its original distinctions: they live in separate districts; and even Freetown has streets appropriated to different races. It has been computed that not less than sixty various languages are daily spoken as the familiar tongues of one class or another, of the population of Sierra Leone.

Mr. Boyle next adverts to the climate of the settlement, and the subject appears to have been investigated by him with considerable diligence. Its seasons he divides into the wet and the dry. The latter is generally ushered in by the explosion of two or three tornados, which, though formidable in themselves, are still so long connected with the approach of a pleasant time, as that the inhabitants have sometimes prayed for their appearance. One of those strange commotions of nature is thus described by Mr. Boyle.

'A violent tornado appears to strangers a most appalling visitation, and produces an extraordinary effect upon their feelings. It consists of successive flashes of the most vivid lightning, tremendous shocks of thunder, rapidly and alarmingly reiterated, impetuous gusts of wind, deluging rain. This terrific combination of the elements sweeps along the whole of the coast under consideration; but it occurs with peculiar violence on what is called the windward coast, especially at Sierra Leone. Its denomination is derived from the Portuguese, it being a corruption of the word *trueno*, which means thunder-storm. Its approach is first discernible by the appearance of a small, clear, silvery speck, at a high altitude in the heavenly expanse, which increases and descends towards the horizon, with a gradual and slow, but visible motion. In its descent, it becomes circumscribed by a dark ring, which extends itself on every side, and as soon as the silvery cloud approaches the horizon, veils it in impenetrable gloom. At the moment, the elements seem to have ceased their operations, and the very functions of nature to be paralyzed; the atmosphere appears to be deprived of the spirit of vitality, and a sensation of approaching suffocation pervades and oppresses the physical system. The mind is wrapped in awe and suspense, but the latter is speedily relieved by the dark horizon being suddenly illuminated by one broad blaze of electric fluid; peals of distant thunder then break upon the ear, and rapidly approach and increase in fervency and violence, till the shocks become appalling; when the thunder is at its loudest, a tremendous gust of wind rushes with incredible and often irresistible vehemence from the darkened part of the horizon, not rarely in its course carrying away roofs of houses and chimney pots, blowing down or uprooting trees, and laying the stiffest and largest ships on their beam ends, or sinking them under weigh or at anchor; and to that succeeds a furious deluge of rain, which falls in one vast sheet, rather than in drops, and concludes this terrible convulsion. The lightning is of the most vivid description, and, contrary to what has been reported of it, seldom sheet lightning, but forked and piercing, and often extremely destructive, both to things animate and inanimate. Its apparently doubtful, wild course, is sometimes directed to a large and lofty tree, and the foliage, at the points of contact, is blasted on the instant, the exposed branches are severed from the trunk, and, probably, the enormous trunk itself is rent to its basis and destroyed. When it comes in contact with a house, it frequently leaves it as great a wreck as ships have been seen to be on coming out of a severe action, or after a destructive storm; and, occasionally, the building entered by it may happen to remain untouched, and its inmates, some or all of them, as the author has known to occur, perish under its scorching influence. Occasionally, the spindle of a ship's mast, the most elevated part of it, may appear to be the point of attraction, and it will sometimes dart among the spars and cordage harmless, descending till it reach the deck, *when it will suddenly* quit the vessel by some aperture, and rapidly returning through another, seem to have acquired a new character with incredible velocity; for, steering its strange and rapid course into the main deck, or hold, it will kill, maim, or injure, every thing animate or inanimate, with which it comes in contact. Much good has unquestionably been effected by conductors; but those who have watched the progress of the electric fluid, will hold the theorist in no estimation, who does not make the atmosphere the first and most important point of consideration. The heavy peals, or rather the terrifying shocks of thunder, which follow the lightning, frequently not only shake the buildings at Freetown, but the very foundations on which they stand; and the reverberations from the surrounding mountains increase, if possible, the awe excited by elementary commotion. The succeeding rain, or rather deluge, is happily of short duration, and, rushing down the various inlets and indentations in the adjoining mountains, it forms into streams, even a few minutes after its commencement, which sweep through the streets of Freetown with astonishing velocity, bearing with them all the exposed vegetable and other matter in a state of putridity or decay.

'Such is the tornado; and it is by the preponderating power of its gusts, and the atmospheric influence of lightning and its rain, that noxious exhalations from the earth, and deleterious miasmata, before confined to the neighbourhood of their origin by opposed or light currents of air, in the day, or attracted by the land (the more lofty the more attractive) in the night, are removed, and, consequently, the indescribably distressing feelings occasioned by a foul atmosphere, are superseded by those comparatively pleasurable and enlivening sensations which have been already noticed.'—pp. 40—42.

The average time for the tornados to set in, is the termination of the month of September, from which time until Christmas, tolerably calm weather may be expected. At Christmas, the periodical winds called the harmatans commence, and continue to blow for six or ten weeks. It is very curious, that whilst to the natives, and to the Europeans, who, from long residence, may be said to be acclimated in the settlement, these winds are exceedingly annoying, the Europeans newly arrived, consider them as refreshing and salubrious. But during the raging of the harmatans, the furniture of every house is covered with fine sand; and tables, chairs, doors, and, indeed, all materials composed of wood, will split or crack under their influence. Mr. Boyle concludes this part of his subject by a diary of the weather at Sierra Leone, for the term nearly of a year,—a document that will be read with extreme interest by all the cultivators of meteorological science.

The great object, however, of this work, is of a purely professional nature, and as, for many reasons, we are excluded from the consideration of such a subject, we feel that we are not doing adequate justice to Mr. Boyle, by noticing only the miscellaneous or merely supplementary portion of the work, on which it is probable he expended but a comparatively small share of his attention. Some facts, however, and profitable hints may be gleaned from the mass of medical information, which forms the chief contents of this volume. The climatorial bilious remittent fever is first noticed. This fever, which may be attributed to excessive heat, is common to all the inhabitants of the tropics. Instances abound, of men, whilst working under the rays of the sun, dropping down dead, as if shot. Again, seamen, who, to avoid the inconvenience to which they were exposed, in sleeping between decks, contrived to stretch themselves on deck, exposed to the beams of a brilliant moon, have been known, in numerous cases, to contract severe fever. We remember, that in the account of one of the missionary voyages, a very fatal power is attributed to the rays of the moon. Some remarkable cases, indeed, are given, of death, or severe disease, said to arise from exposure at night, during a full moon.

Indulgence in the use of ardent spirits, is stated by Mr. Boyle, to predispose the constitution to the fever above mentioned ; and what is remarkable, is, he considers the mere water drinker to be in as dangerous a predicament, when attacked by fever, as the most inveterate worshipper of Bacchus. 'It is the person,' he observes, 'who lives as nearly when abroad, as circumstances will allow, up to his general habits when at home, that is acting without fear ; and of the three characters alluded to, has infinitely the best chance of recovery, when attacked by fever.' We pass over much of the subsequent contents of the volume, as consisting of matter too purely professional, to allow us to hope that we could, in the least, interest our readers, by dwelling upon it. We prefer accompanying Mr. Boyle in the prosecution of his voyage on the southern or leeward portion of the Western Coast of Africa, and as far as the island of Fernando Po. The object of Mr. Boyle, it may be proper to remind the reader, in the expedition which he is now describing, is to contribute interesting facts to the stores of medical knowledge ; and that, consequently, at whatever place he rests, at whatever point he touches, our author's principal inquiries are directed to the influences by which the health of the inhabitants is more or less affected. At the same time, he does not confine his investigations to one view alone : he notes various circumstances of habits and customs, in the occupants of the several parts of the coast, and has preserved many original observations of value respecting them. There is scarcely any great difference as respects civilization, between the inhabitants of one part of the coast and those of another. The absence of cleanliness, vegetable food, an unconquerable disposition to traffic, and, (where they have had experience of Europeans) fraud and treachery, constitute the chief and common characteristics of the negroes along the Western Coast of Africa. Some of those savage communities, however, have obtained distinction by carrying the vices of their race beyond all ordinary bounds, such, for instance, as the inhabitants of the part of the coast, in the neighbourhood of Cape Esteiras. Here the natives appear to be more brutalized than any of the occupants of the African coast.

'They are,' says Mr. Boyle, 'savage and cruel to an extreme.—Their houses and burial places, particularly those of the chief men, are ornamented with the skulls of innumerable victims of their brutal folly and superstition. If one of the chiefs sleeps badly, or is disturbed by dreams, often the effect of debauchery, the priests interpret it as a punishment inflicted by the Gods, for neglecting to sacrifice to them, and to the memory of their father, mother, uncle, or aunt, or some of their relations, a number of human victims, in order that their spirits might become attendants upon those of the deceased, and so appease the Gods, and sooth the troubled spirits of their friends. Pursuing this view, the priest will occasionally order a number of helpless wretches to be cruelly butchered. The extent and atrocity of the sacrifice is regulated in proportion to the wealth of the dreamer, and the rank and nearness of kin of the individual whose spirit is supposed to be disturbed. The heads of those sacrificed are added to the heaps of skulls of persons previously murdered in like manner, and the whole are regularly collected around the habitation, or they are stuck on the roof of the hut by way of ornament. If a representation is made to them on the monstrous wickedness and folly of so wanton a waste of human life, their ordinary reply is, "They are ours. It is the best use we can make of them—you have stopped slaving as much as you can—and they are of no other use—let slave ships come; they won't be killed: we will sell them for rum." Mr. Whitelaw says, "on the southern side of the Camaroons, and from that to Cape Lopez, the natives are reported to be cannibals." This I doubt; but I have observed, that slaves from that part of the coast are exceedingly partial to, and devour with avidity, raw flesh. I have seen them fight like dogs for the raw entrails of cattle, and tear the entrails to pieces with their teeth while still smoking, full of excrement, and hardly separated from the animal; and they would gorge with raw meat until they could not move.'—pp. 349, 350.

With respect to Fernando Po, Mr. Boyle is of opinion, that it is an unhealthy situation, from circumstances which are almost insurmountable. We now take leave of Mr. Boyle's work, strongly recommending it as one full of new and important information, on a subject of pressing and universal interest.

Art. VII.—*Le Pauperisime de l'Angleterre et l'Espagne.* 8vo. Paris. 1831.

This is an ingenious publication, and leads to some considerations of great moment: we wish to see them more fully developed.

The writer admits the superiority of England over Spain in wealth, energy, literature, science, commerce, navigation and agriculture. On this subject he expresses himself in terms with which our countrymen should be satisfied. He then asks, whether they who compose the lowest class of English subjects are happier than those of the same condition in Spain. He observes that, when Englishmen write on this or any similar subject, they notice the superiority of England in the several articles we have mentioned, and generally, if not universally, take it for granted, that this circumstance alone proves the superior happiness, even of the poorest class of the English people. Our readers will recollect, that, towards the middle of the last century, Jean Jacques Rousseau published his celebrated essay on the inequality of mankind, and contended in it, that the savage was happier than the civilized man. Argument and eloquence were seldom exerted with greater power, than in that publication; but it made few converts, and the contest was decided in the public mind against the savage. It was revived by some of the leading Sans-Culottes, at the begining of the French Revolution, and we have heard that the system has some partizans in America. The philanthropic whimsies of Mr. Owen, have a tendency towards it. But we think these do not deserve serious discussion.

It is a more rational subject of investigation, whether the condition of the laborious poor of Great Britain and Ireland, does not present such an appalling scene of destitution and misery, as should rend the heart of every person acquainted with it, and bring the subject of the present work home to the feelings of every one. The point discussed by our author is, whether the lot of the poorest class in Spain, with all their want of employment and consequential idleness, be not preferable to that of the same class in England, with all their employment and consequential activity. A man who subsists by labour, should receive, in compensation for it, as much money as will enable him to support himself and his family, in that humble lot in which it has pleased Providence to place them. It should enable him to procure food, clothing, and habitation, suitable to their lowly situation. Our author contends, that, in all these respects, the poor of Spain are much better off than the poor of England. The warm climate of Spain is more favourable to them; but this, he says, only shows that the English labourers and artificers are entitled to higher wages.

He observes, that the British and Irish poor are forced by their wants into employments, in which their labour exceeds their strength, or which are incompatible with their health; and thus abridges the term which should be considered as the probable duration of their lives. He mentions the cotton-spinners, a great proportion of whom are little children of tender years. They are compelled to work twelve hours every day, in a room much too small for their numbers, and the air of which is impregnated with the most unwholesome, though invisible, particles. When we see the overgrown fortunes which have been raised by the owners of these manufactories, the comfortable situation of their principal or secondary agents, and the immense circulation of their productions, we are inclined to think it a national benefit; but if we reverse the medal, and shew the little cotton-spinners at their work, we shall be amazed at their hardships, privations, and bitter and long-enduring misery. We have selected this instance, because the circumstances attending it are generally known; and because Mr. Sadler's announced motion will bring it before the House of Commons. We trust it will receive a dispassionate and full discussion. We have lately read in a periodical work in favor of mechanism, of the immense number of persons employed in the needle trade. We find from it, that the operation of pointing the needles was found to be so injurious to the eyes of the persons employed, that very few could continue in that part of the work, even for a small number of years, without entirely losing, or materially injuring their eyesight. This effect was supposed to be produced by some particles which issued from the needles, in this state of operation, but which were so small, as wholly to escape the sight, both of the persons employed and the by-standers. To prevent this injury, a mask has been recently invented, which is worn by the operatives, and has been found to answer the purpose.

Now in Spain, there is no establishment which exactly corresponds with that of the cotton spinners, or that of the manufacturers of needles, on the scale we have mentioned. Spain, therefore, has not those incitements to industry, or those employments for it, which we have mentioned. But then, children in Spain are not condemned to work twelve hours a day, in fetid air, and no one, to gain a livelihood, is forced to point needles at the expence of his eyesight. These instances bring the questions to issue. Can that be a good state of society, in which a large portion of the community are obliged, in order to obtain a miserable pittance for their livelihood, to engage in employments, incompatible with health, and unproductive of that comfort, which is necessary to the well being, even of the poorest man? May not the question then be wisely asked, whether, upon the whole, the idleness and listlessness of the Spanish poor, are not preferable to such a life of misery and ill-requited toil, as the labouring portion of Englishmen is generally condemned to?

This is a curious and interesting speculation. We recommend it to the consideration of our political economists. Mr. Cobbett contends, in his History of the English Reformation, that England was much more populous, more wealthy, and more happy before, than she has been since, the Reformation. In support of his assertions, he has produced several important facts. He has, however, failed to convince us, that England was either more populous or wealthy than she is at present; but when we consider our pauperism, our poor law, our national debt, the extreme wretchedness of the hard working classes, and the horrible condition of the West Indian slaves, we are greatly inclined to think, that misery never abounded in the British dominions in so great a degree as it does at present. Why will not our legislators abandon their party squabbles, and give their whole attention to the considerations of those means which will most alleviate the distress, and increase the comfort of the poor? The subject is of paramount importance, and requires abundant consideration.

ART. VIII.—*Observations on the Mussulmauns of India: descriptive of their Manners, Customs, Habits, and Religious Opinions, made during a Twelve Years' Residence in their Immediate Society.* By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1832.

OF the many works that have been lately published, for the purpose of extending our acquaintance with the domestic habits and manners of the natives of British India, these volumes of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, are decidedly the most estimable. They introduce us at once into those sanctuaries of private intercourse, to which strangers seldom find access, and with which few even of the British residents become intimately acquainted. The kind of knowledge which peculiar facilities enabled our fair author to collect, for the information of her friends, in this country, and which she has been fortunately induced to exhibit to a wider circle, is perhaps of all others the most pleasing. We feel an interest in knowing every thing that concerns our fellow-beings, especially in distant parts of the world; we are gratified in hearing descriptions of their style of dress, and of the occupations which fill up the measure of their daily life; we follow them cheerfully through the details of their house-keeping, listen to their conversation, and national stories, participate in their amusements, and wonder at the differences which exist between them and ourselves, upon innumerable points of economy and conduct. No description that is characteristic of their private life can be considered too minute; our curiosity on this subject is insatiable, for let the contrast of its general complexion be ever so great with that of our own, there is still running through the whole of the distance between, that invisible, but not imperceptible, electric chain, which binds the whole race of man in the ties of sympathy.

We wish that the author had been somewhat less reserved, as to her own personal history. With reference to this topic, she merely tells us, that she passed twelve years of her life in Mussulman society: her husband would appear also to be of that nation, whereas she is herself an Englishwoman, who, we presume, originally went out to India, in connexion with some missionaries, but in what capacity, whether as a domestic, or a translator, or a preacher, or a tract distributor, the deponent saith not. She does not give us the slightest idea of the course which Mr. Meer Hassan Ali adopted, in order to persuade her to share in his fortunes, though many of her readers would doubtless be very happy to know, whether a Mussulman's mode of making love resembles that established among the men of England. We very soon learn, nevertheless, that, however limited her communications may be, upon subjects personal to herself, she is really a sensible and very amiable woman, well acquainted with the practical duties of life, and accustomed to fulfil them. She thought nothing of the climate, which, she contends, affects those only who are constitutionally idle. Her simple and effective expedient against the annoyances of that raging heat, of which so many complain, was the constant useful employment of her time, which preserved equally the health of her body, and her mind. Even when the thermometer was at its height, and the hot winds prevailed, or when that still more oppressive influence filled the atmosphere, which exists during the periodical rains, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali found or made employment for her hours, and hence, they glided rapidly along, she assures us, without a murmur, or a sigh. The climate of India cannot, therefore, be half so formidable as some of our Bishops have represented, when they endeavoured to increase the number of Episcopal officers in India, and to augment their salaries.

The manners of the Mussulman people are quite patriarchal. The master and mistress of a family receive the utmost veneration from their domestic slaves; and yet, the latter are allowed to converse with their superiors, and to give their opinions with the utmost frankness. Aged servants are treated with the most amiable kindness, and their comforts, as well as those of poor relatives of the family, even to the remotest degree of consanguinity, are attended to with the most pious care. The spirit of kindliness presides over all their intercourse with each other; the hearts of parents are ever warm with tenderness, while nothing can be more spontaneous than the obedience and affection of their children. Their reverence for age, and especially for an aged father or mother, knows scarcely any limits. Their charity to the poor flows from its proper source, their conviction that it propitiates the favour of heaven. It may be that this is not always the case, and that with some ostentation is the object. But when the needy benefit by the rich, as our author benevolently remarks, 'it is unjust to scrutinize the heart's motive, where the act itself alleviates the present sufferings of a fallen creature.' She adds,—and the sentiment and language are worthy of the proverbial wisdom of the east,—'imposition is doubtless often practised with success by the indolent, who excite the good feelings of the wealthy, by a tale of woe; the sin rests with him who begs unworthily, not with him who relieves the supposed distresses of his poorer neighbour. The very best of human beings will acknowledge, that they derive benefits from the bounty of their Maker, not because they are deserving, but that "He is merciful."'

The race of the Syads, or Meers, descended from Mahomet, are greatly respected, and form the principal class of Mussulman nobility. The female Syads are all Begums, or ladies; and their honours being all derived from their genealogy, every degree of their descent is registered in their memory with the most scrupulous exactness. As long as the children of both sexes remain under the care of their mother, in her own apartment, popularly called the zenana, it is an indispensable part of their daily education to recount their pedigree up to either Hasan or Hosein, the two sons of Ali, by his cousin Fatima. Hence, without referring to the manuscript genealogy, which is kept with sacred care in every family, they can generally trace the whole line of their ancestors, without the least difficulty. They are, of course, exceedingly jealous of the purity of their race, so much so, that, in the formation of connexions, birth is generally preferred to wealth. The consequence is, that the class of the Syads abounds in old maids. The author mentions an interesting instance, in which this pride of birth predominated over every advantage of a pecuniary description.

'There are three unmarried daughters, remarkable for their industrious habits, morality, and strict observance of their religious duties; they are handsome, well-formed women, polite and sensible, and to all this they add an accomplishment which is not by any means general amongst the females of Hindostan, they have been taught by their excellent father to read the Khoran in Arabic,—it is not allowed to be translated,—and the commentary in Persian. The fame of their superiority has brought many applications from the heads of families possessing wealth, and desirous to secure for their sons wives so eminently endowed, who would waive all considerations of the marriage dowry, for the sake of the Begum who might thus adorn their untitled house. All these offers, however, have been promptly rejected, and the young ladies themselves are satisfied in procuring a scanty subsistence by the labour of their hands. I have known them to be employed in working the jaullie (netting for a part of the female dress), which, after six days' close application, at the utmost could not realize three shillings each; yet I never saw them other than contented, happy, and cheerful,—a family of love, and patterns of sincere piety.'—vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

Among the Mussulmans, the day and night are each divided into four equal parts, or watches, which are again subdivided into hours. The latter are marked by means of a brass ball floating in a tank of water. At the bottom of the ball there is a very small aperture, which admits a drop of the water every second; the hours are numbered on the external surface, and, as the ball sinks, the progress of time is perceived by a watchman, who attends for the purpose, and proclaims it by striking with a hammer, on a broad plate of bell-metal. These watchmen are regularly relieved, at stated periods, as punctuality is a serious consideration amongst a people whose services of prayer must be performed at the appointed hours, with the most religious exactness. When a death occurs in a family, the principal survivor of the house mourns for forty days, during which period he allows his beard to grow:* and at certain intervals, he provides splendid dinners, which he sends out on trays, to his immediate relatives and friends, by way of return, we suppose, for their attentions during the period the dead body remains in the house. No cooking is carried on there as long as that is the case; and hence, they deem it a duty to supply the family with ready-dressed dinners.

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* The Prophet commanded the beard to be worn: but in modern times mustachios only are reserved on the upper lip, which are trained with the utmost care. The religious Mussulmans, however, strictly follow the precept.

The married ladies have a habit, which appears to us very strange, of applying to their lips and gums, and occasionally to their teeth, a preparation of antimony, which dyes them as black as ebony. They pencil the eye-lid with lamp-black; and they particularly pride themselves on the delicacy of the line and symmetry of the arch of the eye-brow. Their hands and feet are cleansed until they exhibit a bright red hue, which they justly deem becoming and healthy. They wear a large ring of gold wire, set with rubies and pearls, suspended from the nose, and, however inconvenient they may find it, they cannot remove it, except on a particular festival, from the day of their marriage, until that of their death, or widowhood, unless they venture to despise one of their most ancient customs. Gold or silver rings are also suspended from the ears, which are pierced in nine or ten places, so that when all the rings are worn, they look like a fringe of the precious metal on each side of the head. On state occasions, the rings give place to strings of emeralds, and pearls, which fall in rows from the upper part of the ear, in a graceful and elegant style. They are remarkably attentive to the hair, which, generally luxuriant, and a jet black, after being well washed and dried, is anointed with sweet jessamine oil; it is then drawn, with nice precision, from the forehead to the back, where it is twisted into a queue, which usually reaches below the waist; the ends are ornamented with strips of red silk, and silver ribands, entwined with the hair, and terminating in a large rosette. While the married women rejoice in the ebony colour of their teeth, the men, on the contrary, are remarkable for the white enamel of theirs, although their only tooth-brush is a broken twig of the pomegranate tree, from which the rind is stripped off, bruised and made pliant at the extremity. As we cannot venture to touch the higher mysteries of the toilette, we must refer them to Mrs.—we wish her name was not so long,—Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali,—a name, by the way, that bespeaks high rank among the Mussulman people of India.

'As I have rather prematurely introduced the native ladies' style of dress into this letter, I may as well conclude the whole business of their toilet under the present head, instead of reserving the detail of the subject for a future letter, when the zeenahnah is to be described, and accordingly proceed to tell you that the ladies' pyjaamahs are formed of rich satin, or gold cloth, goolbudden, or mussheroo, (striped washing silks manufactured at Benares), fine chintz,—English manufacture having the preference, silk or cotton ginghams; in short, all such materials are used for this article of female dress as are of sufficiently firm texture, down to the white calico of the country, suited to the means of the wearer. By the most fashionable females they are worn very full below the knee, and reach to the feet, which are partially covered by the fulness, the extremity finished, and the seams are bound with silver riband; a very broad silver riband binds the top of the pyjaamah; this being double, has a zarbund (a silk net cord) run through, by which this part of the dress is confined at the waist. The ends of the zarbund are finished with rich tassels of gold and silver, curiously and expressly made for this purpose, which extend below the knees; for full dress, these tassels are rendered magnificent with pearls and jewels.

'One universal shape is adopted in the form of the ungeeah (bodice), which is, however, much varied in the material and ornamental part; some are of gauze or net, muslin, &c., the more transparent in texture the more agreeable to taste, and all are more or less ornamented with spangles and silver trimmings. It is made to fit the bust with great exactness, and to fasten behind with strong cotton cords; the sleeves are very short and tight, and finished with some fanciful embroidery or silver riband. Even the women servants pride themselves on pretty ungeeahs, and all will strive to have a little finery about them, however coarse the material it is formed of may happen to be. They are never removed at night, but continue to be worn a week together, unless its beauty fades earlier, or the ornamental parts tarnish through extreme heat.

'With the ungeeah is worn a transparent courtie (literally translated, shirt), of thread net; this covers the waistband of the pyjaamah, but does not screen it; the seams and hems are trimmed with silver or gold ribands.

'The deputtah is a useful envelope, and the most graceful part of the whole female costume. In shape and size, a large sheet will convey an idea of the deputtah's dimensions; the quality depends on choice or circumstances; the preference is given to our light English manufacture of leno or muslin for every-day wear, by gentlewomen; but on gala days, gold and silver gauze tissues are in great request, as is also fine India muslin manufactured at Decca, transparent and soft as the web of the gossamer spider; this is called shubnum (night dew) from its delicate texture, and is procured at a great expense, even in India; some deputtahs are formed of gold-worked muslin, English crape, coloured gauze, &c. On ordinary occasions, ladies wear them simply bound with silver riband, but for dress, they are richly trimmed with embroidery and bullion fringes, which add much to the splendour of the scene, when two or three hundred females are collected together in their assemblies. The deputtah is worn with much original taste on the back of the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person; when standing, it is crossed in front, one end partially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder.

'I should say, they rarely stand; but when distinguished guests, or their elders amongst relatives, are announced, this mark of respect is never omitted. It is an interesting sight, as they have much ease and grace in their manner, which no tutoring could impart; they rise and arrange their drapery, advance a few steps from their place in the hall, and embrace their visitor thrice in due form, ending by salaaming, with the head bowed very low towards the ground, and the open hand raised to the forehead, three times in succession, with solemnity and dignity.

'I have told you, in a former letter, how many precious ornaments were laid aside on the eve of Mahurrum, and need hardly describe them again.

Their fondness for good jewellery, perhaps, exceeds the same propensity in any other females on the globe; the rude workmanship of native jewellers is never an object of weighty consideration, provided the precious metals are unalloyed in quality. The same may be remarked in their selection of jewels: pearls of the largest size, even when discoloured or misshapen, are selected in preference to the most regular in form and colour, of a smaller size; large diamonds, having flaws, are often preferred to smaller ones most perfect. The gentlemen are good judges of precious stones, and evince some taste in their style of ornaments: they are worn on their turbans, and in necklaces or harrhs, rings, armlets, &c. but these are all laid aside at seasons of devotion, when they are restricted wearing, not only ornaments, but mixed articles of silk and wool in their apparel. The most religious men and women invariably abstain from ornamental dress in every way, deeming it frivolous vanity, and inconsistent with that they profess—"to be seeking God, and forsaking worldly things."

'The ladies never wear stockings, and only cover the feet with shoes when pacing across their court-yard, which bounds their view and their walks. Nevertheless, there is a fashion and taste about the ladies' shoes, which is productive of much emulation in zeenahnah life; they are splendidly worked in many patterns, with gold and silver spangles, variously-coloured small seed beads, and embroidery—the whole one mass of glittering metal; they are made with sharp points, curling upwards, some nearly reaching half-way to the knees, and always worn down at the heel, as dressing slippers; the least costly for their every-day wear are of gold embroidery on velvet; the less opulent condescend to wear tinsel work; and the meanest servants, yellow or red cloth, with silver binding. The same style of shoes are worn by the males as by the females; I have seen some young men with green shagreen slippers for the rainy season; these are made with a high heel, and look unseemly. The fashion of shoes varies with the times in this country, as well as in others—sometimes it is genteel to have small points to the shoes; at another, the points are long, and much curled; but they still retain the preference for pointed shoes, whatever be the fashion adopted.

'The greatest novelty in the way of shoes, which came under my observation in India, was a pair of silver embroidery, small pointed, and very neatly made; on the points, and round the instep, small silver bells were fastened, which produced harmony with every step, carried by the quick or more gentle paces of the wearer; these were a present to me from a lady of distinction in Oude. Upon visiting this lady, on one occasion, my black-silk slippers which I had left at the entrance, (as is the custom here), had most likely attracted the curiosity of the Begum's slaves, for when that lady attended me to the threshold, they could no where be found; and I was in danger of being obliged to soil my stockings by walking shoeless to my palkie, across the court-yard. In this dilemma, the lady proffered me the pair here described: I was much amused with the novelty of the exchange, upon stepping into the musical shoes, which, however they may be prized by native ladies, did not exactly suit my style of dress, nor convenience in walking, although I must always remember the Begum's attention with gratitude.

'The ladies' society is by no means insipid or without interest: they are naturally gifted with good sense and politeness, fond of conversation, shrewd *in their remarks,* and their language is both correct and refined. This, at first, was an enigma to me, considering that their lives are spent in seclusion, and that their education was not conducted on European principles; the mystery, however, has passed away upon an intimate acquaintance with the domestic habits of the people. The men with whom genteel women converse are generally well educated, and from the naturally inquisitive disposition of the females, not a word escapes the lips of a father, husband, or brother, without an inquiry as to its meaning, which having once ascertained, is never forgotten, because their attention is not diverted by a variety of pursuits, or vain amusements. The women look up to the opinions of their male relatives with the same respect as children of other climes are accustomed to regard their tutor or governess, considering every word pronounced as worthy by imitation, and every sentiment expressed as a guide to their own. Thus the habit of speaking correctly is so familiar to the females of Mussulmaun society, that even women servants, long accustomed to serve in zeenahnahs, may be readily distinguished by their language from the same class of people in attendance on European ladies.'—vol. i. pp. 106—114.

The Mussulman religion is not without its sects; their differences, however, are merely nominal, they being equally guided by the laws of the Khoran, which they believe not to have been the work of any particular period of Mahomet's life; each chapter, they say, was conveyed to him by the angel Gabriel, and his inspired memory enabled him to repeat the words of the holy messenger verbatim to his disciples, who assembled to hear him every day, and compiled the precious volume after his death. They pray for the dead, and those who can afford it, hire persons to read the Khoran over the grave of the departed, for several years, during which they are relieved at intervals, both day and night. They believe that a great spirit, to whom they give the name of Mhidhie, will visit the earth, in company with Christ, as soon as the four quarters of the globe shall contain Christian inhabitants. Reverence for God seems the leading trait in their character, and faith; they believe in the existence and promises of the prophets, of whom they say that Mahomet was the last. Him they believe to have been sent, in order to regenerate mankind, at a period, when the people of the earth were vicious and profane, and worshipped idols, instead of the Creator. On the subject of the resurrection, the Mussulman belief is, that, after the destruction of the world, which is to be effected by fire, there shall be a general resurrection of the dead. Their daily prayer is divided in the following manner.

'The Mussulmaun lawgiver commanded Namaaz (daily prayer) five times a day:—

'1st. "The Soobhoo Namaaz," to commence at the dawn of day.
'2nd. "The Zohur," at the second watch of the day, or mid-day.
'3rd. "The Ausur," at the third-day watch.
'4th. "The Muggrib," at sun-set; and,
'5th. "The Eshaa," at the fourth ghurrie of the night.

'These are the commanded hours for prayer. Mahumud himself observed an additional service very strictly, at the third watch of the night, which was called by him, "Tahujjoot," and the most devout men, in all ages of their faith, have imitated this example scrupulously.

'"The Soobhoo Namaaz" is deemed a necessary duty, and commences with the earliest dawn of day. The several prayers and prostrations occupy the greatest part of an hour, with those who are devout in their religious exercises; many extend the service by readings from an excellent collection, very similar to our Psalms, called "The Vazefah."

'"The Zohur Namaaz," an equally essential duty, commences at midday, and occupies about the same time as "The Soobhoo."

'"The Ausur Namaaz" commences at the third-day watch. The religious men are not tempted to excuse themselves from the due observance of this hour; but the mere people of their world, or those whose business requires their time, attach this service to the next, and satisfy their conscience with thinking that the prayer hours combined, answers the same purpose as when separately performed.

'"The Muggrib Namaaz." This is rigidly observed at sun-set; even those who cannot make it convenient at other hours, will leave their most urgent employment to perform this duty at sun-set. Who that has lived any time in India cannot call to mind the interesting sight of the labouring classes, returning to their home after the business of the day is over? The sun sinking below the western horizon, the poor man unbinds his waist, and spreads his cummerbund on the side of the road; he performs his ablutions from his brass lota of water, and, facing Mecca, bows himself down under the canopy of heaven, to fulfil, what he believes to be, his duty at that hour to his merciful God.

'"The Eshaa Namaaz" commences at the fourth ghurrie of the night. The form of prayer, for this Namaaz, is much longer than the rest. The devout men extend their prayers at this still hour of the night; they tell me that they feel more disposed at this time to pour out their hearts to God in praise and thanksgiving, than at any other period of the day or night; and I have known many of them to be at silent prayer for hours together.

'Many persons, in their early life, may have neglected that due obedience expected in the commanded daily prayers; in after life, they endeavour to make up the deficiency, by imposing on themselves extra services, to fulfil the number omitted. By the same rule, when a member of the family dies, and it is suspected the due performance of the Namaaz had been neglected by him, the survivor, who loved him or her in life, is anxious for the soul's rest, and thus proves it by performing additional prayers for the benefit of the soul of that beloved individual.'—vol. i. pp. 147—150.

The Mussulman Sabbath is kept on the Friday, and commences on the previous evening, after the manner of the Jews. It is not very strictly kept, though they have several extra observances, in order to distinguish the day from the other divisions of the week.

'These observances serve to convince us that they believe in the constituted Sabbath; still there is not that strict respect for the holy day which could satisfy the scrupulous feelings of a Christian; the servants are quite as much employed on Friday as on any other day; the dhurzie (tailor), dhobie (washerwoman), and indeed the whole establishment of servants and slaves, male and female, find their work undiminished on the Sabbath.

The ladies amuse themselves with cards or dice, the singing women even are quite as much in request as on other days; and all the amusements of life are indulged in without once seeming to suspect that they are disobeying the law of God, or infringing on their actual duties. Indeed, I believe they would keep the day strictly, if they thought doing so was a necessary duty; but I have often observed, that as Friday is one of their "fortunate days," works of any importance are commenced on this day; whether it be building a house, planting a garden or field, writing a book, negociating a marriage, going a journey, making a garment, or any other business of this life which they wish should prosper. With them, therefore, the day of rest is made one of the busiest in the calendar; but I must do them the justice to say, that they believe their hearts are more pure after the ablutions and prayers have been performed. And that as nothing, however trifling or important, according to their praiseworthy ideas, should ever be commenced without being first dedicated to God, from whose mercy they implore aid and blessings on the labour of their hands, they set apart Friday for commencing whatever business they are anxious should prosper. This was the excuse made by the pious Meer Hadjee Shaah.'—vol. i. pp. 156, 157.

We have already seen that the Mussulmans believe in the mission of the Redeemer. The author mentions the conduct of a lady of that nation, who carried her belief upon this point so far, as very nearly to resemble a Christian.

'Amongst the number of days strictly observed by this pious lady during her troubles, was the nativity of Jesus Christ, for whose sake she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and gave alms to the necessitous. I was the more delighted, when first hearing of this circumstance, because I had judged of the Mussulmaun faith by common report, and fancied they rejected, with the Jews, our Redeemer having come. They, on the contrary, believe, according to their prophet's words, "that he was born of the Virgin Mary; that he worked miracles; that he ascended after his earthly commission had ceased, to the seventh heaven; that he will again visit the earth (when their Emaum Mhidhie will also appear) to cleanse the world of its corrupt wickedness, when all men shall live in peace, and but one faith shall prevail in the worship of the true God."

'The Mussulmaun work, Hyaatool Kaloob, (which I have so often referred to), contains, with the lives of all the prophets, the life of Jesus Christ, his acts, and the ungeel (gospel). The gospel they have is in many things different from ours; it is not formed into books by the apostles, neither are the miracles united with the gospel, but are detailed as the acts of Christ Jesus. What they understand by the ungeel is, "the word of God by the mouth of Jesus;" for instance, the sermon on the mount, or, in other words, the precepts of Jesus. I am indebted to the meer for this information.

'The Mussulmauns say, "All power belongs to God. Who would dare dispute the miracle of Christ's birth? Is there any thing difficult with God? God first formed Adam from the dust; and by his word all things were created. Is there any thing too great for His power? Let no man, then, dispute the birth of Christ by a pure virgin." They believe that Jesus Christ was the prophet of God, but they believe not that he is God; and they deem all who thus declare Christ to be God, as unfaithful both to God and to Christ.'—vol. i. pp. 162, 163.

It has often been charged against the Mahometans, that they exclude women from their Paradise. This, however, is by no means the truth; and it would seem, from this account, that the Mussulman ladies, like those, indeed, of every other religion, are peculiarly attentive to the duties which they believe to be acceptable to God.

'I have but little to add as regards the manner of worship amongst my Mussulmaun acquaintance; but here I cannot omit remarking, that the women are devout in their prayers, and strict in their observance of ordinances. That they are not more generally educated is much to be regretted; this, however, is their misfortune, not their fault. The Mussulmaun faith does not exclude the females from a participation in the eternal world, as has often been asserted by people who could not have known them, and the good Mussulmaun proves it by his instruction, of the females under his control in the doctrines of Mahumud, and who he believes to be as much dependent on him for guidance on the road to heaven, as for personal protection from want or worldly dangers.

'The pure life of Fatima, Mahumud's only daughter, is greatly esteemed as an example of female excellence, whom they strive to imitate as much as possible, as well in religious as in moral or domestic duties. They are zealous to fulfil all the ordinances of their particular faith, and I have had the best possible opportunity of studying their character, devotion to God being the foundation on which every principal action of their lives seems to rest.'—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

Among the various festivals which they celebrate, there seems to be none so joyous as that of the first day of the new year, which is kept very much after the manner that prevails at this day in France.

'"Nou-Roze" (New Year's Day) is a festival or eade of no mean importance in the estimation of Mussulmaun society.

'The exact period of commencing the Mussulmaun new year, is the very moment of the sun's entering the sign Aries. This is calculated by those practical astronomers, who are in the service of most great men in native cities; I should tell you they have not the benefit of published almanacks as in England; and according to the hour of the day or night, when the sun passes into that particular sign, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments on this eade; if at midnight, the colour would be dark puce, almost a black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus to the intermediate hours are given a shade of either colour applicable to the time of the night or the day when the sun enters the sign Aries; and whatever be the colour to suit the hour of Nou-Roze, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject in the city. The king, on his throne, sits in a state to receive congratulations and nuzzas from his nobles, courtiers, and dependents. "Mabaarukh Nou-Roze!" (May the New Year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, &c.

'The trays of presents prepared by the ladies for their friends are tastefully set out, and the work of many days' previous arrangement. Eggs are boiled hard, some of these are stained in colours, resembling our mottled papers; others are neatly painted in figures and devices; many are ornamented with gilding; every lady evincing her own peculiar taste in the prepared eggs for "Nou-Roze." All kinds of dried fruits and nuts, confectionary, and cakes, are numbered amongst the necessary articles for this day's offering: they are set out in small earthen plates, lacquered over to resemble silver, on which is placed coloured paper, cut out in curious devices (an excellent substitute for vine leaves), laid on the plate to receive the several articles forming "Nou-Roze" presents.

'Amongst the young people, these trays are looked forward to with child-like anxiety. The ladies rival each other in their display of novelty and good taste, both in the eatables, and in the manner of setting them off with effect.

'The religious community have prayers read in their family, and by them it is considered both a necessary duty, and a propitious commencement to bring in the new year by "prayer and praises."

'When it is known that the Nou-Roze will occur by day-light, the ladies have a custom of watching for the moment the year shall commence by a fresh rose, which, being plucked from the stalk, is thrown into a bason of water, the eye downwards. They say this rose turns over of itself towards the sun, at the very moment of that luminary passing into the sign Aries. I have often found them thus engaged; but I never could say I witnessed the actual accomplishment of their prediction.

'The Nou-Roze teems with friendly tokens between the two families of a bride and bridegroom elect, whose interchange of presents are also strictly observed. The children receive gifts from their elders; their nurses reap a harvest from the day; the tutor writes an ode in praise of his pupil, and receives gifts from the child's parents; the servants and slaves are regaled with dainties, and with presents, from the superiors of the establishment; the poor are remembered with clothes, money, and food; the ladies make and receive visits; and the domenie attend to play and sing in the zeenahnah. In short, the whole day is passed in cheerful amusements suited to the retirement of a zeenahnah, and the habits of the people.'—vol. i. pp. 283—287.

The Mussulmans do not excel in musical performances. Their instruments are a three-stringed guitar, a rudely-shaped violin, and a drum, which is beaten, like a tambourine, with the fingers. They are also very indifferent dancers; indeed, they act upon the old impression, that there is a certain degree of indecency in the act of dancing, and are astonished that the English residents should ever think of joining in a quadrille, or a waltz, since it would be much easier for them to hire public dancers for their amusement. It is very well known, that there is a class of these, whose exhibitions are not distinguished either by gracefulness or decorum. There is, however, another class of minstrels, in India, who are well received in private families, which they amuse, by singing their Hindostanee airs, and dancing in a quiet and elegant style. To the Mussulman ladies, who are so constantly confined

> been seated at one; and very few, perhaps, have any idea of their usual purposes, all their meals being served on the floor, where dusthakhawns (table-cloths we should call them) are spread, but neither knives, forks, spoon, glasses, or napkins, so essential to the comfortable enjoyment of a meal amongst Europeans. But those who never knew such comforts have no desire for the indulgence, nor taste to appreciate them.
>
> 'On the several occasions, amongst native society, of assembling in large parties, as at births and marriages, the halls, although extensive, would be inadequate to accommodate the whole party. They then have awnings of white calico, neatly flounced with muslin, supported on poles fixed in the court yard, and connecting the open space with the great hall, by wooden platforms which are brought to a line with the building, and covered with shutteringhie and white carpets, to correspond with the floor-furniture of the hall; and here the ladies sit by day and sleep by night very comfortably, without feeling any great inconvenience from the absence of their bedsteads, which could never be arranged for the accommodation of so large an assemblage—nor is it ever expected.
>
> 'The usually barren look of these almost unfurnished halls, is, on such occasions, quite changed, when the ladies are assembled in their various dresses; the brilliant display of jewels, the glittering drapery of their dress, the various expressions of countenance, and different figures, the multitude of female attendants and slaves, the children of all ages and sizes in their variously ornamented dresses, are subjects to attract both the eye and the mind of an observing visitor; and the hall, which, when empty, appeared desolate and comfortless, thus filled, leaves nothing wanting to render the scene attractive.'—vol. i. pp. 304—312.

The amusements enjoyed by the ladies, in these their own apartments, would appear to a stranger rather nursery-like, and frivolous. But they are innocent, and are the proof of the virtuous simplicity in which the Mussulman wives spend their days. We should think them miserable, because they are so much confined; but usage renders that agreeable to them, which we should imagine to be irksome. Though their intellectual resources are limited, on account of the inferiority of their education; yet they are remarkable for plain good sense, and for a constant attention to the fulfilment of their duties. They seem always happy in the seclusion to which they have been accustomed from infancy. They are strictly precluded from mixing in indiscriminate society with men, who are strangers to them, but there is no limit to intercourse with their own sex. Some of the ladies of rank have as many as ten companions on their establishments, besides slaves, and other domestics; 'and there are some of the royal family at Lucknow, who entertain in their service two or three hundred female dependents, of all classes. A well filled zeenahnah is a mark of gentility; and even the poorest lady in the country will retain a number of slaves and domestics, if she cannot afford companions; besides which, they are miserable without society, the habit of associating with numbers having grown up with infancy to maturity: "to be alone," is considered, with women thus situated, a real calamity.'

es console themselves also with the pleasures of smoking.
e their hookahs as commonly as the men. The first wife
Mussulman marries is always considered as the head of
blishment, and it is now a well settled rule amongst them,
man shall marry more females than he can conveniently
. The son of the first wife is the heir of his father: his
by his other wives are all equal in his estimation. The
nentions many instances that came within her knowledge,
Syaads especially were contented with only one wife. The
, however, take full advantage of their privilege, without
losing any portion of the affection of their first wives. The
ion of an attached consort, as given by the author, is exceed-
gaging. She never gives her husband reason to suppose
has any cause for regret. She receives him with unaffected
, even though she knows that he has just added another to
dy well-peopled harem. She, without jealousy, hears him
his other wives,—for she knows that others he has, and
learned from her education, that they deserve respect from
roportion as they contribute to her husband's happiness.
dren of her husband are admitted at all times and seasons,
restraint, or prejudice; she loves them next to her own,
they are her husband's. She receives the mothers of such
without a shade of jealousy in her manner, and delights
guishing them by favours and presents, according to their
nerits.

ms that girls are considered to have passed their prime,
ey reach their eighteenth year; it is as bad as the thirtieth
us. The settlement of daughters being, in every family,
of great importance, and frequently of difficulty, there is
f persons, who dedicate themselves, as to a profession, to
ness of negociating marriages. The author's description
persons, usually females, is curious and entertaining. They
cularly expert in the art of talking, and spend their time
about from house to house; and as they have always
ng entertaining to say, they generally gain easy admittance;
ke themselves acquainted with the domestic affairs of one
in order to convey them to another, and so continue in
e of gossiping, until the economy of every person's house
ar to all. The female gossip in her researches in zenanas,
t all the expectations a mother entertains for her mar-
e sons or daughters, and details whatever she learns in
such a zenana, as likely to meet the views of her present
Every one knows the object of these visits; and if
ve any secret, that the world may not participate in,
due caution observed, that it may not transpire before this
d-about.

air author next proceeds to give a very full and interesting
of the mode in which infants are treated, and of the cere-

monies, by which the birth of a child is followed. There is not half the bustle made about a female child, as there is about a male; but the good mother, she sensibly adds, will never be dissatisfied with the nature of the gift, who can appreciate the source whence she receives the blessing! The male population are great pigeon fanciers. They think it plebeian to walk; and their chief out-of-door exercise is a ride on horseback, or on an elephant. They practice the sword exercises on the hide of a living buffalo, or a fish just taken out of the river, which is covered with scales so strong, as to turn the edge of a good sabre. They, however, prefer the lance, in the use of which they evince great agility. The bow and arrow have almost been laid aside, except for the purpose of driving away the crows, which, in India, are the most audacious and troublesome of the feathered race. Horse racing has lately been introduced amongst them, but it has not as yet become popular; when they hunt, it is always on elephants. Some of their sports are barbarously cruel. Tigers, elephants, buffaloes, and alligators, are frequently made to fight against each other, for the amusement of the spectators. A still more horrid spectacle is that of a battle between intoxicated elephants, which often takes place. Amongst the higher classes, tigers and leopards, trained for the purpose, are used like our hounds, in field sports, or in the jungles. They are under the care of keepers, and are generally introduced after breakfast, when native noblemen have visitors.

The streets of a native city are usually narrow, and unpaved; the shops are small, with the whole front open to the street, and here may be seen all the artisans at work, at their different trades; the cook cooking, the baker baking, the butcher chopping his meat, the goldsmith hammering, filing, or engaged over his crucible, the muslin weaver over his loom, the hookha manufacturer finishing his pipes, the confectioner preparing his dainties, the toyman putting together his various temptations for the juvenile part of the community, and all exposed to the eye of every body who passes by, rendering it impossible to apply to their occupation our well known term of *mysteries*. Some of the "cries" in these streets will be novel to most of our readers. "Seepie wallah deelie sukha!" (moist or dry cuppers). The cupping is performed by men and women. It is called dry cupping when no blood is taken, this is a remedy for rheumatic pains. "Jonks," or "Keerah luggarny wallie," (the woman with leeches). "Kan sarf kerna wallah." (ear cleaner). The wax removed from the ear is in great request, as it is a principal ingredient in the medicament that is used for intoxicating elephants. "Goatah chandnie bickhou," (old silver trimmings to sell). "Tale kee archah wallah." (Oil pickles). "Mittie wallah," (man with sweetmeats). "Kallonie wallah," (man with toys). "Punkah wallah," (vender of fans). "Turkaree-Maynour," (vegetables and fruits). "Muchullee," (fish). "Chirryah wallah," (bird man). "Artush-baajie," (fire works). "Chubbaynee," (parched corn). "Tumanshbeen," (wonder-workers.) These are rope-dancers, fire-eaters, and sleight-of-hand men, who are famous for their skill, all over the world. "Samp-wallah," (snake catchers), who are mere impostors. "Dhie cuttie," (sour curds), made of sweet milk, by some secret process peculiar to India: it is delicious, as an accompaniment to the usual viands. "Mullie," (clotted cream). "Mukhun," (butter). "Burruff wallah," (the man with ice), who is laden with iced creams and sherbet ices, in every variety. "Roshunie," (ink), prepared from lampblack and gum-arabic, and by no means durable. "Sulmah," the black dye for the lips and teeth. Indeed, there is scarcely any article sold at the bazaars, which is not also hawked about the streets.

In the present state of the cholera among ourselves, the author's account of the Indian malady cannot fail to be highly interesting.

'The natives of India designate cholera by the word "Hyza," which with them signifies "the plague." By this term, however, they do not mean that direful disorder so well known to us by the same appellation; as, if I except the Mussulmaun pilgrims, who have seen, felt, and described its ravages on their journey to Mecca, that complaint seems to be unknown to the present race of native inhabitants of Hindoostaun. The word "hyza," or "plague," would be applied by them to all complaints of an epidemic or contagious nature, by which the population were suddenly attacked, and death ensued. When the cholera first appeared in India, (which I believe was in 1817), it was considered by the natives a new complaint.

'In all cases of irritation of the stomach, disordered bowels, or severe feverish symptoms, the Mussulmaun doctors strongly urge the adoption of "starving out the complaint." This has become a law of nature with all the sensible part of the community; and when the cholera first made its appearance in the upper provinces of Hindoostaun, those natives who observed their prescribed temperance were, when attacked, most generally preserved from the fatal consequences of the disorder.

'On the very first symptom of cholera occurring in a member of a Mussulmaun family, a small portion of zahur morah (derived from zahur, poison; morah, to kill or destroy; and thence understood as an antidote to poison, some specimens of which I have brought with me to England), moistened with rose-water, is promptly administered, and, if necessary, repeated at short intervals; due care being taken to prevent the patient from receiving any thing into the stomach, excepting rose-water, the older the more efficacious in its property to remove the malady. Wherever zahur morah was not available, secungebeen (syrup of vinegar) was administered with much the same effect. The person once attacked, although the symptoms should have subsided by this application, is rigidly deprived of nourishment for two or three days, and even longer if deemed expedient; occasionally allowing only a small quantity of rose-water, which they say effectually removes from the stomach and bowels those corrupt adhesions which, in their opinion, is the primary cause of the complaint.

'The cholera, I observed, seldom attacked abstemious people; when, however, this was the case, it generally followed a full meal; whether of rice or bread made but little difference, much, I believe, depending on the general habit of the subject; as among the peasantry and their superiors the complaint raged with equal malignity; wherever a second meal was resorted to, whilst the person had reason to believe the former one had not been well digested. An instance of this occurred under my own immediate observation, in a woman, the wife of an old and favourite servant. She had imprudently eaten a second dinner, before her stomach, by her own account, had digested the preceding meal. She was not a strong woman, but in tolerable good health; and but a few hours previous to the attack I saw her in excellent spirits, without the most remote appearance of indisposition. The usual applications failed of success, and she died in a few hours. This poor woman never could be persuaded to abstain from food at the stated period of meals; and the natives were disposed to conclude that this had been the actual cause of her sufferings and dissolution.

'In 1821, the cholera raged with even greater violence than on its first appearance in Hindoostaun; by that time many remedies had been suggested, through the medium of the press, by the philanthropy and skill of European medical practitioners, the chief of whom recommended calomel in large doses, from twenty to thirty grains, and opium proportioned to the age and strength of the patient. I never found the natives, however, willing to accept this as a remedy, but I have heard that amongst Europeans it was practised with success. From a paragraph which I read in the Bengal papers, I prepared a mixture that I have reason to think, through the goodness of Divine Providence, was beneficial to many poor people who applied for it in the early stages of the complaint, and who followed the rule laid down of complete abstinence, until they were out of danger from a relapse, and even then, for a long time, to be cautious in the quantity and digestible quality of their daily meal. The mixture was as follows:—

'Brandy, one pint; oil, or spirit of pepperment, the former, half an ounce; if the latter, one ounce; ground black pepper, two ounces; yellow rind of oranges grated, without any of the white, one ounce: these were kept closely stopped, and occasionally shook, a table-spoon full administered at each dose, the patient well covered up from the air, and warmth created by blankets, or any other means within their power, repeating the dose as the case required.

'Of the many individuals who were attacked by this severe malady in our house, very few died, and those, it was believed, were victims to an imprudent determination to partake of food before they were convalescent, individuals who never could be prevailed on to practise abstemious habits, which we had good reason for believing was the best preventative against the complaint during those sickly seasons. The general opinion entertained, both by natives and Europeans, at those awful periods, was, that the cholera was conveyed in the air; very few imagined that it was infectious, as it frequently attacked the members of a family, and the rest escaped, although in close attendance—even such as failed not to pay the last duties to the deceased, according to Mussulmaun custom, which exposed them more immediately to danger, if infection existed; yet no fears were ever entertained, nor did I ever hear an opinion expressed amongst them that it had been, or could be, conveyed from one person to another,

'Native children generally escaped the attack, and I never heard of an infant being in the slightest degree visited by this malady. It is, however, expedient to use such precautionary measures as sound sense and reason may suggest, since wherever the cholera has appeared, it has proved a national calamity, and not a partial scourge to a few individuals; all are alike in danger of its consequences, whether the disorder be considered infectious or not, and therefore the precautions I have urged in India, amongst the native communities, I recommend with all humility here, that cleanliness and abstemious diet be observed among all classes of people.

'In accordance with the prescribed antidote to infection from scarlet fever in England, I gave camphor (to be worn about the person) to the poor in my vicinity, and to all the natives over whom I had either influence or control; I caused the rooms to be frequently fumigated with vinegar or tobacco, and labaun (frankincense) burnt occasionally. I would not, however, be so presumptuous as to insinuate even that these were preventatives to cholera, yet in such cases of universal terror as the one in question, there can be no impropriety in recommending measures which cannot injure, and may benefit, if only by giving a purer atmosphere to the room, inhabited by individuals either in sickness or in health. But, above all things, aware that human aid or skill can never effect a remedy unaided by the mercy and power of Divine Providence, let our trust be properly placed in His goodness, "who giveth medicine to heal our sickness," and humbly entreat that He may be pleased to avert the awful calamity from our shores, which threatens and disturbs Europe generally at this moment.

'Were we to consult Nature, rather than inordinate gratifications, we should find in following her dictates the best security to health at all times, but more particularly in seasons of prevailing sickness. Upon the first indications of cholera, I have observed the stomach becomes irritable, the bowels are attacked by griping pains, and unnatural evacuations; then follow sensations of faintness, weakness, excessive thirst, the pulse becomes languid, the surface of the body cold and clammy, whilst the patient feels inward burning heat, with spasms in the legs and arms.

'In the practice of native doctors, I have noticed that they administer saffron to alleviate violent sickness with the best possible effect. A case came under my immediate observation, of a young female who had suffered from a severe illness similar in every way to the cholera; it was not, however, suspected to be that complaint, because it was not then prevailing at Lucknow; after some days, the symptoms subsided, excepting the irritation of her stomach, which, by her father's account, obstinately rejected every thing offered for eleven days. When I saw her, she was apparently sinking under exhaustion; I immediately tendered the remedy recommended by my husband, viz. twelve grains of saffron, moistened with a little rose-water, and found with real joy that it proved efficacious; half the quantity in doses were twice repeated that night, and in the morning the patient was enabled to take a little gruel, and, in a reasonable time, entirely recovered her usual health and strength.

'I have heard of people being frightened into an attack of cholera by apprehending the evil; this, however, can only occur with very weak minds, and such as have neglected in prosperity to prepare their hearts for adversity. When I first reached India, the fear of snakes, which I expected to find in every path, embittered my existence. This weakness was effectually corrected by the wise admonitions of Meer Hadjee Shaah. "If you trust in God, he will preserve you from every evil; be assured the snake has no power to wound without permission!"'—vol. ii. pp. 115—124.

India abounds in *delicious* fruits, and excellent vegetables. The pomegranate tree may be ranked among its choicest horticultural beauties. The cocoa-nut has long yielded the natives an oil for lamps, although a patent for such a manufacture has been only recently taken out in this country. The tamarind and jahmun trees are much esteemed for their fruits, but the pride of the forest is the mango, magnificent in its growth, and splendid in its foliage. The sherrefah, or custard apple, is also a very graceful tree: it is a very remarkable fact, that flies are never known to settle on this tree, or on its fruit. Cherries, gooseberries, and currants, are not seen in India. There are two species of jungle grass, called sirrakee and sainturh which are particularly beautiful, as well as useful.

'This grass presents so many proofs of the beneficent care of Divine Providence to the creatures of His hand, that the heart must be ungratefully cold which neglects praise and thanksgiving to the Creator, whose power and mercy bestows so great a benefit. The same might be justly urged against our insensibility, if the meanest herb or weed could speak to our hearts, each possessing, as it surely does, in its nature, a beneficial property peculiar to itself. But here the blessing is brought home to every considerate mind, since a substitute for this article does not appear to exist in India.

'I have seen the sainturh stalks, on which the bloom gracefully moves as feathers, sixteen feet high. The sirrakee has a more delicate blossom, finer stalk, and seldom, I believe, exceeds ten feet; the stalk resembles a reed full of pith, without a single joint from the shoot upwards; the colour is that of clean wheat straw, but even more glossy. The blossom is of a silky nature, possessing every variety of shade, from pure white to the rainbow's tints, as viewed in the distance at sun-rise; and when plucked, the separated blossoms have many varieties of hue, from brown and yellow to purple.

'The head or blossom is too light to weigh down the firm but flexible stalk; but as the wind presses against each patch of grass, it is moved in a mass, and returns to its erect position with a dignity and grace not to be described.

'I have watched for the approaching season of the blooming sirrakee with an anxiety almost childish; my attention never tired with observing the progressive advances from the first show of blossom, to the period of its arriving at full perfection; at which time, the rude sickle of the industrious labourer levels the majestic grass to the earth for domestic purposes. The benefits it then produces would take me long to describe.

'The sirrakee and sainturh are stripped from the outward sheltering blades, and wove together at the ends; in this way they are used for bordering tatties, or thatched roofs; sometimes they are formed into screens for doors; others line their mud huts with them. They are found useful in constructing accommodations after the manner of bulk-heads, on boats for the river voyagers, and make a good covering for loaded waggons, For most of these purposes the article is well suited, as it resists moisture, and swells as the wet falls on it, so that the heaviest rain may descend on a frame of sirrakee without one drop penetrating, if it be properly placed in a slanting position.

'I cannot afford space to enumerate here the variety of purposes to which this production of Nature is both adapted for and appropriated to; every part of the grass being carefully stored by the thrifty husbandman, even to the tops of the reed, which, when the blossom is rubbed off, is rendered serviceable, and proves an excellent substitute for that useful invention, a birch-broom. The coarse parent grass, which shelters the sirrakee, is the only article yet found to answer the purposes for thatching the bungalows of the rich, the huts of the poor, the sheds for cattle, and roofs for boats. The religious devotee sets up a chupha-hut, without expense, (all the house he requires,) on any waste spot of land most convenient to himself, away from the busy haunts of the tumultuous world, since bamboo and grass are the common property of all who choose to take the trouble of gathering it from the wilderness. And here neither rent nor taxes are levied on the inhabitant, who thus appropriates to himself a home from the bounteous provision prepared by Divine goodness for the children of Nature.

'This grass is spontaneous in its growth, neither receiving nor requiring aid from human cultivation. It is found in every waste throughout Hindoostaun, and is the prominent feature of the jungle, into which the wild animals usually resort for shelter from the heat of the day, or make their covert when pursued by man, their natural enemy.'—vol. ii. pp. 209—212.

The author has collected, for the amusement of her readers, several of the stories which are told in the zenanas. One of these must serve as a specimen to the whole.

'"Sheikh Suddoo was a very learned men, but a great hypocrite, who passed days and nights in the mosque, and was fed by the charitable, his neighbours, from such viands as they provided daily for the poor traveller, and those men who forsake the world. The Sheikh sometimes wandered into a forest seldom penetrated by the foot of man, where, on a certain day, he discovered a copper cup, curiously engraved with characters which he tried in vain with all his learning to decipher. The Sheikh returned with the cup to the mosque, regretting that the characters were unknown to him; but as he had long desired to have a good-sized lamp, he fancied from the peculiar shape of his prize, that it would answer the very purpose, and the same night he exultingly prepared his charaagh (a light) in the engraved vessel.

'"The moment he had ignited one wick, he was surprised by the appearance of a figure, resembling a human being, standing before him. 'Who art thou,' he demanded, 'intruding at this hour on the privacy of a hermit?' 'I come,' replied the figure, 'on the summons from your lamp. That vessel and whoever possesses it, has four attendants, one of whom you see before you, your slave. We are Genii, and can only be summoned by the lighting up of the vessel now before you; the number of your slaves will be in due attendance, always guided by as many wicks as it may be your pleasure to light up for our summons. Demand our attendance at any hour you please, we are bound to obey.'

'"The Sheikh inquired if he or his companions possessed any power. 'Power,' replied the Genii, 'belongs to God, the Creator of all things visible and invisible; but by His permission we are enabled to perform, to a certain extent, any reasonable service our master requires.'

'"The Sheikh soon put their abilities to the test, and satisfied himself that these agents would aid and assist him in raising his character with the world (for he coveted their praise). 'They would,' he thought, 'assuredly believe he was a pious Durweish, when he could convince them by a ready compliance with their requests, which must seem to follow his prayers, and which he should be able to further now by the aid of the Genii.'

'"The pretended holy man employed his attendant Genii fully; many of his demands on their services were difficult, and too often revolting to them; yet whilst he retained the lamp in his possession they were bound to obey his commands. He once heard of a king's daughter who was young and beautiful; he therewith summoned the Genii, and required that they should convey the princess to him. They reluctantly obeyed his command, and the princess was the Sheikh's unwilling companion in the mosque. On another occasion, he desired the Genii to bring, without delay, to the ground in front of his present abiding place, a very curious mosque situated many leagues distant, the stones of which were so nicely cemented together, that no trace of the joining could be discovered. The Genii received this command with regret, but they were obliged to obey, and departed from the Sheikh's presence to execute his unworthy orders.

'"It happened that the mosque which the Sheikh coveted was the retreat of a righteous man, who had separated from the world to serve his God, venerable in years and devout in his duties. The Genii commenced their labour of removing the mosque; the good man, who was at his devotions within, fancied an earthquake was shaking the building to its foundation, but as he trusted in God for preservation, he breathed a fervent prayed as he remained prostrate before Him.

'"The shaking of the mosque continued, and he was inspired by a sudden thought that induced him to believe some supernatural agency was employed against the holy house; he therefore called out, 'Who and what are ye, who thus sacrilegiously disturb the house of God?' The Genii appeared, and made known to what order of beings they belonged, whose servants they were, and the purpose of their mission.

'"'Begone this instant,' replied the pious man with a tone of authority that deprived them of strength: 'a moment's delay, and I will pray that you be consumed by fire! Know ye not that this is a mosque, holy, and erected wherein to do service to the great and only God? Would Sheikh Suddoo add to his enormities by forcing the house of God from its foundation? Away, ye servants of the wicked Sheikh, or meet the fire that awaits you by a moment's further delay!'

'"The Genii fled in haste to their profane employer, whose rage was unbounded at their disobedience, as he termed their return without the mosque; he raved, stormed, and reviled his slaves in bitter sarcasms, when they, heartily tired of the Sheikh's servitude, caught up the copper vessel, and, in his struggle to resist the Genii, he was thrown with violence on the ground, when his wicked soul was suddenly separated from his most impure body.'"—vol. ii. pp. 324—329.

The superstitions practised among the Mussulmans are numerous, and exercise a powerful sway over the minds even of the most learned and religious. They universally believe in witchcraft, and evil agency, magic, and the power of Genii. Illness, if the cause of it cannot be immediately explained, is imputed to the malignity of an evil spirit, which is only to be resisted by wearing a written prayer, called a talisman.

Before we take leave of these amusing volumes, we shall permit the amiable author to vindicate the course she has taken in the composition of them.

'In my attempt to delineate the Mussulmauns, I have been careful to speak as I have found them, not allowing prejudice to bias my judgment, either on the side of their faults or virtues. But I deem it incumbent to state, that my chief intimacy has been confined to the most worthy of their community, and that the character of a true Mussulmaun has been my aim in description. There are people professing the faith without the principle, it is true; but such persons are not confined to the Mussulmaun persuasion; they are among every class of worshippers, whether Jew or Gentile, throughout the world.

'Of my long sojourn in the society of the Mussulmauns of Hindoostaun, I need here but remark, that I was received amongst them without prejudice, and allowed the free usage of my European habits and religious principles without a single attempt to bias or control me; that by respecting their trifling prejudices as regards eating and drinking, their esteem and confidence were secured to me; and that by evincing Christian charity (which deters the possessor from proud seeming), I believe, I may add, their affection for me was as sincere, as I trust it will be lasting.

'It may be regretted, with all my influence, that I have not been the humble instrument of conversion. None can lament more than myself that I was not deemed worthy to convince them of the necessity, or of the efficacy of that great atonement, on which my own hopes are founded. Yet may I not, without presumption, hope my sojourn, with reference to a future period, may be the humble means of good to a people with whom I had lived so many years in peace? I must for many reasons be supposed to entertain a lively interest in their welfare, and an earnest desire for their safety, although at the present moment I can distinguish but one advantage accruing from our intimacy, namely, that they no longer view professors of Christianity as idolators. They have learned with surprise that the Christian religion forbids idolatry,—thus the strong barrier being sapped, I trust it may be thrown down by abler servants of our Lord; for the Mussulmauns are already bound by their religion to love and reverence Christ as the Prophet of God: may the influence of his holy spirit enlighten their understandings to accept Him as their Redeemer!

'Like the true Christian, they are looking forward to that period when Jesus Christ shall revisit the earth, and when all men shall be of one faith. How that shall be accomplished, they do not pretend to understand, but still they faithfully believe it, because it has been declared by an authority they reverence and deem conclusive. Often during my acquaintance with these people, have I felt obliged to applaud their fidelity, although in some points I could not approve of the subject on which it was displayed—their zeal at Mahurrum, for instance, when they commemorate the martyrdom of the grandchildren of their Prophet. I have thought, "had they been favoured with the knowledge we possess, what zealous Christians would these people be, who thus honour the memory of mere holy men."

'The time, I trust, is not far distant when not one nation in the whole world shall be ignorant of the Saviour's efficacy, and His willingness to receive all who cast their burden at the foot of His cross. My heart's desire for the people I have dwelt amongst is that which St. Paul, in the epistle to the Romans, declares to be his prayer to God for Israel, "that they might be saved!" and I know not any way in which I could better testify my regard for the Mussulmauns collectively, or my gratitude individually, than by recommending the whole of the tenth chapter of the Romans to the serious consideration of those persons who possess such influence, as that the gospel of peace may be preached to them effectually by well-chosen and tried servants of our Lord, who are duly prepared both in heart and speech to make known the glad tidings to their understandings, that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" that "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" and that "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

'Should the view I have conscientiously given of their character be the humble means of removing prejudice from the Mussulmauns of Hindoostaun, so that they may be sought and won by brotherly kindness, my humble heart will rejoice that my labours, as an observer and detailer, have been successful through the merciful orderings of Divine Providence.'—vol. ii. pp. 423—427.

Some readers may possibly object to the number of trifling anecdotes, and fables, which the author has introduced into her work. Such an objection would have no weight with us, as we consider that the various features of national character are often more distinctly pourtrayed in such tales, than in the most elaborate essays. It is possible, also, that a complaint will be made by hasty critics, against the minute details into which she enters upon the treatment of infants in India, and with respect to many of the domestic arrangements of the natives. These very details constitute, in our opinion, the real value of the work, and we know of no other publication in which they can be found. With the tact of a woman, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali appears to us to have seized upon those points in Mussulman life which are most widely different from our own habits, and to have described them with admirable perspicuity. The traits of excellent sense, of feminine feeling, of conjugal affection, and religious piety (without a shade of *cant)* that pervade her pages, are not the least among their varied merits. In conclusion, we deem it but justice to say, that we have never read any work upon India with so much pleasure as this which now lies before us; it has given us ideas of the Mussulmans which are, we believe, accurately characteristic, and will have the good effect, we hope, of diffusing among Englishmen a higher degree of respect, and a warmer regard for our Mahometan fellow-subjects, than we have been hitherto accustomed to entertain towards that much calumniated people.

Art. IX.—*Report from the Select Committee on Steam Carriages, with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Printed by order of the House of Commons. 1831.

An inquiry connected with the permanent truths of science should be conducted by men not only free from the imputation, but altogether above the suspicion of prejudice or partiality. We are well aware that it is not from corrupt motives alone that one man will seek to deceive another; a credulous and sanguine mind will often be made the ready instrument of the diffusion of very false notions upon questions, respecting which it is very desirable that right ones should be entertained. In the Report before us we have a remarkable example of the importance of paying attention to the principles which we have just laid down. It proceeds, as its title sets forth, from a Select Committee of the House of Commons, which was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the following subjects: The comparative amount of tolls which are and which ought to be paid for steam carriages when passing through turnpike gates: the present state and future prospects of land carriages by means of wheeled vehicles propelled by steam or gas, on common roads; and the probable utility which the public may derive from them. There being only one method open to the committee, (namely, the collection of testimony from competent witnesses) for procuring the necessary information, they entered upon the investigation, and in less than nine days completely established, to their own satisfaction at least, that steam carriages were "the sovereign'st thing on earth" for this much degenerate country. In order that the true merits of the report before us may be made manifest, it is absolutely necessary that we should declare the names and descriptions of the very small number of witnesses whose sentiments and councils are recommended to the public by the very highest authority.

Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, the first witness, is a patentee of a steam carriage, and is deeply interested in the success of steam vehicles. Mr. Walter Hancock is the propietor of a steam carriage, running, at the time he was sworn, on a turnpike road, and is deeply interested in the success of steam vehicles. John Farey, Esq., the third witness, is an engineer, and a preparer of specifications of patents, and is deeply interested in keeping up the spirit of speculation in the phenomena of steam. Mr. Richard Trevithick, the fourth witness, who has invented a high pressure engine, and who says "he means to do a great deal with steam on common roads," is obviously a principal sharer in the interest which his predecessors so uniformly avowed for the mode of conveyance by steam. We have next Mr. Nathaniel Ogle, who is "pursuing the introduction of ocomotive engines on common roads;" Mr. Alexander Gordon, who is *connected, as he declares,* with locomotive engines, and, we have no doubt, with Mr. Gurney likewise; Mr. Joseph Gibbs, "the patentee of a new method of more economically and safely generating steam for steam carriages;" Mr. William Alltoft Summers, an engineer, who superintends the building of steam carriages; Mr. James Stone, the superintendant of Sir Charles Dance's steam carriage. The remaining witnessess are Messrs. Telford, McAdam, and Mac Neil, who, as engineers, with the superintendance of the public roads in their hands, are naturally anxious to give all the interest in their power to the immediate object of their care. Two more names will conclude the catalogue of those who gave testimony on the occasion. They both belong to members of the committee, and need we ask how these gentlemen must have felt as judges when they volunteered their services as witnesses in the cause? Mr. Davies Gilbert, the first of these members, is too confirmed an amateur of every species of mechanical novelty not to have patronized such a wonder as a steam coach; and, with respect to Colonel Torrens, the other member of the committee who gave evidence, the bare chance that such an invention would be found conformable to the laws of political economy, was quite sufficient to induce him to give it his most determined support.

Such being the nature of the tribunal, and the evidence, every body will easily anticipate the nature of the final judgment. It will excite no surprise, in any quarter, to find that one and all—Court and witnesses—united in one common decision in favour of Steam Carriages, and with one voice call upon the legislature to extend the most liberal patronage to all the existing speculators in steam vehicles. We think, then, that we are justified in representing this Report, with the evidence which it contains, as a mere exparte statement, nothing more than the simple case of the plaintiff, a verdict, in fact, not founded on the merits, but suffered to be taken by default. We need scarcely add, that, throughout the whole examinations, there does not appear the slightest intimation of any opposition to the feelings by which the committee appears to have been actuated. No witnesses were called, who, by possibility, might suggest a motive for restraining the scientific ardour of that body; and not a single question seems to have been put to any of those who were examined, which could betray the smallest degree of diffidence in the triumphant establishment of steam conveyance, in every part of the empire.

It is proper, however, that we should not allow the reader to conclude, that we feel the least disposition to discourage the spirit of scientific enquiry, particularly when directed to so wonderful an agent as steam power has recently proved. We are governed by far different views, and if we have stepped forward to call public attention to the proceedings of which the Report before us is the record, it is solely with the view of vindicating the true interests of science, and protecting them from the hands of her unthinking and short-sighted votaries. There is no reasonable man in the country, who hears the faithful statement which we have just made respecting the committee, and the witnesses who were brought before it, but must have his mind filled with doubt and suspicion, when he finds that he can refer every single word of the testimony thus given, to the wishes of the parties who deliver it. The evidence may be true,—the Report may be only a moderate attestation to the vast benefits which steam power will ultimately confer upon the kingdom. The witnesses, for aught we know, deserve that every part of their representations should be received with implicit faith, by every one who reads them; but all that we contend for is, that the delightful intelligence which they bring, however palatable, must be regarded as very questionable, from such messengers. We are of opinion, that no respect will be generally paid to the authority of men so peculiarly circumstanced,—that the thinking portion of the community will be induced to forbear from lending assistance to a project which presents itself before them with so equivocal an aspect,—and that, as a natural result, the progress of scientific improvement will be retarded.

The committee, in an early part of their Report, declare their belief, that

> 'The substitution of inanimate for animal power, in draught on common roads, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced. Its practicability they consider to have been fully established; its general adoption will take place more or less rapidly, in proportion as the attention of scientific men shall be drawn by public encouragement to further improvement.'—*Report*, p. 4.

Most sincerely do we wish that the anticipation may be realized; but when we meditate on the grounds which the committee recognise, as justifying their expectations, we feel that they form a subject which merits the most deliberate attention of the public. Mr. Gurney, one of the authorities, describes his hopes and speculations, in the following manner.

> 'I would state generally, in regard to the main improvements on Steam Engines, by which this country has been so much benefitted, and the prospects of advantage arising from Steam Carriages, that they have almost always been in a direct ratio with that of removing of horses; that the great and splendid improvements of Mr. Watt have generally been supposed to be principally connected with the separate condenser of the Steam Engine, and the saving of fuel; but before Mr. Watt's day, we could empty our mines of water in Cornwall, and we could do a variety of other simple work by the Steam Engine, and so far the improvement of Mr. Watt was simply with respect to the saving of fuel; but I consider that the great national advantage arising from Mr. Watt's improvement, has been his application of the Steam Engine to machinery; and the extent of that advantage to the community has been in a direct proportion to the removal of horse power, a most unproductive labourer and a dead expense to the country. If this view of the subject be entertained, the application of steam to propelling carriages on common roads will be as important above its application to machinery generally, as the number of horses

employed in locomotion exceed those necessary to machinery, which bears no proportion with respect to each other. At Hounslow alone, there are at this moment upwards of 1,000 horses employed in stage coaches and posting. On the Paddington Road, a distance of five miles only, there are upwards of 1,000 horses employed at this moment.—Throughout Great Britain it is almost impossible to say how many horses are employed, but I should perhaps be within bounds if I were to say millions, in posting and stage coaches. If it is possible to remove those horses by an elementary power, which I firmly believe is practicable, the national advantage must be in proportion to the number of horses so removed; for if it is shown that one carriage horse can be removed from the road by the present state of Steam Carriages, I see no reason why every horse so employed should not be so removed. It has been decided that the consumption of a horse is equal to that necessary for eight individuals, so for every horse that is removed and is supplied by elementary power, we make way for the maintenance of eight individuals. If it is possible to carry the idea so far, and I see no objection to it, to do the principal work of horses by steam, or if can be done by elementary power, the committee may imagine to what extent we may provide for our increasing population. I think we may do much by political laws and enactments, but natural laws will do more, and when pointed out by the finger of Providence, may be made to provide for his wise dispensations. I firmly believe that the introduction of Steam Carriages will do more than any other thing for this country; I have always had this impression; I left an honourable and lucrative profession, in which I was extensively engaged, in order to attend to this subject, because I was convinced of its importance and practicability; I have always entertained the same idea as I do at present. Imperfections will exist in the machinery; but I conceive that the main points of difficulty have been removed by the experiments I have made, and that all those now remaining are practical difficulties, which will be removed by further experience; and if there is no cause opposed by the legislature, or any other source, *I will be bold to say, that in five years Steam Carriages will be generally employed throughout England.* I have not hesitated, having these feelings, to devote all my time for the last six years to the subject, and am mentally recompensed by the present state of the subject. Private carriages also will be used. Under this opinion, I have given directions for building a small one. I expect it will go quicker, safer, more easily, and certainly more independently than a common carriage, because it does not need the food of a horse.

'Do you apprehend much decrease in the price of your engines? I do, and I also anticipate *that steam will be supplanted by the use of other elementary power;* but I do not think that will take place in our day. I think that steam will be generally introduced, and that the public will feel the importance of it; and that scientific men will be directed to examine and employ in its stead other substances, *and new compounds are continually turning up*, and some will eventually be applied to mechanical purposes.

'Do you believe that there will be other ways of raising steam?—I do not now speak of steam, but certain compounds; I do not specify any particular compound at this moment; I state those generally which are known to produce power by chemical change; some peculiar explosive and aëriform bodies for instance. I am informed that at present there are between 20 and 40 different carriages building or about to be built by different persons, all of which have been occasioned principally by the decided journey which I took of 200 miles in 1829, and which convinced not only the public of its practicability, but also some of those very men who are now employed in this object, and who previously had laughed at the idea and considered it chemerical.'—*Report*, pp. 31, 32.

If we were to credit all that Mr. Gurney and his brother patentees state, we should say that the government of the country was most culpably supine, in hesitating for a moment to abolish the use of horses, and crowd the high roads with carriages propelled by steam. There is hardly any worldly blessing equal to a steam coach in the eyes of these gentlemen. It travels faster and longer than any set of horses can possibly do; it affords a healthier, an easier, and a safer mode of conveyance for the travelling public than the very best of our modern stages: it will go thirty miles in an hour, at the most moderate expense, and will ascend the highest hills with an expedition truly surprising. As for the suggestion that new roads will be required for steam coaches, because the old roads would not do, it is treated as a bugbear; and Mr. Nathaniel Ogle, one of the witnesses, goes so far as to entertain some compassion for the benighted creatures who still retain the least partiality for rail-roads—things, he says, 'which are altogether behind the age,' (*p.* 69,) and which will be ruinous to those who now embark capital in their construction.

The witnesses, however, do not seem to be equally well prepared upon all the minute points of this important question. Some very remarkable discrepancies between the statements of several of them will not fail to strike the reader upon the most cursory perusal of the evidence. One example, in proof of our assertion, will be sufficient.

The facility with which steam-coaches can ascend steep hills, formed an obvious subject of inquiry in the course of this investigation. Mr. Gurney states, that all his steam-carriages, from the rudest to the most improved specimen of his invention, were propelled up hill with the greatest possible ease. Mr. Hancock declares that his carriage runs up a hill without any difficulty whatever, and Mr. A. Summers's carriage dashed up the steepest hill in the New Forest, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Now the opinions which Mr. Farey expressed on this very point appear to us so strongly opposed to the above statements, that we are surprised at finding no notice taken of the contradiction in the Report of the committee. Mr. Farey, it should be remembered, has been much employed by inventors to assist them in bringing forward discoveries in mechanical science. He has devoted a great deal of his time to the subject of steam-carriages, and that in a way which imposed upon him the necessity of studying the principles and the progress of the invention throughout all their minutest details. He has witnessed the practical experiments which have been made of these vehicles; and, under all the circumstances, he may be regarded as an unprejudiced witness, so far as relates to the single question, the practicability of propelling steam-coaches up steep acclivities. The following passage from the minutes of his evidence will convey a very clear account of his opinions upon this question :—

'Did you ever see a Steam Carriage going down a hill?—Yes, down the hill of the New Road at Islington; and it was done with more safety than with any carriage with four horses; but I do not contemplate the descent of Steam Coaches down very steep hills, for that supposes their getting up such hills, which is not likely to be accomplished soon, and the present coaches seem to me to be only fit for our most improved lines of roads, where all very steep hills have been reduced to moderate slopes.

'Have you turned your attention particularly to the subject of going up steep hills, and what ascent do you think can be surmounted?—In forming my opinion of the probability that Steam Carriages will be brought to bear, I could not overlook the circumstance that they would have to go up and down hills; but most of our great lines of roads are now so improved, that what were formerly called steep hills are not very numerous or frequent; but wherever they do occur, I propose to give the Steam Coach the assistance of a pair of post-horses in aid of its own power. In going down hill, Steam Coaches are very safe, because the whole power can be effectually exerted to retard or resist the turning of the wheels.

'Mr. Gurney's Steam Coach has gone up Highgate Hill without horses?—Yes, but I understood it was broken to pieces in coming down again. My objection to attempting to make a Steam Coach go up a very steep hill, in the present state of our knowledge, is, that it requires to have a great strength, and consequent weight of machinery to have a sufficient power to do so with safety, and which weight is a useless incumbrance and impediment to progression at all other times. The question is, whether all the machinery of a Steam Carriage should be made twice as strong and heavy as is necessary for impelling it with safety on a tolerable level road, merely that it may have power within itself for going up a few occasional hills, or whether it is better to make the machinery lighter, and take the occasional assistance of a pair of post horses. There can be no objection to the latter expedient, except the expense of such horses; and as the Steam Coach can carry goods to profit in place of all the weight of machinery which is saved by making it lighter, I think that the aid of post-horses would be an economy.'—*Report*, p. 50.

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'Expensive machinery, which is only to be worked occasionally, will not in some cases do work so cheap as it can be done by men or by horses without machinery; and that I conceive to be the case with the extra cost, weight, strength and complication which must be given to the machinery of a Steam Coach, in order to enable it to go safely up steep hills without assistance. I apply these remarks to the present Steam Coaches, but future improvements may in time produce that species of machinery which will effect the going up hill with less difficulty than the present. It has been supposed that the diameters of the cylinders being larger than is necessary for going on level ground, they could be worked with a diminished strength of Steam to go on [illegible]nger Steam when going up hill. To get up ordinary and moderate hills, that is certainly the right plan; but it requires the strength of all the moving parts of the Engines to be made sufficient to bear the utmost force that the pistons can exert when impelled by the strongest Steam that is ever to be used; also, the large wheels which run upon the road should be made very broad on the edges, and of proportionate strength. The present Coaches have been faulty in these respects, and yet the machinery is too heavy. Another way of getting sufficient power to go up hill, is to have the pistons only a suitable size for going along the ordinary road, and to introduce wheel-work, which can be thrown into action when a hill is to be ascended, and which will turn the wheels of the Carriage round only once for three turns of the cranks of the Engine, and consequently with a triple force. Mr. Hancock has shown me the parts of such machinery which he is now making for a new Steam Coach, with wheel-work and endless chains, on a plan which I think very likely to answer for ascending moderate hills; but for very steep hills I think it is desirable to have help by post-horses. The immediate desideratum is, to construct a Steam Coach with the power and strength necessary to go quickly and safely along the best lines of road which can be found, without any steep hills upon them, and taking assistance of post-horses where it is necessary. If that is accomplished, and such a Coach is worked continually for two or three years, it would probably lead to the knowledge of the proper kind of machinery to go up steeper hills; but if the adoption of Steam Coaches is to wait until they are rendered much more perfect, it will be a very long time, because practice is essential to finding out a proper plan.

'Do you think there is any danger in going down a hill in a Steam Carriage?—Much less than in a common Stage Coach; for by backing the Engines, so that their power is brought to act in opposition to the turning round of the wheels, and with the assistance of drags or brakes, rub on the rims of the wheels, and aid in retarding their motion by friction, Steam Coaches will safely get down all moderate hills, such as are met with on our best lines of turnpike roads, say between London and Holyhead; and with machinery, such as Mr. Hancock is now making, if it is suitably proportioned, I expect a Steam Coach would not require assistance to get up hill at more than five or six places between London and Holyhead.

'Stanmore and Highgate Hill you call moderate hills?—Not the old Highgate Hill; but the Archway is a very fair road, on which a Steam Coach should not feel the least difficulty. I do not call those moderate hills which are common on the roads in many parts of Devonshire and Cornwall; it will be a long time before Steam Coaches will be able to travel there; and the goodness of the roads is to be considered as well as the slope. No Steam Coach that I have seen, possesses that strength and weight of machinery which, being on the present construction, will enable it to get up even a moderate hill without risk of breaking; for though it may climb up the hill by accumulating the strength of the Steam, the parts have not been made strong enough to resist the strain to which they are subjected, if they were frequently used: and if the work were made, on the present plan, strong enough to endure the extra strain of getting up a steep hill with safety, [illegible] too much weight of machinery for travelling on the ordinary road.

'Can they ascend a hill so steep as one in eighteen?—That I think it too much for them, without the aid of horses, unless the surface of the road were of the very best quality; but such hills are usually bad roads.

'Are they competent to ascend such a hill as St. James's-street?—I have not a very particular recollection of the slope of that hill, but I believe it is paved, and I think that it would be about their maximum; for a great deal would depend upon the surface of the road; they would go up all the length of Regent-street, which is, I expect, almost as steep as St. James's, but it is a better surface; and I think they should go up any good road not exceeding a rise of one in thirty; and if more inclined, or if the road is bad, they should be allowed one or two horses. I doubt if they could ascend the Pentonville hill in its present shameful state of neglect; but if it is made good, then I think they might.'

We do not think that any comment on this evidence, as compared with that to which we previously alluded, is at all necessary to facilitate the complete understanding of this important part of the general inquiry. To us it is evident, that the committee allowed themselves to be too much carried away by the spirit of exaggeration, with which the greater portion of the witnesses appears to have been animated. They seem to have been speedily infected with the enthusiasm which, as we have seen, has worked so powerfully on the fancy of Mr. Gurney; and they have been consequently precipitated to conclusions, which greater discrimination, and more prudent tempers, would undoubtedly have avoided. But whilst we pause before the chimerical speculations of Mr. Gurney and his colleagues, and wonder at the undiscerning credulity of the committee, we are ready to assure the public, that a sober and impartial examination of the document now before us, will present to them the subject of steam conveyance, accompanied by many circumstances that entitle it to their most serious consideration.

There can be no doubt, in the first place, that the use of vehicles propelled by steam, as substitutes for corresponding vehicles drawn by horses, is perfectly practicable, at least to a great extent. Upon this point, we think the evidence of Mr. Farey to be just and rational. He says:—

'All that has been hitherto done, or which is now doing, in that way, must, I think, be considered as experimental trials. I have no doubt whatever but that a steady perseverance in such trials will lead to the general adoption of Steam Coaches, and that at an earlier or later period, according to the activity and intelligence with which an experimental course is conducted; and I am firmly convinced, that the perfection which is essential to their successful adoption, will never be attained by any other course than that of reiterated trials. The difficulties with which the Steam Coach inventors are at present contending are chiefly of a practical nature, which, I think, are not likely to be avoided by any great efforts of genius or invention; but I expect that they may be surmounted one after another by the experience which may be gained by competent mechanicians in a course of practice. I do not look for much more invention as necessary to the establishment of Steam Coaches; but it is certain that the practice is indispensable. Each of the three inventors I have named has brought his Steam Coach to that state, which renders it a full-sized model for making such experiments as serve to prove the principle of action, and to teach how a better Coach may be made the next time, but nothing more. The probability that such next better Coach will be sufficiently perfect to answer as a trading business, depends as much upon the natural judgment and acquired skill of each inventor, as upon the qualifications of his present production.'—*Report*, p. 39.

And further on he observes:

'I do not consider that it is now a question of theory, for the practicability I conceive to be proved; but many details of execution, which are necessary to a successful practice, are yet in a very imperfect state. My view of the subject will be best understood by stating, that I believe an efficient Steam Carriage might now be made merely to carry despatches, by following the general plan of the best Steam Coach which has yet been produced, improving the proportions wherever experience has shown them to be faulty, using the very best workmanship and materials, and giving a judicious increase of strength to the various parts which require it, allowing all the weight of a load of passengers and luggage, and of the accommodations for them, in additional strength of materials, so that the total weight of the Coach, without any passengers or goods (beyond the people and stores necessary for its own use and one courier), should be as much as the weight of the previous model containing a full load of passengers and luggage. If three such Coaches were constructed, one of them might start every morning at each end of any fair line of road 100 or 120 miles long, and one would arrive every evening at each end of that line in less time than a common stage coach; and I should expect that, after twelve months' perseverance, and after making all the improvements and alterations in the machinery which so much experience would suggest, the double passage ought to be made with as much safety and punctuality, and with much more expedition, than by the mail. The road between London and Bristol might be taken as a suitable line, but I should expect a pair of horses to be provided at every notable hill, to help the Steam Carriage up it. Such a proposition, it is obvious, offers no inducement to individuals, because it would be all expense without any return; but if it were judiciously done at the public expense, I have no doubt but that it would lead to as much improvement in the mode of execution of future Coaches, as would enable them to be run permanently as stage coaches with profitable loads.'—*Report*, p. 39.

The same witness subsequently describes those plans of public encouragement, by which he would seek to promote the cultivation of this particular branch of mechanical science. He observes:

'The general question of farther improvements in Steam Coaches, depends upon the general mechanical skill and judgment of the mechanicians who turn their attention to the subject, and the peculiar experience they acquire in this particular branch of mechanics, by continually practising and exercising with Steam Carriages, on roads of all kinds, in all weathers, to find out their defects, and how to remedy them; and what is the best mode of management; also by building new and better carriages as soon as they have learned what will be better than the present ones. But all this must be at a great pecuniary loss, and some further encouragement must be held out in order to induce the more skilful mechanicians to embark in such a pursuit; for at present it is by no means an object of attention to our best and most competent engineers, because they know they would only throw away their money and time by undertaking Steam Coaches, even if they were to succeed ever so completely. The patentees are a different class of men; they are the inventors, who have first organized and arranged the combination of machinery which is to be used; and, according to law, they have acquired a legal property in those peculiar combinations which they have discovered, that has been their encouragement and stimulus to exertion; but the terms of their patent rights will be very likely to expire before their inventions come into use to such an extent as will repay them their previous costs with any profit thereon; and also, with the present defective state of the law on the subject of patents, they will be unusually lucky if they are able to make good their patents at law, in case their rights are contested. The patentees are not experienced mechanicians or engineers, and have had to learn the business of engine-making and of coach-making as they went on; and a great deal of the deficiency of the present Steam Coaches has arisen from the circumstance, that they have been made by persons who were not at the time qualified to execute either a common coach or a common Steam Engine; but they have acquired more skill now, and we may expect more finished productions from them in future.'—*Report*, p. 44.

In order to induce competent mechanicians, then, to apply themselves to experimental trials of steam carriages, Mr. Farey proposes that the legislature should interfere, and adopt immediate steps for encouraging improvements in steam vehicles. His project is as follows:—

'Nothing could do it (give encouragement) so effectually as offering a handsome Parliamentary reward for the attainment of some specified performance, such as keeping a Steam Coach for passengers regularly plying on some suitable road for two years, during which it should not have failed to arrive by steam more than some specified number of times, and within a certain number of hours of lost time from the time-bill of the mail on the same road. Suppose this were done between London and Bristol, for a reward of 10,000*l.*, it would cost the public nothing if it were not accomplished, and the establishment of that one coach to carry the mail would be worth the money to the public whenever it was accomplished; or between London and Holyhead would be still more important, but that would require 20,000*l.* reward. Another plan of more immediate application would be to offer a bounty of a fair price per mile for carrying despatches by steam (as I suggested before) whenever they arrived in a specified time; the price should be sufficient to pay expenses. That would, I think be the best course, because I believe it would be undertaken at once by individuals, provided that no stipulations were made either for or against carrying passengers or goods; they would be sure to carry passengers and goods as soon as they could, for their own profit; and it might be stipulated, that after any coach had earned a certain sum in bounty, it should not be entitled to more. The effect of such public rewards has been very strking in the case of the invention of means of ascertaining the longitude at sea. Another way would be, instead of money, to give exclusive privileges for a term to any persons who should first succeed in establishing Steam Coaches on specified roads, under specified conditions of performance; or a society offering a premium, as was done in the case of Steam Navigation to India, would have a good effect; as was also shewn in the case of the locomotive Steam Carriages on the railway between Liverpool and Manchester. There a most inadequate premium (only 500*l.*) brought the invention forward more than ten following years of desultory and unencouraged attempts would have done.—*Report*, p. 47.

Whatever may be the disposition of a government, to encourage by direct means the promotion of science, it can never give assistance to speculations without the risk of mischievous consequences. All history shows, that the less governments interfere with the feelings and natural instincts of a people, the better it is for all parties. It is obviously the truest policy to allow demand and supply to settle their own terms. The certainty that the public will reward the invention of such means of accommodations, as may be more acceptable than those to which they were before accustomed, will always be sufficient to stimulate the ambition of persons who have time, inclination, and capacity for mechanical discoveries. That there is no lack of studious candidates for the honour of inventing improvements in steam-carriages, is attested repeatedly in the work before us; for we find that Mr. Gurney has now numerous rivals in all parts of the country, and one witness informs us, that a regular factory was about to be established, where steam-carriages would be had in abundance, and where orders had been already brought from a great number of coach-proprietors, carriers of merchandize, and others.* The interposition of the legislature, then, does not appear to be a matter of such pressing necessity, as Mr. Farey would seem to suppose; and we decidedly believe, that the expectation of a specific reward promised by the Crown, could not add to the number of those who have already been induced to embark in the steam-carriage speculation.

But the legislature has something to do in this matter. If it ought not, according to the principles of a sound policy, positively to encourage the steam-patentees, it certainly is bound to relieve them from restraints which exclusively, and we may add, unnecessarily annoy them. The principal impediment to which we allude is so well explained in the report, that we are induced to extract the passage which contains the description.

'The committee are convinced, that the real merits of this invention are such, that it may be safely left to contend with these and similar difficulties; there are others, however, from which the Legislature can alone relieve it. Tolls, to an amount which would utterly prohibit the introduction of Steam Carriages, have been imposed on some roads; on others, the trustees have adopted modes of apportioning the charge which would be found, if not absolutely prohibitory, at least to place such carriages in a very unfair position as compared with ordinary coaches.

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* 'From twenty to forty others (steam-carriages) are being built by different persons, all of which have been occasioned by my decided journey in 1829.'—*Minutes of Evidence.*

'Two causes may be assigned for the imposition of such excessive tolls upon Steam Carriages. The first, a determination on the part of the trustees, to obstruct, as much as possible, the use of Steam, as a propelling power; the second, and probably the more frequent, has been a misapprehension of their weight and effect on roads. Either cause appears to the committee a sufficient justification for their recommending to The House, that legislative protection should be extended to Steam Carriages with the least possible delay.—*Report*, p. 4.

The oppressive, indeed the wanton, imposition of tolls on steam coaches, is a matter of serious reproach upon our country. Mr Gurney's carriage would be charged, for instance, on the Liverpool and Prescot road, the sum of 2*l*. 8*s*., whilst a loaded stage coach would pay no more than 4*s*. Upon other roads there are disproportions of impost, to the prejudice of steam communication as compared with that levied on the ordinary vehicles, which ought not to be permitted for a moment to continue.

In order to ascertain the injurious effects of steam carriage wheels on roads, the Committee have been at the pains to examine almost every witness as to his experience on that point. The uniform reply of those who were examined on this point, including Messrs. Telford, Mc. Adam, and Maclean, all of whom are engaged in the business of road making, was, that steam coaches, provided the *tire* of the wheel was broad enough, did less damage to roads than the ordinary vehicles. The Committee carefully investigated the effects on the roads, of the two methods of conveyance. They endeavoured to ascertain the wear which roads experienced by the treading of horses, the indispensable adjuncts of the ordinary vehicles. The evidence of Mr. Macneil, who made various experiments on the wear and tear of roads, is particularly interesting. The following facts, which he was enabled to collect for the use of the Committee, are well worth attention.

'The coaches which run between London and Birmingham require an hundred horses on an average, to work the up and down coach; the horses are generally shod by contract, at about 2*s*. 6*d*. per horse per month; those near London are much larger and heavier, and therefore require heavier shoes than those twenty miles out of London, and from thence to Birmingham; near London in the flint districts the wear of horses' shoes is much more than it is in the quartz and limestone countries. At Stoney Stratford, the weight of the four shoes of a mail and stage coach-horse averages five pounds, and when taken off at the end of about twenty-eight days they weigh very nearly two pounds: in this period, the horses run 252 miles. At Towcester, Weedon, and Daventry, the weight of the new shoes is one pound and a half each, and when taken off weigh nearly three-

> fourths of a pound; the length of time which they remain on is about thirty days; this would give a wear of three pounds per horse per month, but if the greater wear near London be considered, I think it would not be too much to allow the wear equal to four pounds per horse per month, which for 100 horses for ten weeks would give a wear of 1,000 lbs. of iron. The hind wheels of the coaches are mostly four feet eight inches in diameter, and the front wheel three feet. The width of tire, I before stated, is about two inches, and when new, the thickness of the iron is three quarters of an inch. These wheels are found to last from two to three months, according to the state of the weather, the workmanship and quality of iron, (about twenty years ago they did not last seven days on an average;) suppose they now last ten weeks, in that time the tire is worn down to one-sixth of its original thickness; this would be equal to 163·4 lbs. or 326·8 for both coaches; this would be to the wear of the horses' shoes as 326·8 to 1,000, or as 1 to 3·14ths nearly; now if the injury done to the road by the horses' feet and the wheels of carriages be estimated in the same proportion, I think it would probably be near the actual effect produced; that is tos ay, the injury done by the wheels of fast coaches is, to the injury done by the horses which draw them, as one to three in round numbers. The effect produced by slow carriages and horses is different: a waggon drawn by four horses, which travels regularly from London to Daventry at the rate of three miles an hour, is worked by fifteen horses; the waggon weighs twenty-five cwt., and carries on an average sixty-seven cwt.; the hind wheels are four feet eight inches in diameter, and the front ones four feet; the breadth of the wheels is six inches; they are nearly upright but not cylindrical; the iron tire, when put on, weighs on the fore wheels, 285 lbs., on the hind ditto, 396 lbs., making 621 lbs. When removed, the weight is on the fore wheels, 144 lbs., on the hind ditto, 168 lbs., making 312 lbs.; wear in five months, 309 lbs. The number of miles travelled in this time is 6,048; the shoes that are put on the horses employed to draw this waggon, weigh when new from two pounds and a half to three pounds each; the average of a great many gave two pounds and three quarters, and when removed one pound and a quarter; they last from four to six weeks, according to the weather and state of the road; but we may assume five weeks as an average, and the wear in that time for each horse six pounds, and for fifteen horses for five months, it would be 360 lbs. The proportion in this case would be as 309 to 360, or as one to 1·16 or nearly one 1¼.'—*Report*, p. 96.

It will be seen that the difference, in respect of the wear of the roads, by mere wheels on the one hand, and wheels and horses' feet on the other, is very considerably in favour of the mode of conveyance without horses. To remove every pretence for taxing unnecessarily the carriages that are propelled by steam, is certainly an object which has been most diligently, most laudably, and we do not scruple to say, most triumphantly pursued by the Committee. They have established to the conviction, we think, of every unprejudiced man, that steam coaches should bear no higher rate of turnpike toll than the common stages are now charged with, and that therefore the legislature is bound to repeal every law which contravenes such a scale of proportions.

After all, we do not imagine that a shilling or two extra toll per diem, would have any great power in checking the spirit of enterprise which is now directed towards the development of steam power. There are other impediments to the encouragement that ought to be given to the cultivation of the knowledge of steam agency, which are not so easily remedied, inasmuch as they proceed from a source that is but rarely accessible, and even then is but slowly altered. We allude to the fear which is so universally felt, at the chance of an explosion of the boiler. In addition to this, there is a notion abroad, that horses on the highway are frightened by steam carriages—that they shy and endanger the lives of those who, either as riders or drivers, have the management of them. With respect to the first of these objections, we think, that if the general evidence of the witnesses can be relied on, there is ample proof to justify the belief, that the dangerous bursting of boilers may be completely prevented. As for the second objection, we have every reason to believe that it is of a merely temporary nature; and we think that the extreme docility of horses will be able to furnish a remedy quite sufficient to remove the evil complained of. One of the witnesses relates an anecdote, which in a great measure confirms the expectations we have just expressed. He states, that a very fine horse belonging to a gentleman, seemed to be particularly annoyed when he met a steam carriage on the road. His master, however, was determined to make the horse overcome the foolish prejudice. It was made to trot beside the engine a certain distance, and ultimately, it not only became tranquil, but put its head into the engine house, 'which is a thing,' says Mr. Hancock, the witness alluded to, 'I never saw a horse do before.'

From the evidence which is here collected together, and which we have carefully perused, we draw the general conclusions that steam carriages will ultimately be very extensively employed, as means of conveyance, whether for passengers or goods,—that at present there are practical obstacles existing which have the effect of preventing so desirable a consummation,—but that there is every reason to believe, that a short time only must elapse before those obstacles are completely removed. We are further persuaded, that a grant of money, in the shape of a bounty, for the best vehicle, in a given time, is unnecessary, and likewise impolitic; inasmuch as the public demand for improvement is an adequate motive to exertion on the part of speculators in mechanical science, and as such an application of the public money would form a precedent teeming with the most calamitous consequences to the nation. It is only just, however, to the Committee, that we should copy their statement of what they consider to be the results of their inquiries.

'1.—That Carriages can be propelled by Steam on common roads at an average rate of ten miles per hour.

'2.—That at this rate they have conveyed upwards of fourteen passengers.

'3.—That their weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants, may be under three tons.

'4.—That they can ascend and descend hills of considerable inclination with facility and safety.

'5.—That they are perfectly safe for passengers.

'6.—That they are not (or need not be, if properly constructed) nuisances to the public.

'7.—That they will become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than carriages drawn by horses.

'8.—That, as they admit of greater breadth of tire than other carriages, and as the roads are not acted on so injuriously as by the feet of horses in common draught, such carriages will cause less wear of roads than coaches drawn by horses.

'9.—That rates of toll have been imposed on Steam Carriages, which would prohibit their being used on several lines of road, were such charges permitted to remain unaltered.'—*Report*, p. 14.

ART. X.—*The Summer Fete, a Poem, with Songs.* By Thomas Moore, Esq. *The Music composed and selected* by Henry R. Bishop and Mr. Moore. Folio, pp. 108. London: Power. 1832.

IT is so long since we had any thing in the shape of good poetry from a practised hand to review, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which this publication offers us, of adorning our pages with a few of the gems which it contains. The subject of the fete given some years since at Boyle farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald, has already been treated in a light and sportive manner by Lord Leveson Gower. Mr. Moore has chosen the same pleasant theme, as the vehicle of some beautiful music, as well as of some lyrical poetry, which, if not in his best style, is still worthy of his reputation. The work is got up after the plan of the "Evenings in Greece," which have become so popular. What may be called the narrative and descriptive portions of the story, are told in verses, which occasionally shine out and betray the touches of the master-hand; the sentiments of the parties engaged in the festive scene are supposed principally to break out in song.

The heroine of the piece is represented as anxiously opening her eyes on the morning of the intended fete, doubtful, while she yet lay in bed, whether the weather, which in this country has more than once marred merry meetings, would be favourable or not. It was, indeed, the month of June, but the skies had for some weeks put on a livery that almost looked like winter. Up, however, she springs, and, to her infinite delight, finds that the day promised to be as propitious as she could desire. Already her heart glows with rapturous forethought of the ball which was to take place in the evening, of the varieties of amusement by which it was to be attended, and of the glorious conquests she was doubtless destined to make. Boyle farm is situated on the banks of the Thames, and the fete now to be given had long excited the hopes of the f among the fair of our fashionable circles. Being upon a select principle, it was a matter of no small difficulty to obt card of invitation to the festival; and if report may be believe distribution of those passports to the fairy scene was made a an affair of state.

The reader must imagine the banquet table, bearing al luxuries of the season, arranged beneath a long awning; the of assembling to be the early part of the evening, just as the s setting; and the whole London world, or what is called such, pouring in to the grounds belonging to Boyle farm, all the n politan places of amusement being for that evening abandoned even Parliament left to the minor orators, the first-rate p being summoned to prose elsewhere. While our heroine, Iant giving the last finish to her appearance, by arranging her cu the most fascinating style, her youngest sister, not yet o heard singing to the accompaniment of a harp, a song of encou ment, one of the most sprightly and beautiful, as to the mus the whole collection. The words, however, being evidently ad to the music, are of a more common-place description tha would expect from Moore. At length, the hour arrives: the f board is crowded with 'a living mass of plumes and flowers,' the sparkling champagne goes round. By the way, the tong scandal has whispered, that this said champagne was indulg rather freely by more than one of the unmarried beauties who present on that occasion; but, let that pass. Although it understood that there was to be no masquerade, being, undoubt that species of entertainment, at which, Mr. Moore truly obse the only thing disguised is the real character of English wit humour, yet it was arranged that those of the guests who might appear in fancy dresses. There were, in consequence, a variety of Sultanas, Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas, and Circa slaves, among the ladies, and among the men, the usual sh friars of every hue, Caciques, Turks, Greeks, and brigands. I shines out at once as the cynosure of the evening, in the cha of Psyche.

'But where is she—the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms surveying.
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error.
"Where is she," ask'st thou?—watch all looks
As cent'ring to one point they bear,
Like sun-flowers, by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun—and she is there.
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt
By her own light you'd track her out:

As when the morn, close shawl'd in fog,
Steals as she thinks, through heaven *incog.*,
Though hid herself, some side-long ray
At every step, detects her way.

'But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil'd her light;—
For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,
His wedded bride by holiest vow
Pledg'd in Olympus, and made known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow—
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the soul (tho' few would think it)
And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

'But hark! some song hath caught her ears—
And, lo, how pleas'd, as though she'd ne'er
Heard the Grand Opera of the spheres,
Her goddess-ship approves the air,
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
Her butterfly as gaily nods
As though she sate with all her train,
At some great Concert of the Gods,
With Phœbus, leader—Jove, director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

'From a male group the carol came—
A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured, to taste the tide it poured;
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seemed grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while, to his lay,
Less, and, still less, like dying day,
The flask's rich radiance ebbed away.'—pp. 23—25.

The song that follows is perfectly *Moorish* in its style. It begins
ome mortals there may be,' and we would recommend the reader
try the music of it too, which we think (speaking from experi-
e) he will find lively, and expressive of a playful hilarity. The
ning advances:

'Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where day had set
A flush that spoke him loth to die—
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Oh why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest?

That dimness, with its softening touch
Can bring out grace unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more!
Why is it, but, that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hop'd or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd;—
That Beauty, dimly shone upon,
A creature all ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that imagination throws;—
Why is it but that Fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
Far heavenlier things than e'er will *be*.

'Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
On the fair groups that round and round,
From glade to grot, from bank to bower,
Now wander'd through this fairy ground,
And thus did fancy (and champagne)
Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look'd at noon-day, plain,
Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to belles;
And the brief interval of time,
'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
And shed a halo round two-score.

'Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
The ear, the fancy, quick succeed;
And now along the waters fly
Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights, and dames, who calm reclin'd
Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide,
Astonishing old Thames to find,
Such doings on his moral tide.

'So bright was still that tranquil river,
With the last beam from daylight's quiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
Embarking on its wave serene;
And 'mong the rest in chorus gay,
A band of mariners from th' isles
Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
As smooth they floated to the play
Of their oars' cadence, sung this lay.'—pp. 33—35.

Here is poetry of the true order: it bears the stamp of cur
upon every line. There is much energy and beauty also in th
which follows, but as we cannot copy the music, which
essential part of its merit, we must be content with the char
description of its effect which the poet has given.

'Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
A minute come and go again,
Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near,
At length, when lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this song.'—p. 45.

The song is poetry itself.

I.

'Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenc'd with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

II.

'But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.
And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.—p. 46.

The poet next directs our attention to the gay saloon, where, eath a "zodiac" of lights and flowers, such as is often seen in Russian ball-rooms, the quadrille parties are formed and engaged he 'mazy rites' of the dance, to the sound of the most brilliant ins of the opera metamorphosed for the occasion. The qua- les over, while the partners are walking arm in arm, according he rule therein provided, talking soft nothings to each other, exquisites of the male and female gender suddenly make their earance, dressed in the most eccentric fashion. Of course, y body stares and examines these monsters with the most refined osity. Some think that the gentleman's waist was too large, rs that the lady's bonnet was not quite broad or high enough, hey doubted whether she could walk, without being impeded, ugh the church door. However, it was universally agreed they were first-rate specimens of their kind. The poet assigns a waltzing duet, in which they complain of faithlessness on r side: it is a capital parody on Horace's ode, "Donec gratus tibi," &c. We should be delighted to see this duet well performed; that is to say, well acted, as well as skilfully sung. would be in itself an exquisite comedy. While we may ima the company to be entertained by this duet, a thousand hands employed in illuminating the garden and grounds, and conver them into a fairy region. Among the most enchanting of recesses of the shrubberies, was one that lay on the verge of a s lake. Hither, a dark-eyed nymph, one of Leonardo da Vi beauties, retired from the gayer scenes, and taking up her l gave a pathetic musical expression to the following words:

‘ Bring hither, bring thy lute, while day is dying,
Here will I lay me, and list to thy song;
Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
Tones of a light heart, now banished so long,
Chase them away,—they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

‘ Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die away;
One little gleam in the west is still glowing,
When that hath vanish'd farewell to thy lay!
Mark, how it fades!—see—it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead!’—p. 64.

To this succeeds, in another part of the gardens, a trio, by group that had sung their chorus on the river. Their theme Grecian, and their poetry is worthy of Sappho, when she pou forth those burning lines, so justly praised by Longinus, beginn

“ Oh happy as the Gods is he,
Who gazes at this hour on thee!”

This energetic song is, as it were, answered by the beauty of lake, in a light Italian air, to which the following charming ver are married.

‘ Oh where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing
To welome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
Thou com'st not,—No, thou com'st not!

‘ 'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute murmurs best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glance they see,
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee.
Yet thou com'st not,—No, thou com'st not?’—p. 76.

By way of a contrast to the pensive and romantic beauty of these
es, we have a biting satire on the follies of mankind, from a
r, apparelled in the variegated costume of pantaloon, or rather
the fool of the olden time, with his cap and bells, who has some-
ng to suit every body. While these entertainments are going
the conservatory is stripped of all its plants, in order to make
m for the supper-table, bearing 'a supper such as the gods
ght share.' Song and music again give their aid to improve the
ive scene, and the whole is suitably wound up in the promo-
of our beautiful heroine to a ducal coronet.

'But say while light these songs resound,
What means that buz of whisp'ring round,
From lip to lip,—as if the Power
Of Mystery in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look towards yon enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
A nymph as exquisitely fair
As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there.
Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
What, in the name of all odd things,
That woman's restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?
Thus runs the tale:—yon blushing maid,
Who sits in beauty's light array'd,
While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the marriage service,
Is the bright heroine of our song,
The love-wed Pysche, whom so long
We've miss'd among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven again.

'But no—earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile.
And if, for maid of heavenly hirth,
A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
Both are, this hour, at her command.
To-night in yonder half-lit shade,
For love concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal first was made,
And love and silence blush'd consent.

Parents and friends—all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, house-maids, Turks, Hindoos—
Have heard, approv'd, and blest the tie;
And now, had'st thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in air above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of ducal shape—but, oh, such gems!
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all glorious—such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

'But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
And though not yet arriv'd in sight,
His leaders' nostrils send a steam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light.
What's to be done? if Sol will be
So deuced early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.'—pp. 105—108.

A composition of this description is scarcely a fit subject for criticism. To say that it adds to Mr. Moore's reputation, would be an unjustifiable compliment, and one which, we presume, he would not be willing to accept. Yet it is but right to say, that if the verses be not equal to his most brilliant efforts, they are such as very few of the other minstrels of the day, (a most degenerate race), can ever expect to produce. The music is in general of a pleasing and lively character, and the subject is one of which much more might be made than either of the poets who have attempted it, have yet succeeded in doing. We have, however, been the more pleased with the present production, as it shows that Mr. Moore's muse has not quite abandoned him, although he has lately given himself up so much to the goddess of prose, and to the duties of an editor. It encourages us to hope, that he will not continue to prose all the rest of his life, and that he may still meditate and execute some poetical effort, that may sustain at its height, if not raise higher than ever, his justly celebrated name.

ART. X.—*On the Phenomena of Dreams, and other Transient Illusions*
By Walter C. Dendy, M. R. C. S. 12mo, pp. 154. London: Whittake
& Co. 1832.

THE great variety and inconsistency of the theories which have been from time to time put forth, in order to explain the pheno mena of dreaming, from one proof of the difficulty, or, we might with more justice, perhaps say the impossibility, of ever obtaining any certain knowledge upon the subject. The writers who have recorded their opinions upon the causes of dreams, have differed exceedingly in the amount of the qualifications with which they were prepared to consider this critical question. It has, however, received the attention of men of every shade of capacity: it has been viewed through every medium that could be employed by the human mind; and yet it is too true, that those men who have been induced to express a decided opinion upon the origin of dreams, have in general only left behind them a memorial of their folly.

Whether or not the anatomical investigation of the brain be the right course to accurate information on this subject, is a question which can only be determined by the result of such an inquiry. It is, however, of importance to state, that the progress of medical science, in our own days, enables us to entertain greater hopes than ever before were justified, that there is such an intimate connection between structure and function in our frames, as to admit of a knowledge of the one being capable of facilitating the study of the other. With such an impression as this upon our minds, it is scarcely necessary for us to give a reason why we have been tempted to peruse the treatise on the Phenomena of Dreams. It is written by a member of the medical profession, and consequently excites the expectation, that it will contain the results of the latest and most skilful application of the science of anatomy. The work is indeed very small and unpretending; but there are profound knowledge and good sense to be met with in its pages, together with many interesting facts, and very curious discussions.

Mr. Dendy, we think, would have very considerably increased the value of his book, had he given us a more copious history of the theories to which the phenomena of dreams have given rise, instead of the very imperfect account that we find in his pages. This portion of the annals of human nature forms a chapter of the most durable instruction.

As far back as we have any authentic records of man, it appears that dreaming was always a subject of his speculation. The general notion in the ancient world was, that dreams were produced by the immediate interposition of heaven, and were destined to foreshow the events of the future. True and false religion alike recognized this belief. But, amongst the philosophers of antiquity, there was a great diversity of opinion as to the actual process of dreaming. Some believed, that, during a dream, the soul left the body, and engaged in a flight to some distant scene, the vision of which she brought back to the dreamer. Lucretius accounted for dreams on the principle, that thoughts or ideas were material things, which, like pieces of wood or stone, may be detached from each other, and be made to *strike* upon the mind. Baxter, in his work on the soul, broaches a very curious opinion upon this subject. He attributes dreams to the agency of spirits, who, either for amusement or occupation, descend from their proper sphere to weave the midnight visions of poor mortals.

Physiologists, in modern times, have devoted great attention to the phenomena of dreams, and have endeavoured to account for them by a reference to the organization of our bodies. By one party it is contended, that dreams never arise until some of the organs of sensation are excited : but, at the same time, they confess that there can be no proof that such is the case, inasmuch as the dreamer, who alone can give evidence on the point, is utterly incapable of knowing whether or not any of his sensations are excited during sleep. Others, again, have taught that dreams are the tokens of a diseased condition of the brain for the time, which they call delirium, and which, they say, occurs when we are neither asleep nor awake. A more modern theory than this, attributes dreaming to the state of the nervous fluid which is supposed to have its origin in the brain, and to be distributed by the nerves. But it would be idle to follow up the details of a doctrine which is founded on acknowledged assumptions, and we shall therefore proceed to consider the view which Mr. Dendy has taken of the phenomena of dreams:

> ' A dream,' says he, ' consists in a *want of balance between the representative faculty and the judgment*, being produced directly or indirectly by the excitement of a chain of ideas from impressions of memory, rational or probable, in parts, but rendered in different degrees extravagant and illusive by imperfect association.

That is to say, that when the mind's attention is not absolutely fixed by the controlling power of the will and the judgment, thoughts and ideas will rise up in it which may or may not be arranged according to any principle of order. Mr. Dendy then proceeds to elucidate his theory :

> ' If we grant that certain faculties or functions of the mind are the result of nervous influence, we can as readily allow that an imperfection of these manifestations shall be the result of derangement of equilibrium of this influence, as that the material function of muscle shall be disturbed by primary or secondary disease about the brain, of which we have daily examples among the spasmodic and nervous diseases of the body.
>
> ' Although the ideas arising in slumber may truly be considered as a species of delirium, forming figures and situations of the most heterogeneous description, yet, if the most absurd dream be analysed, its constituent parts will generally be proved to consist of ideas in themselves not irrational, or of sensations or incidents which have been individually felt or witnessed. Even the remembered faces and forms of our absent friends, faithful though a part of the likeness may be, are associated in circumstances of the grossest absurdity :
>
> " ——— velut ægri somnis vanæ
> Fingentur species." *

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* " As in a sick man's dream, incongruous shapes are presented."

'The individual images in this chain may bear an intimate relationship with each other, although the first and last may appear perfectly incongruous; as the Chinese puzzle will be a chaos, if its pieces be wrongly placed.

'Impressions of memory may not perhaps appear consistent with imagination; but on the principle I have advanced it will be found, that although the ideas excited by memory may be consistent, these ideas may, by fanciful association, become imagination, appearing on superficial view to illustrate the doctrine of innate idea. But is this doctrine proved? We may seem to imagine that which we do not remember as a whole; but, as a curve is made up of right lines—as a mass is composed of an infinity of atoms, so may it follow that what is termed innate idea, if minutely divided, may be proved to arise from memory,—made up of things, however minute, which we have seen or heard of. Analysis may thus unravel many a "strange mysterious dream."

'Dr. Beattie has observed, "Men born blind, or who have lost all remembrance of light and colours, are as capable of invention, and dream as frequently as those who see." But these surely are imperfect data. If a person loses remembrance of *individual* colour, he does not lose the power of comparing or of judging *variety* of colour. And again, although he may be congenitally blind, yet if there be any other sense but sight through which the mind can perceive or receive external impression, the objection must fail.

'Sir Walter Scott, in his Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, informs us, that "those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb, find that their pupils, even when cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body." But again, may we not affirm, that, before the deaf and dumb pupil can adopt a language by which to make his preceptor sensible of his thoughts or sentiments, he must have had certain facts or knowledge imparted to *him* by signs or other modes of instruction. The modes of mutual understanding must first emanate from the tutor, and with these, ideas may be excited which, at first sight, may seem to be innate or *unassisted.* If it were possible to find a creature so wretched as to be endued with no external sense from his birth, such a being would neither dream nor think—he would lead the life almost of a Zoophyte. On the opening or restoration of his senses, all his associations would be erroneous. He might, like children, consider all bodies, however distant, within his grasp, and, like the idiot, draw all his figures topsy-turvy, as they are really painted on the retina. I do not reason hypothetically. The case of the patient, on whom Cheselden performed the operation for Cataract, was marked by phenomena which may be adduced as proving the truth of my assertion.'—pp. 39—44.

The causes which may be considered as indirectly and immediately exciting dreams, are methodically divided by Mr. Dendy, and are dwelt upon by him with learning and ingenuity. His notions, with respect to the pre-disposing cause of dreams, remarkably prove the justice of our assertion. The author assumes, as a generally-admitted *principle, that the* great development of the front part of the head, as compared with its general size, is always found connected with the possession of unusual mental power. Now, as no function of the brain can be carried on without a due supply of blood, it will follow, that the absence of such supply to the anterior part of the brain, will be attended, more or less, by a suspension of the activity of that part of the organ; and, on the contrary, a more than ordinary flow of blood to the head will produce quite a contrary effect. But the supine position of the body gives rise to the latter result, and hence, in going to bed, we have at once a pre-disposing cause to dream. Our author observes:

> ' The posture of supination will unavoidably induce an increased flow of blood to the brain, which, under certain states of this fluid is so essential to the production of brilliant thoughts; an end, indeed, attained so often by another mode, the swallowing of opium. Some persons always retire to bed when they wish to think, and it is well known that Pope was often wont to ring for pens, ink, and paper in the night, that he might record, ere it was lost, that most sublime or fanciful poesy which flashed through his brain as he lay in bed. I deny not that the darkness or stillness of night may have had some influence during this inspiration; I may also allow that some few individuals compose best while they are walking, but this peripatetic exertion is calculated itself to produce what we term determination of blood to the head. The most remarkable instance of the power of position in influencing mental energy, is that of a German student, who was accustomed to study and compose with his head on the ground, and his feet elevated, and resting against the wall.'—pp. 53, 54.

It will be seen, that Mr. Dendy's theory of a pre-disposing cause resolves itself into that doctrine, which we before alluded to as having been formerly promulgated: namely, that the mind is in a morbid condition; that it is affected by a temporary delirium; or, that its power of maintaining order is suspended during the interval of dreaming.

The *exciting* cause of dreams is next considered by the author; and, as we regard the passage in which he explains that cause as one of the most original and interesting of the book, we shall not hesitate to transcribe it for our readers.

> ' It seems to have been the opinion of Baron Haller, that what we term *impression* of a sense, is, in fact, *mechanical;* that the rays emanating from a body, and impinging on the retina, *stamped* an image on the brain: or, in the words of Aristotle, " As senses cannot receive material objects, but only their *species.*" This idea regards, also, impression of the other senses. Mr. Locke held almost a similar notion. The argument involves the curious physiological question, in what consists the function of a nerve—in oscillation—in the motion of a fluid—in electricity, or magnetism? and, also, that subtle objection which Dr. Reid advanced against the opinion of Aristotle, and the more modern psychologists.
>
> ' In the absence of a satisfactory answer to this question, it is certain that external impressions reach the brain through the medium of a nerve, and that when the fibrils, or extremities, of those nerves originally affected, are *again* irritated by their proper stimulus, and by the same, or a similar

body, an association is produced, and memory is the result. Now I cannot think but that this principle obtains, both in a waking thought, and in a dream. I have asserted that as the mind is gradually approaching the condition of sleep, or recovering from it, there is a state produced more or less approximating the more simple animal life, in which certain faculties may be perceived, but in which the power of correct association is not manifested. There is a curious calculation of Cabanis, that certain parts or senses of the body fall asleep at regular progressive periods; I can readily carry on this analogy to the faculties of mind. We may suppose that the faculty of judgment, as being the most important, is the first to feel fatigue, and to be influenced in the mode I have alluded to, by slumber. It is evident, then, that the other faculties which are still awake, will be uncontrolled, and an imperfect association will be the result, establishing the axiom I have ventured to advance. It is essential, however, that some object, or subject, be presented to the faculty of perception, ere this recurrence can take place. A sound, a touch, an odour, or a ray of light, may influence the sense and the brain: the idea, or thought, that had lain dormant, will then be re-excited by that mysterious sympathy of brain and nerve, and it will traverse the track of nerve from its origin to its fibrillous expansion on the organ of sense, or the spot at which the original impression was received, the only spot on which it can be re-excited.

'These reminiscences will occur sometimes in the most sudden and unexpected manner. In one of the American Journals we are told of a clergyman, who, at the termination of some depressing malady, had completely lost his memory. His mind was a blank, and he had, in fact, to begin the world of literature again. Among other of his studies was the Latin language. During his classical readings with his brother, he one day suddenly struck his head with his hand, and stated that he had a most *peculiar feeling*, and was convinced that he had learned all this before.

'Boerhaave, in his Prelectiones Academic. Institut. Med., relates the case of a Spanish tragic writer, whose memory, subsequently to an acute febrile disease, was so completely impaired, that not only the literature of various languages he had studied was lost to him, but also their elements. the alphabets. When even his own poetic compositions were read to him, he denied himself to be the author. But the most interesting feature of the case is this, that on becoming *again* a votary of the muse, his recent compositions so intimately resembled his original productions in style and sentiment, that he no longer doubted that both were the offspring of his own imagination.

'Another instance is that of the Countess of Laval, who had apparently forgotten the language of the Welch, among whom a portion of her childhood had been passed. After she had attained the adult age she had a fever, and during her delirium she again spoke Welch fluently. We are informed by Thucydides, that in many of those who survived the plague in Athens, the recollection of the names of their friends and themselves was for a time quite gone. It returned as health became more established.

'But the faculty of memory may be impaired only from one certain period: the impressions previous to that time only being capable of renewal. In the case related by Dr. Abercrombie, of a lady reduced by diarrhœa, the memory of ten years was lost. "Her ideas were consistent with each other, but they referred to things as they stood before removal (to Edinburgh)." In these instances it is probable that the fault may be referred to the *original* impression, some disorder or state of the brain causing it to be only *superficially* impressed during these ten years. It does not, I believe, require *external* impression of sense always to produce this excitement. We know that local congestions at the origin of nerves of sense will influence its condition, so as to render it additionally acute, or to destroy it altogether; and it is not impossible but that impression or excitement on that spot of brain on which the original image rested, may occasion this recurrence of ideas—memory.

'That the possession of the faculty of this *impression* of memory can be demonstrated, we might doubt, were verbal description only employed; but when we see the artist trace the features of a person long lost to us, from memory, we know that such ideas existed, and were then re-excited in his mind.

'That curious fact, the reference of pain to a toe or finger, after the amputation of the limb to which they belonged, is the effect of this memory. The impression of pain has been conveyed from the extreme fibrillæ of the nerve to the brain. If, then, subsequent to amputation, any part of the remainder of that nerve be irritated or touched, the impression will be revived in the sensorium, and the erroneous sensation will for a time occur.'—pp. 57—64.

Although reason teaches us strongly to discredit the opinion, that dreams are especial revelations or warnings from heaven respecting futurity, still it cannot be denied, that a belief to that effect is far from being generally renounced even in our enlightened day. Stories are recorded, indeed, from time to time, on plausible authority, which serve to keep up the delusion of the divine origin of dreams: but a careful investigation into these histories, and the testimony by which they are supported, will show that at best they only exhibit the curious results of mere coincidence. It is well observed by Mr. Dendy, that superstition on the nature and object of dreams should be discouraged as much as possible, since there are many examples of an untimely termination of life being the exclusive consequence of the bare apprehension of such a fatality.

'I believe that many modern instances of gradual, and almost imperceptible decay, may be referred to the influence of melancholy visions on the mind, although this agency may be as obscure as that of the *aqua tofana* of the *Italians.*

'The most interesting history of the sublime Requiem of Mozart, although not the recital of a dream, except that we might call the consequent train of thought of the composer, intense as it was, by that name, is highly illustrative of the influence of melancholy and sombre impressions in the production of a fatal result.

'In the æras of inspiration few will be sceptical enough to doubt the occurrence of divine meditations during the silence of a dream, or deep sleep: or not to believe with Socrates, and other sages, in the divine origin of dreams and omens. Although Socrates himself, however, believed and asserted that he was controlled in his actions by a familiar demon, it is the more rational opinion of some of his commentators, that this invisible monitor was merely the impersonation of the faculty of judgment, and of that extensive knowledge and fore-thought with which his mind was fraught. The evidence of Holy Scripture proves the occasion, indeed, the necessity, for such communication; but in our own time, I should deem it little less than profaneness to imagine that the Deity should indicate the future occurrence of common-place and trivial incidents through the medium of an organ confessedly in a state of *imperfection*, at the moment when the faculties of mind are returning from a state of temporary suspension—a death-like sleep.

'Among those heathen tribes where this sentiment forms part of a national creed, we perceive it marked by a degree of blindness and inconsistency that may truly be termed mania: it is the doctrine, not of prophecy, but of debased and absolute fatalism. The North-American Indians not only regard the dream as prophetic, but often receive it as a solemn injunction, and are themselves the active agents in its fulfilment. "In whatever manner," says Charlevoix, "the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and, in consequence of this principle, they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast."'—pp. 74—77.

Dreams, in the view taken of them by Mr. Dendy, form only a portion of those transient illusions to which the mind of man is liable. The author accordingly appropriates a chapter to each of these causes of delusion under the distinct heads of somnambulism, reverie, spectral illusion, second-sight, and trance. With respect to somnambulism, or walking during sleep, Mr. Dendy considers it to be a state in which the mind suffers an intense degree of abstraction, and is nearer to the waking condition than when it is under the influence of what is properly called a dream. The somnambulist is generally actuated by some motive that guided his conduct when awake; he performs some one of his usual actions, and when he does so, executes them with a degree of perfection, which he cannot reach during those hours when he is in perfect possession of his senses. This is a point which the best physiologists acknowledge themselves unable to explain. It is quite impossible to believe, that in those moments during which a sleep-walker accomplishes some intellectual task which he found himself unable to get through when awake, his faculties of thought, of reasoning, of comparison, &c., should be dormant. Still the strange capability with which he seems to be endowed during sleep, resembles very much that form of insanity, in which a patient is mad upon every subject but one. Amongst the testimonies that are recorded as proving the existence of such examples, it is mentioned, that "some portions of a great national establishment for lunatics, were constructed from the plans of one of its unfortunate inmates, who, although his genius and his science were then so perfect in the subject of architecture, as to create designs of great brilliancy, was to all other intents and purposes insane." The sleep-walker has been known to cry, when his apparent intentions met with any impediments. Some very useful medical hints are given by Mr. Dendy, on the subject of somnambulism. The following remarks deserve general attention :—

> 'The want of uniformity in the appearances on examination of patients simply known to be sleep-walkers, is at present discouraging. In chorea, very frequently, and in the somnambulist, we have ascertained that, previous to the dance or the night walk, pain has been felt about the occiput, and in the course of the upper portion of the spinal marrow. In other cases, chorea will be produced during slumber by some agitating cause, or violent motion on the previous day. Patients are, from these causes, sometimes seized in bed with an irresistible rolling motion, and their actions, on such occasions, very closely resemble somnambulism. Although pain in the abdomen is seldom complained of in any of these diseases, yet there appears to be, from the influence which dyspepsia and other abdominal derangements exert over them, some peculiar sympathy excited between the ganglionic system, or the nerves of organic life and the brain, previous to the attacks. We cannot, at present, be prepared to impute the excitement of somnambulism always to diseased structure. I believe that conditions of much less importance will be sufficient to produce it where there is that peculiar irritability and tendency of mind.'—pp. 93, 94.

On the subject of reverie, Mr. Dendy observes that it is the name appropriated to the condition of the mind, when, though the eyes may act perfectly, there is no internal perception of the impression which objects may make on the retina. Here the organs of sight performs all its functions ; but the mind is unconscious of the effects which are produced by its activity. Another species of reverie is that which will be best known under the homely title of the "brown study," denoting a morose disposition, and a liability to feel annoyance from trifling causes. In its mildest form, this species of transient delusion is well described by the short French word *ennui*, whilst the terms misanthropy, melancholy, and hypochondriasis, are employed to distinguish its severer symptoms. Mr. Dendy adds the following reflections :

> 'The reverie is not, however, always confined to one subject ; it may consist of a wandering of the imaginative faculty of mind,—of a train of ideas, between the links of which there is an intimate relation, but its beginning and end may appear so dissonant, that the absent person himself may fail to recognize the connection, until, by an effort of recollection, he is induced to retrace the steps of thought, and in this way the mystery is developed. Of this nature is the case, related by Bossuet, of one who, when quite awake, often saw landscapes and figures as plainly as if they were real. During this influence, we may often find that the features or corporeal actions shall prove an involuntary, though correct, index of the

thought. According to the passions or subjects which occupy the mind, will be the play of feature, or the movement of the body.

"We might almost suppose the body thought."

To this species is intimately allied the inspiration of poetical fancy.

'The *train* of ideas is peculiarly expressive of this form of reverie, as also of the dream; and the works of the painters who have illustrated the fantasia of themselves or others, often represent something of this regular series of objects. I would offer as an instance, the sketch of the dream of Queen Catherine of Arragon, by Blake,—a legion of spirits, who seem to emanate from the celestial abode, and to descend, in a waving line, until they may surround the person of the dreamer.'—pp. 99—101.

The power of keeping the mind abstracted from objects that claim its attention through the medium of the senses, is a form of reveries which has been met with amongst philosophers. Thus Archimedes went on with his problem, at Syracuse, during the very thickest of the sanguinary siege. Mr. Dendy believes that those triumphs of mental power, which are said to have been achieved by certain eminent persons when asleep, were produced at a time when they were influenced merely by a reverie, and that the success which they thus attained, is to be attributed to the removal of all distractions, and to the concentration of all their faculties to a given subject. As an illustration of the working of this process of mental concentration, Mr. Dendy mentions the perfection to which those who have been deprived of one sense, are able to bring some other one.—

'For instance,' says he, 'the fineness of ear, and the delicacy of touch possessed by the blind, as illustrated by the cases of Miss M'Avoy, of the late Mr. Stanley the organist, of Professor Sanderson, and others:—and the astonishing perfection of memory in the instance of the blind girl, related by Mr. Mouchart in the Psychological Magazine. On this principle, too, we may account for the

"Ruling passion strong in death,"

when every other idea had ceased to influence.*

It is on this account, too, that the excitement of terror which had taken full possession of the mind by the aid of wild imagination in the dark, is lessened by any sound or sight which presents an object to the faculty of perception. For instance, the sudden glimmer of a light, or the barking of a dog, or the almost instinctive effort of the schoolboy,

"Whistling aloud to keep his courage up."—pp. 109, 110.

Spectral illusions and second sight are treated by Mr. Dendy with the most decided contempt, at least so far as they pretend to any credit. There is scarcely any instance of spectral appearance, or of the exercise of second sight, which may not be shown to be delusive. An increase of sensibility in the retina will produce a perception, or rather impression, of flying gnats before the eye, as forcibly as if these insects were really floating in the field of vision. This is quite enough to explain any case of supposed supernatural visitation. The wonder is, that so few whose eyes are affected with disease, and who have such vivid representations in their minds of objects that are certainly not within their view, should not in greater numbers or more frequently be confounded with spectral terrors. Blake, the late eccentric artist, has affirmed, that Edward the First sat bodily before him for his picture, which would have been painted to the life, were it not for the sudden appearance of Sir William Wallace in the study, which completely disconcerted the artist and his guest. Hoole gives a very interesting account of the effects of the delusion which exercised so much influence over the mind of Tasso. This illustrious poet led a considerable portion of his life under the conviction that he was watched, and often accompanied, by a familiar spirit. Still there are cases where a knowledge of the future may be said to be conferred, in an extraordinary manner, and for purposes which are very consistent with the motives that are said to be the cause of imparting it.

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* 'The right hand of Benjamin West, of which I saw a model at Lord de Tabley's, appeared to have taken that form in which it was wont to hold the pencil; whether this was a convulsive action in muscles constantly so exerted, or the indication of this solemn and last reverie, I leave to others to determine.'

'There are, however, visions prophetic of dissolution, which we can believe without the aid of mysterious agency. When the northern Indian is stretched on the torture, the combination of agony, of belief, and of hope, present him with the most vivid pictures of the blessed regions of the Kitchi Manitou. And the faithful mussulman, bigoted to his creed, may, in the agonies of death, feel convinced that his enchanted sight is blessed by the beautiful Houris in Mahomet's paradise.

'In that awful moment, when the spirit is

"Soon from his cell of clay,
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day,"

the mind is prone to yield to those feelings, which it might, perhaps, in the turmoil of the living world, and at another period, deem superstition. There is something in the approach of death, of so holy and solemn a nature—something so unlike life in the feeling of the dying, that in this transition, although we cannot compass the mystery, some vision of another world may steal over the retiring spirit, imparting to it a proof of its immortality. It is on the verge of eternity, and the laws and principles of vitality may be already repealed by the Being who conferred them; the arguments, then, regarding the phenomena of life may fail, when life has all but ceased. In some cases of little children, this unearthly, or at least unusual, feeling, has caused them to anticipate their dissolution. In other cases, some oppressive or morbid cause of insanity may be removed by the moribund condition. I would adduce, in illustration, the case of the insane woman of Zurich, mentioned by Zimmerman, who, "a few hours before her death, became perfectly sensible, and wonderfully eloquent." The case recorded by Dr. Percival, of a female idiot who died about the age of thirty-five, of consumption, who evinced great powers of intellect previous to dissolution. That also, related by Dr. Marshall, of the maniac who became completely rational some hours previous to his death. This case, indeed, seems inexplicable by mere physical causes, as more than a pint of effused serum was discovered beneath the membranes and in the ventricles of the brain.'—pp. 128—130.

Trance, the last form of transient illusion noticed by Mr. Dendy, is the name for that suspension of the animal functions which may either be entire or partial. The feature that characterizes trance or catalepsy most signally, is, that the patient, notwithstanding the state of disturbance by which he is utterly prostrated, is, in the greater number of instances never deprived of his consciousness; and hence we are always sure of receiving from him, on recovery, the minute history of the scenes through which he passed in imagination. The peculiar state of the patient, who is affected with trance, suggests an important caution with respect to the period of inhumation in all cases of doubtful death. There is great reason to apprehend that premature interment has been effected in some countries where science has not revealed all the objections to such a practice. One story sets forth the case of a lady, who, being supposed to be dead, was placed on a surgeon's table for the purposes of inspection. She manifested some unequivocal signs of vitality,—the surgeon revived her, cherished, and afterwards married her. Some observations of Mr. Dendy's upon this subject are curious, as well as instructive.

'It is a problem not to be solved, the enquiry at what moment would the mind cease to influence the body, if there be no recovery from the trance? It is not at the moment when the body *seems* dead, for consciousness may be for a time suspended by mere cold, but at that point, unknown to us, at which the spark goes out—when the vital principle is not excitable—when not even the irritability, the *vis insita* of Haller remains. Beyond this—of the transit of an immaterial spirit, as of the doctrine of final causes, and the endeavour to reconcile the *apparent* paradox, *the omniscience of the Deity with the free-agency of the creature*, although convinced of the sublime truth, we know nothing.

'In the milder cases of lethargy, which we see in plethoric and indolent persons, these may usually be roused from their stupor, but the faculties continue imperfect, and they relapse speedily into their former state.

'The most interesting circumstance in the trance, is the power of remaining for so long a time without the supply of food.

'We know, however, that in *natural* sleep, the functions of the body are impeded, or, to a degree, impaired. Among the rest, *digestion* is suspended, or at least imperfect, although the experiment of Professor Harwood with the dogs may appear, at first, to prove the contrary.

'Sleep, then, may be considered a state of *debility*, like the slender vitality of infants, who, even in a state of health, seem frequently scarcely to breathe. The circulation is materially influenced in sleep, the pulse being slower and more feeble than during waking; the relaxation of the cutaneous vessels inducing frequent perspiration, especially in debilitated systems, and in the last stages of adynamic fevers. With this imperfection of function, there is a corresponding inaction; thus, as there is little waste of the system, there is no necessity for repletion: vitality can be supported by a very inconsiderable action of the heart, a very minute current of blood.

'Somewhat analogous to this state is the torpidity of the marmot and dormouse, and other hibernating animals. Their activity has been chilled, and, therefore, the necessity for food has ceased; the absorption of fat, proved by their becoming attenuated, being sufficient for the supply of this slight want.

'In the trance, then, there is no active corporeal power, and the function of the brain is suspended. That this function tends much to exhaust the body, is proved by the obesity of thoughtless people, of children, and of some idiots; in contrast with the wan visage of the philosopher, who, like

"Yon Cassius, has a lean and hungry look."

In addition to these proofs, I may allege, the little food that idiots require, the infrequency of their sleep being also accounted for, the inertness and apathy of the brain preventing fatigue. In very old persons these relative deficiencies are daily presented to our notice.

'The body of the cataleptic patient, in short, approaches the condition of less complex animal life, in which there appears a much greater simplicity of organization; and we well know, as we descend in the scale of creation, towards the cold-blooded, single-hearted animals, and especially if we reach the zoophyte, in how exact a proportion to this simplicity of structure, is the tenacity of life increased. As somnambulism may result from *redundancy* of nervous energy, trance and catalepsy, as well as *incubus*, seem to arise from an *inefficient* secretion or supply of this quality, in whatever it may consist, or an impediment to its transmission from the *sensorium* to the expansion of a nerve. Thus the motive power of a muscle is, in these diseases, *suspended*, which, in paralysis, may be *permanently* impaired or destroyed.

'In all these instances of trance, catalepsy, lethargy, and incubus, as well as asphyxia, we may assign as one great cause of this deficient energy of brain and nerves, the congestion of venous blood about the brain, and in the right side of the heart. This is the condition of those who die in a state of asphyxia, in which, however, there is a total stagnation of blood, while in trance and catalepsy, circulation is reduced to an extreme of *lentor* without its total cessation.'—pp. 146—151.

We are sure that our readers will join with us in admiring the spirit of true philosophy, the extensive information, the acute discrimination, and faculty of lucid expression which Mr. Dendy has brought to the investigation of one of the most important enquiries which can engage the human mind. Nevertheless, we must in justice observe, that the work is by a great deal too imperfect to obtain our unqualified approbation: and we are the more disposed to be understood upon this point, inasmuch as we hope that our remonstrance may have the effect of stimulating Mr. Dendy to apply the remedy himself, by a larger undertaking. We could refer to many material topics, intimately connected with the great subject of his work, which have been wholly avoided by him. We see no allusion in it, for instance, to the process of dreaming in the lower animals,—to the belief in dreams, inculcated by many facts in the Old and New Testament. Again, the omission of all mention of the illusion of magnetism, must be considered as a very great imperfection in such a book as this.

ART. XI.—1. *Romance and Reality.* By L. E. L., Author of "The Improvisatrice," &c. &c. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn & Bentley. 1831.

2. *Newton Forster; or, The Merchant Service.* By the Author of "The King's Own." In three volumes, 8vo. London: Cochrane & Co. 1832.

3. *Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest.* By a Lady. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Cochrane & Co. 1832.

4. *Eugene Aram. A Tale.* By the Author of "Pelham," &c. In three volumes, 8vo. London: Colburn & Co. 1832.

5. *The Invasion.* By the Author of "The Collegians, &c. In four volumes, 8vo. London: Saunders & Otley. 1832.

6. *Quintus Servinton. A Tale, founded upon Incidents of real occurrence.* In three volumes, 8vo. Hobart Town: Henry Melville, printer. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1832.

FROM the number of works of fiction which issue monthly from the press, as compared with that of publications in other departments of literature, it would appear as if the world of reality had been almost exhausted, while the region of romance is more populous than ever. In the way of history, we have had nothing striking or valuable, since the last volume of Lingard. The men of science meet together, and discuss points of interest with more animation than was their custom, some fifty years ago; but no great original work, and, excepting Mrs. Somerville's Translation of La Place, no decent compilation, has emanated, either from the societies or from the individuals composing them, for a great length of time. In the fine arts, we have had nothing worth looking into, since Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture; and when we have mentioned Moore's Memoirs of Lord Byron, we have arrived at the end of the catalogue of recent writings, that deserve to be classed under that title. Even of travels, there has been, lately, a surprising dearth; and if the reading members of our community were to be fed upon poetry, they would have all perished of famine, without the assistance of the cholera morbus.

We suspect that a very great part of this decided alteration, which has taken place in the character of our literature, is to be imputed to the incessant activity with which some of the principal booksellers of London and Edinburgh have been, for two or three years, pouring into the lap of the public, whole libraries of cheap works, which, having rarely the merit of originality, and being, indeed, for the most, abridgments or digests of instructive and entertaining matter, which the authors had found in larger volumes, have been rendered as attractive as possible by the addition of engravings, and the beauty of their typography. While such publications as these are in progress, it would be vain to expect any thing like an extensive sale for new books, of a grave and solid description, or, indeed, for any books that do not fall in with the taste for light reading, which the "libraries" in question have not a little contributed to cultivate. Let us not be understood, however, as wishing to throw any blame upon the parties who have given these collections of miscellaneous productions to the world. We have uniformly bestowed upon them our utmost encouragement, because we have never doubted that, considered by themselves, they contain a vast mass of valuable information, which will, sooner or later, find its way to the great body of the people. But it is perfectly consistent with this opinion to say, that the unmber of these small publications, and their cheapness, have turned the chances of extensive sale entirely into that quarter; for who would now spend three guineas upon a pair of quarto volumes, when for the same sum he may buy twelve or thirteen duodecimos, more elegantly printed and decorated, and, possibly, of a much more popular character?

The real evil is, that the booksellers, although they have acknowledged the necessity of lowering to one-fourth, the price of volumes of a certain class, still continue the old and exploded system of prices for the new works, which they occasionally publish in quarto or octavo size. For instance, Colburn goes on charging a guinea and a half for three volumes of a new novel, at the same time that he is publishing three volumes of some of the best novels in our language in one, for which he charges no more than five shillings! The probability is, that the latter will be bought, but for the former, readers will repair to their book-clubs, or the circulating libraries. So it has happened even with Moore's Memoirs of Lord Byron. In their original form of two quartos they found, comparatively speaking, few purchasers: they are now reduced to duodecimos, and being added to a complete collection of the writings of the noble poet, the whole may be bought, illustrated too in the most admirable style by Finden, for very little more than the memoirs in quarto alone would have cost. Do the booksellers imagine that our's is not a *calculating* public? If they do, they will find that they are much mistaken. It would be well for them to consider whether, as they have begun the cheap system in one department of their works, they should not carry it into effect with regard to all the others, and give new books (which must always be for a while of doubtful reputation) at the same price as that at which they afford the republished old works, of established merit. They must, in fact, in order to restore their trade to a healthy state, render it not worth the while of any family of easy means, to depend for new publications upon the circulating libraries.

We should suppose, to bring the matter more home, that not one reader in fifty will spend a guinea and a half upon Miss Landon's novel of "Romance and Reality," as long as they can obtain it from the library for the consideration of sixpence. Yet if it were published at the size and price of Miss Porter's "Hungarian Brothers," which is worth a thousand of such compositions as this of Miss Landon, it is not impossible, that a large sale might have been procured for it through the instrumentality of those friendly critics, who have, with such uniform pertinacity, surrounded her name with a delusive lustre. It is a production in every way most contemptible; the style is not only inelegant, but very often ungrammatical. The story that runs through the three volumes is simply that of a young rural beauty, who chose to fall irrecoverably in love with a gentleman who never paid her the slightest attention, to whom her passion never betrays itself in any way whatever. The gentleman solicits and obtains the hand of another, upon which his prior incognita flame retires to a convent, from which she escapes. Her end would be considered tragical, if she had not died evidently of a consumption. The story, however, is but a very secondary part of the novel; the reality far exceeds, in quantity at least, the romance. Criticisms on dress, furniture, the opera, poetry (Rogers's being Miss Landon's favourite antipathy), praises of the streets of London, dinner-party chit-chat and evening conversaziones, portraits of living literary characters, and of several female bores of her acquaintance,—in short, every thing that is most remote from romance, we find collected together in these volumes, with as little connexion between each other, as there is between the various articles of merchandize assembled in a bazaar.

There is not, we suppose, in the whole range of modern novels, ridiculous as they are in many respects, so stupid a conversation between a lady and a gentleman, one of whom at least figures as a lover, as that between Edward Lorraine and Miss Arundel, in the first volume. Their parts of the dialogues are regularly assigned to each, and the name of the speaker printed at the commencement of each paragraph, as in a drama. The precaution was quite as necessary in this case, as in that of the painter, who, after pourtraying on a sign board a two legged animal with wings, wrote beneath it,—"This is a cock." Had he not made this addition, nobody would ever have suspected that such a daub was intended to represent chanticleer. So in this conversation, both parts are so much alike, that if "Edward Lorraine" and "Miss Arundel" had not claimed their several portions of the talk, no human being could have decided to which of the speakers any particular passage belonged. The lady begins about murder. The gentleman draws a distinction between the ridiculous and the beautiful, and talks of sunshine collected in a cellar. He then enters into a criticism upon Martin's illustrations of Milton. The lady takes up the same theme, and decorates it with a quotation from Coleridge. The gentleman next proceeds to the Arabian Nights, and praises the French translator of them, M. de Caillaud. The lady proposes that his health should be drunk only in Shiraz wine! The gentleman thinks it would be an improvement to the Shiraz to mix it with champaigne. He moreover talks of the "raw *materiel*," of the Arabian Nights in the original. From these divine tales he takes a deliberate leap to "Whittington and his Cat," upon which the lady straight chuckles over the delight with which, in her girlish days, she used to sit under a tree, and read stories of fairies with large hoops, and wings on their shoulders. This allusion to wings brings back the subject of Martin again, whose wings on his angels Mr. Lorraine is pleased very much to admire; whereupon Miss Arundel begins another treatise upon his pictures, and proposes that Martin should illustrate one of her favourite scenes from the Arabian Nights. Here a difference arises. The gentleman is ungallant enough to prefer a subject of his own,—"Lucullus at supper!" He adds, that Lucullus was the only gentleman Rome ever possessed; and, for his part, he cannot understand, why the world at large gives its admiration to those great men who piqued themselves on wearing an *old* cloak and peeling turnips! The lady still adheres to her own choice. The gentleman enters into a long argument, which may be compared to the variously tinted objects in a kaleidoscope, since it embraces blue halls, Parian marble, a Venus, a nymph, an Apollo, black slaves, purple grapes, ruby cherries, sunbeams imprisoned in glass bottles, the golden light of noon, the crimson hues of sunset, goblets of crystal, vases of gold and silver, a silver lamp 'like an earthly moon,' violet-coloured curtains, and various other matters too tedious to enumerate. For a love story, this seems a most absurd and unpropitious beginning.

We need not go beyond the very first sentence, to convict the author of a violation of grammar,—a fault which, even in the dullest of the Leadenhall-street novels, is rarely perpetrated in these days. 'Such a room,' she writes, 'as must be at least a century's remove from London, large, white, and wainscoted; six narrow windows, red curtains most ample in their dimensions, an Indian screen, a present in which expectation had found "ample space and verge enough" to erect theories of their cousin the nabob's rich legacies, ending, however, as many such expectations do, in a foolish marriage and a large family; a dry rubbed floor, only to have been stepped in the days of hoops and handings; and some dozen of large chairs covered with elaborate tracery, each chair-cover the business of a life spent in satin-stitch!' Now here is a tolerably long sentence, but long as it is, it has no end; what does 'such a room' govern? Turning over the next leaf, we read, 'Indeed, with the exception of young gentlemen she had refused, and young ladies she had rivalled, Emily was universally liked.' That is to say, all her discarded lovers, and all her conquered rivals, were universally liked as well as she was. This is not what the writer meant, we may presume, but this is what she expresses. We might quote innumerable grammatical errors and obscurities of construction, if we were inclined to analyze these volumes with any degree of minuteness. But we shall leave them to their fate, and in order to shew that we have no bias against the fair author, we shall extract one or two passages, which shew that she might do better things, if she took a little more time, and applied to her task with more attention. Here is a picture, true enough in its outline, of life matrimonial.

'"I nevertheless think that the blessings of matrimony, like those of poverty, belong rather to philosophy than reality. Let us see—not one woman in fifty marries the man she likes—and though it may be safest—why, I could never understand—it is not pleasantest to begin with a little aversion. Let us just go through a day in married life. First, an early breakfast—for the husband is obliged to go out. On the miseries of early rising, like those of the country, I need not dwell: they are too well known. He reads the newspaper, and bolts his roll—she takes care that Miss Laura does not dirty her frock, and that Master Henry does not eat too much; he goes to his office or counting-house—she to market—for remember I am speaking of a good wife—some pounds of beef or mutton are to be ordered at the butcher's, the baker has charged an extra loaf, and the green-grocer has to be paid four shillings and twopence. On her return home there is the housemaid to be scolded for not scouring the front bed-room—and the cook's conduct requires animadversion for yesterday's under-done veal. Perhaps, in the course of the morning, Mrs. Smith calls with an account of Mrs. Johnson's new pelisse; and when Mons. Le Mari returns to dinner, he suffers the full weight of the discontent one woman's new dress never fails to inspire in another. Evening comes, and a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* is proverbial—'what can I have to say to my wife, whom I see every day?' Well, he reads some pamphlet or sleeps—she brings out the huge work-basket, doomed to contain and repair the devastations of seven small children—she has given up her maiden accomplishments—and, of course, a married woman has no time for music or reading. Perhaps, by way of agreeable conversation, she may say 'My dear, I want some money:'

'Oh! sound of fear,
Unpleasing to the married ear!

on which he awakes, and goes to bed. She follows; and Mrs. J's pelisse is the foundation of that piece of exquisite eloquence, a curtain lecture. Now, who can deny that this is a faithful and exact picture of three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty-five days that constitute a year of married life."'—*Romance and Reality*, vol. i. pp. 152—154.

But for this attack upon the conjugal state, the author makes amends further on, where she describes in equally just terms the miseries of a ball.

'It is a fact as melancholy for the historian as it is true, that though balls are very important events in a young lady's career, there is exceedingly little to be said about them:—they are pleasures all on the same pattern,—the history of one is the history of all. You dress with a square glass before you, and a long glass behind you; your hair trusts to its own brown or black attractions, either curled or braided,—or you put on a wreath or bunch of flowers, or pearl *bandeau;* your dress is gauze, crape, lace, or muslin, either white, pink, blue, or yellow; you shower, like April, an odorous rain on your handkerchief; you put on your shawl, and step into the carriage; you stop in some street or square; your footman raps as long as he can; you are sometime going up stairs. You hear your name, or something like it, leading the way before you. As many drawing-rooms are thrown open as the house will allow,—they are lighted with lamps or wax lights; there is a certain quantity of china, and a certain number of exotics; also a gay looking crowd, from which the hostess emerges, and declares she is very glad to see you. You pass on; you sit a little while on a sofa; a tall or a short gentleman asks you to dance,—to this you reply, that you will be very happy; you take his arm and walk to the quadrille or waltz; a succession of partners. Then comes supper; you have a small piece of fowl, and a thin slice of ham, perhaps some jelly or a few grapes,—a glass of white wine, or *ponche à la romaine.* Your partners have asked you if you have been to the opera; in return, you question them if they have been to the Park. Perhaps a remark is hazarded on Miss Fanny Kemble. If you are a step more intimate, a few disparaging observations are made on the entertainment and the guests. Some chevalier hands you down stairs; you re-cloak, and re-enter the carriage, with the comfortable reflection, that as you have been seen at Mrs. So-and-so's ball, Mrs. Such-a-one may ask you to hers.'—*Romance and Reality*, vol. i. pp. 221—223.

No one of Captain Marryatt's novels has been so much adververtised, and so laboriously puffed, as his last, 'Newton Forster;' yet it is undoubtedly the weakest of his efforts. The object is to present a picture of the merchant service; that of the royal navy having chiefly occupied his former productions. We can easily believe that the picture which he has drawn is correct in all its parts, but the subject is not in itself a pleasing one to general readers. To his professional brethren the scenes on land and at sea which he describes, may be sufficiently agreeable; to us they wear a vulgar appearance, to which, though we acknowledge the talents of the artist, we are not to be reconciled. One of the captain's most incorrigible faults is, his abrupt and awkward mode of bringing about marriages. He seems not at all at home in those secrets of the heart, which are elicited in looks, in letters, and conversations. We do not suppose that he was ever in a green lane in his life. He makes up his mind that A. and B. shall be married, and there is an end of it; married they are, as it were by his command, without any previous servitude in the ways of courtship. Nor does the groundwork of his story indicate very prolific powers of invention. It begins with the common-place incident of a shipwreck, which results in the discovery of a female infant, who is floated to the beach in her swaddling clothes. Taken up by John Forster, a kind-hearted naval officer, retired on half-pay, she is treated as if she were his own, and carefully educated. In due course of time, she turns out to be the daughter of a French count, but her new-found title does not repress the sentiments of affection, which sprung up in her breast towards Newton Forster, the nephew of her protector, to whom, however, she is not married, although throughout the greater part of the story we are led to expect such a denouement. The main thread of the tale consists of Newton's adventures in the naval merchant service; some of the pleasantest of these occurred to him while on board Indiamen; and among the author's incidental sketches, the reader will find those which are connected with India by far the most amusing. From among these we shall select his description of the process, whereby a prudent mother provides for the fortunes of her three daughters, one of whom, Isabel, is destined to be the wife of our hero. The captain is giving an account of a motley company on board the Bombay Castle, bound for India.

'The other three sisters were spinsters; Charlotte, Laura, and Isabel Revel, daughters of the Honourable Mr. Revel, a roué of excellent family, who had married for money, and had dissipated all his wife's fortune, except the marriage settlement of 600*l.* per annum. Their mother was a selfish, short-sighted, manœuvring woman, whose great anxiety was to form establishments for her daughters, or, in other terms, remove the expense of their maintenance from her own to the shoulders of other people, very indifferent whether the change might contribute to their happiness or not. Mr. Revel may be said to have long deserted his family; he lived nobody knew where, and seldom called, unless it was to "raise the wind" upon his wife, who, by intreaties and threats, was necessitated to purchase his absence by a sacrifice of more than half her income. Of his daughters he took very little notice when he *did* make his appearance; and if so, it was generally in terms more calculated to raise the blush of indignant modesty, than to stimulate the natural feelings of affection of a daughter towards a parent. Their mother, whose income was not sufficient to meet the demands of a worthless husband, in addition to the necessary expenses attendant on three grown-up women, was unceasing in her attempts to get them off her hands; but we will introduce a conversation which took place between her and a sedate-looking, powdered old gentleman, who had long been considered as a "friend of the family," as thereby more light will perhaps be thrown upon her character.

'"The fact is, my dear Mr. Heaviside, that I hardly know what to do. Mr. Revel, who is very intimate with the theatre people, proposed that they should try their fortune on the stage. He says (and indeed there is much truth in it) that, now-a-days, the best plan for a man to make himself popular, is to be sent to Newgate, and the best chance that a girl has of a coronet, is to become an actress. Well, I did not much like the idea; but at last I consented. Isabel, my youngest, is, you know, very handsome in her person, and sings remarkably well, and we arranged that she should go on first; and if she succeeded, that her sister Charlotte should follow her: but Isabel is of a very obstinate disposition, and when we proposed it to her, she peremptorily refused, and declared that she would go out as governess, or any thing, rather than consent. I tried what coaxing would do, and her father tried threatening; but all was in vain. This was about a year ago, and she is now only seventeen, but she ever was a most decided, a most obstinate character."

'"Very undutiful, indeed, ma'am; she might have been a duchess before this:—a very foolish girl, indeed, ma'am," observed the gentleman.

' "Well, Mr. Heaviside, we then thought that Charlotte our eldest, had the next best chance of success. Although not by any means so good looking as her sister; indeed, to tell you the truth, Mr. Heaviside, which I would not do to every body,—but I know that you can keep a secret, Charlotte is now nearly thirty years old, and her sister Laura only one year younger."

' "Is it possible, madam !" replied Mr. Heaviside, looking at the lady with well-feigned astonishment.

' "Yes, indeed," replied the lady, who had forgotten that, in telling her daughters' secrets, she had let out her own ; "but I was married so young, so very young, that I am almost ashamed to think of it. Well, Mr. Heaviside, as I was saying, although not so good-looking as her sister, Mr. Revel, who is a good judge in these matters, declared that by the theatre lights Charlotte would be reckoned a very fine woman. We proposed it to her, and, after a little pouting, she consented; the only difficulty was, whether she should attempt tragedy or comedy. Her features were considered rather too sharp for comedy, and her figure not quite tall enough for tragedy. She herself preferred tragedy, which decided the point; and Mr. Revel, who knows all the actors, persuaded Mr. Y——— (you know whom I mean, the great tragic actor) to come here and give his opinion of her recitation. Mr. Y—— was excessively polite; declared that she was a young lady of great talent; but that a slight lisp which she has, unfitted her most decidedly for tragedy. Of course it was abandoned for comedy, which she studied for some time; and when we considered her competent, Mr. Revel had interest enough to introduce the great Mr. M— to come and give his opinion. Charlotte performed her part as I thought remarkably well, and when she had finished she left the room, that Mr. M—— might not be checked by her presence from giving his unbiassed opinion."

' "Which was favourable, ma'am, I presume; for, if not fitted for the one, she naturally must have been fit for the other."

' "So I thought," replied the lady, to this polite *non sequitur* of the gentleman. "But Mr. M—— is a very odd man, and, if I must say, not very polite. What do you think, Mr. Heaviside, as soon as she left the room he rose from his chair, and twisting up the corner of his mouth, as he looked me in the face, he said, "Madam, it is my opinion, that your daughter's comedy, whenever she makes her appearance on the boards, will, to use a Yankee expression, *be most particularly damned!* I wish you a very good morning!"

' "Very rude indeed, madam; most excessively unpolite of Mr. M—. I should not have thought it possible."

' "Well, Mr. Heaviside, as for Laura; poor thing! you are aware that she is not quite so clever as she might be; she never had any memory; when a child, she never could recollect the evening hymn if she missed two nights running; so that acting was out of the question with her, so that all my hopes of their forming a splendid establishment by that channel have vanished. Now, my dear Mr. Heaviside, what would you prodose ?"

' "Why, really, ma'am, it is so difficult to advise in these times; but, if you are anxious to dispose of your daughters, why not send them to India ?"

'"We have thought of it several times; for Mr. Revel has an uncle there unmarried, and they say very rich. He is a colonel in the Bombay marine, I believe."

'"More probably in the Bengal army, ma'am."

'"Well, I believe you are right; but I know it's in the Company's service. But the old gentleman hates my husband, and will not have any thing to say to him. I did write a very civil letter to him, in which I just hinted how glad one or two of my daughters would be to take care of his house; but he never condescended to give me an answer; I am told that he is a very unpleasant man."

'"A very difficult thing to advise, ma'am, very difficult indeed! but I can tell you a circumstance which occurred about five years ago, when a similar application to a relative in India was made by a friend of mine. It was no more attended to than yours has been. Nevertheless, as it was supposed that the answer had miscarried, the young lady was sent out to her relative with a decent equipment, and a letter of introduction. Her relation was very much surprised; but what could he do? he could not permit the young lady to remain without a roof over her head; so he received her; and as he did not like to say how he had been treated, he held his tongue. The young lady in the course of three months made a very advantageous match; and is, to my knowledge, constantly sending home India shawls and other handsome presents to her mother."

'"Indeed, Mr. Heaviside, then do you advise ——."

'"It is difficult, extremely difficult, to advise upon so nice a point. I only state the fact, my dear madam: I should think the colonel must feel the want of female society; but, God bless me! it's nearly two o'clock. Good morning, my dear Mrs. Revel,—good morning."

'"Good morning, my dear Mr. Heaviside; it's very kind of you to call in this sociable way, and chat an hour or two. Good morning."

'The result of the above conversation was a consultation between Mr. Revel and his wife, upon their first meeting. Mr. Revel was delighted with the plan, not so much caring at the disposal of his daughters, as he was pleased with the idea of annoying his uncle, from whom he, at one time, had had great expectations: but, as it was necessary to be circumspect, especially with Isabel, Mr. Revel took the opportunity of a subsequent visit, to state, that he had received a letter from his uncle in India, wishing one of his daughters to go out and live with him. In a few months he read another letter, (composed by himself, and copied in another hand) earnestly desiring that they might all come out to him, as it would be much to their advantage. The reluctance of the two eldest was removed, by pointing out the magnificent establishments they might secure; the consent of Isabel, by a statement of difficulty and debt, on the part of her parents, which would end in beggary, if not relieved from the burden of their support.

'By insuring her life, a sum of money sufficient for their outfit and passage was raised on Mrs. Revel's marriage-settlement; and the three Miss Revels were thus shipped off by their affectionate parents as a "venture" in the Bombay Castle.'—*Newton Forster*, vol. i. pp. 166—177.

The Bombay Castle, with its various freight, arrived in the Downs, is joined by several other India vessels, and proceeds on her voyage. Sea sickness, and other causes, prevent much communication between the passengers, until about the time of their approach to Madeira, when the ribbon of a bonnet is generally first seen fluttering in the breeze on the deck of the vessel. The captain gives a most laughable caricature of the convalescents, as they gradually clamber up the hatchway, from the quarter-deck. Isabel Revel, however, is treated by him with due respect. She is his specal favourite, and he represents her as really a charming girl. Giving her credit for the possession of all the attractions which he ascribes to her, we shall pass to a scene that places the Bombay Castle at once before us.

'The gentlemen passengers had as yet but occasionally appeared on deck. Men generally suffer more from the distressing sickness than women. As soon, however, as the news had been communicated below, that the ladies were on deck, some of the gentlemen immediately repaired to their trunks, to make themselves presentable, and then hastened on deck. The first on deck was the old colonel, who tottered up the hatchway, and, by dint of seizing rope after rope, at last succeeded in advancing his lines to within hearing range of Mrs. Ferguson, to whom he had been formally introduced. He commenced by lamenting his unfortunate sufferings, which had prevented him from paying those attentions, ever to him a source of enjoyment and gratification; but he was a martyr—quite a martyr; never felt any sensation which could be compared to it, except when he was struck in the breast with a spent ball in the battle of ——; that their appearance had made him feel revived already; that as the world would be a dark prison without the sun, so would a ship be without the society of the ladies; commenced a description of Calcutta, and then—made a hasty retreat to the lee-gangway.

'The young writer next made his appearance, followed by the two boys, who were going out as cadets; the first with a new pair of grey kid gloves, the others in their uniforms. The writer descanted long upon his own miseries, without any inquiry or condolement for the sufferings of the ladies. The cadets said nothing; but stared so much at Isabel Revel, that she dropped her veil.

'The ladies had been about a quarter of an hour on deck, when the sun, which had not shown itself for two days, gleamed through the clouds. Newton, who was officer of the watch, and had been accustomed, when with Mr. Berecroft, to work a chronometer, interrupted the captain, who was leaning on the carronade, talking to Mrs. Ferguson.

'"The sun is out, and the horizon pretty clear, sir; you may have sights for the chronometers."

'"Yes, indeed," said the captain, looking up; "be quick, and fetch my sextant. You'll excuse me, ladies, but the chronometers must be attended to."

'"In preference to us, Captain Drawlock?—Fie, for shame!" replied Mrs. Ferguson.

'"Why, not exactly," replied the captain, "not exactly; but the fact is that the sun may go in again."

'"And we can stay out, I presume?" replied Isabel, laughing. "I think, Mrs. Ferguson, we ought to go in too."

'" But, my dear young lady, if the sun goes in, I shall not get a *sight!*"

'" And if we go in, you will not get a sight either," replied Mrs. Ferguson.

'" Between the two, sir," observed Newton, handing Captain Drawlock his sextant, " You stand a chance of losing both. There's no time to spare; I'm all ready."

'Captain Drawlock walked to the break of the gangways, so far concealed from the ladies, that they could not perceive that he was looking through his sextant, the use of which they did not comprehend, having never seen one before. Newton stood at the capstern, with his eyes fixed on the watch.

'" Captain Drawlock," said Mrs. Ferguson, calling to him," allow me to observe ——"

'" *Stop.*" cried Captain Drawlock, in a loud voice. Newton, to whom this was addressed, noted the time.

'" Good heavens! what can be the matter?" said Mrs. Ferguson, with astonishment, to those near her; " how excessively rude of Captain Drawlock! what can it be?" continued she, addressing the colonel, who had rejoined them.

'" Really, madam, I cannot tell; but it is my duty to inquire," replied the colonel, who, going up to Captain Drawlock, commenced—" Have the ladies already so fallen in your estimation ——"

'" Forty degrees!" cried Captain Drawlock, who was intent upon his sextant. " Excuse me, sir, just now."

'" When will you be at leisure, sir?" resumed the colonel, haughtily.

'" Twenty-six minutes," continued the captain, reading off his sextant.

'" A little sooner, I should hope, sir," retorted the colonel.

'" Forty-five seconds."

'" This is really quite insufferable! Miss Revel, we had better go in."

'" Stop!" again cried Captain Drawlock, in a loud voice.

'" Stop!" repeated Mrs. Ferguson, angrily; " surely we are not slaves."

'Newton, who heard what was passing, could not repress his laughter.

'" Indeed, I am sure there must be some mistake, Mrs. Ferguson," observed Isabel. " Wait a little."

'" Forty-six minutes, thirty seconds," again read off the captain. " Capital sights, both! but the sun is behind that dark cloud, and we shall have no more of his presence."

'" Nor of ours," I assure you, sir," said Mrs. Ferguson, rising, as Captain Drawlock walked from the gangway to the capstern.

'" Why, my dear madam, what is the matter?"

'" We have not been accustomed to such peremptory language, sir. It may be the custom on board ship to holloa 'stop' to ladies when they address you, or express a wish to leave the deck."

'" My dearest madam, I do assure you, upon my honour, that you are under a mistake. I ordered Mr. Forster to stop, not you."

'" Mr. Forster!" replied the lady, " why he was standing still the whole time!"

'It was not until the whole system of taking sights for chronometers had been satisfactorily explained, that the lady recovered her good humour. While the captain was thus employed with Mrs. Ferguson, Newton, although it was not necessary, explained the mystery to Miss Revel, who, with Mrs. Ferguson, soon after quitted the deck.

'"The sights taken proved the ship to be to the eastward of her reckoning: the other ships in company had made the same discovery, and the course was altered one quarter of a point. In two days, they dropped their anchor n Funchal Roads.'—*Newton Forster*, vol. i. pp. 191—197.

There is a very fair share of comic matter of this description throughout these volumes, and though we confess it is not much to our taste, yet there may be many other readers who are not quite so fastidious.

Those who have read Moore's Memoirs, or, indeed, any other Memoirs of Lord Byron, are already acquainted with the story of Norman Abbey. It is, in truth, nothing more than a clever translation of the characters and facts detailed in that work, into a romance. Evelyn de Fontayne performs the part of the noble bard; Bertha de Fontayne, his cousin, that of Miss Chaworth; and Lucy Temple that of Lady Byron. The tale, however, very wisely ends, as all romances should end, with the marriage of the parties, and does not lift up the veil of their history beyond that happy period. The character of Lord Byron seems to us to be exceedingly well sustained, except that he appears now and then more of a philosopher than he really was. The work displays considerable abilities; we could only wish that they had been bestowed upon an original theme.

We look upon 'Eugene Aram,' as the very best of Mr. Bulwer's productions. It has not a particle of his characteristic affectation. His mind seems to have been thoroughly full of the story of that unhappy person, while engaged upon his work; and hence his style is clear, expressive, and frequently beautiful—more beautiful, for being perfectly natural. He, of course, enters fully into the history of his hero, and interweaves in it a love affair, which forms a conspicuous and interesting portion of the tale, and tends not a little to deepen the tragic catastrophe with which it terminates. The first accidental meeting of Aram and Madeline Lester—the progress of their mutual affection—the habits of the recluse enthusiastic, in the pursuit of knowledge—his occasional remorse for the murder, to which he had been a party—the sophistries by which he, from time to time, endeavoured to stifie the small still voice of conscience—are all depicted with consummate ability. We should very willingly, if our space admitted of it, go into an enlarged view of this production, in order to display its various excellences. But we can find room only for two or three extracts. The following observations upon the wonderful facility with which the human mind acquiesces in the decrees of Providence, however afflicting, breathe a fine, as well as a true tone, of Christian philosophy.

'In our estimate of the ills of life, we never sufficiently take into our consideration the wonderful elasticity of our moral frame, the unlooked for, the startling facility with which the human mind accommodates itself to all change of circumstance, making an object, and even a joy, from the hardest and seemingly the least redeemed conditions of fate. The man who watched the spider in his cell, may have taken, at least, as much interest in the watch, as when engaged in the most ardent and ambitious objects of his former life; and he was but a type of his brethren; all in similar circumstances would have found some similar occupation. Let any man look over his past life, let him recall not *moments*, not *hours* of agony, for to them custom lends not her blessed magic; but let him single out some *lengthened* period of physical or moral endurance; in hastily reverting to it, it may seem at first, I grant, altogether wretched; a series of days marked with the black stone,—the clouds without a star;—but let him look more closely, it was not so during the time of suffering; a thousand little things, in the bustle of life dormant and unheeded, *then* started forth into notice, and became to him objects of interest or diversion; the dreary present, once made familiar, glided away from him, not less than if it had been all happiness; his mind dwelt not on the dull intervals, but the stepping-stone it had created and placed at each; and by that moral dreaming, which for ever goes on within man's secret heart, he lived as little in the immediate world before him, as in the most sanguine period of his youth, or the most scheming of his maturity.

'So wonderful in equalizing all states and all times in the varying tide of life, are these two rulers, yet levellers of mankind, Hope and Custom, that the very idea of an eternal punishment includes that of an utter alteration of the whole mechanism of the soul in its human, and no effort of an imagination, assisted by past experience, can conceive a state of torture which custom can *never* blunt, and from which the chainless and immaterial spirit can *never* be beguiled into even a momentary escape.'—*Eugene Aram,* vol. iii. pp. 158—160.

Aram's defence, which is still extant, is incorporated in the present work. It is, perhaps, the most ingenious and able production of the kind, that ever was prepared by or for a prisoner, placed under such circumstances. Though counsel could not be heard in his defence, yet it is impossible to believe that he had not the best professional assistance on the occasion. The reader would, doubtless, desire to see a specimen of that able paper.

'"My Lord, the tenor of my life contradicts this indictment. Who can look back over what is known of my former years, and charge me with one vice—one offence? No! I concerted not schemes of fraud—projected no violence—injured no man's property or person. My days were honestly laborious—my nights intensely studious. This egotism is not presumptuous—is not unreasonable. What man, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, without one single deviation from a sober and even tenor of conduct, ever plunged into the depth of crime precipitately, and at once? Villany is always progressive. We decline from right—not suddenly, but step after step.

'"If my life in general contradicts the indictment, my health at that time in particular contradicts it yet more. A little time before I had been confined to my bed, I had suffered under a long and severe disorder. The distemper left me but slowly, and in part. So far from being well at the time I am charged with this fact, I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could a person in this condition execute violence against another? I, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such an act; without interest, without power, without motives, without means!

'"My Lord, Clarke disappeared: true; but is that a proof of his death? The fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, is too obvious to require instances. One instance is before you: this very castle affords it.

'"In June, 1757, William Thompson, amidst all the vigilance of this place, in open daylight, and double-ironed, made his escape; notwithstanding an immediate enquiry set on foot, notwithstanding all advertisements, all search, he was never seen or heard of since. If this man escaped unseen through all these difficulties, how easy for Clarke, whom no difficulties opposed. Yet what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

'"These bones are discovered! Where? Of all places in the world, can we think of any one, except, indeed, the church-yard, where there is so great a certainty of finding human bones, as a hermitage? In times past, the hermitage was a place, not only of religious retirement, but of burial. And it has scarce, or never been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains, or contained, these relics of humanity, some mutilated, some entire! Give me leave to remind your Lordship, that there sat SOLITARY SANCTITY, and here the hermit and the anchorite hoped that repose for their bones when dead they here enjoyed when living. I glance over a few of the many evidences that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and enumerate a few of the many caves similar in origin to St. Robert's, in which human bones have been found."

'Here the prisoner instanced, with remarkable felicity, several places in which bones had been found, under circumstances and in spots analogous to those in point. And the reader, who will remember that it is the great principle of the law, that no man can be condemned for murder unless the body of ths deceased be found, will perceive at once how important this was to the prisoner's defence. After concluding his instances with two facts of skeletons found in fields in the vicinity of Knaresbro', he burst forth—

'"Is then the invention of those bones forgotten, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more extraordinary? Extraordinary, yet how common an event! Every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in high-way sides, on wastes, on commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And mark, no example, perhaps, occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell. Here you find but one, agreeable to the peculiarity of every known cell in Britain. Had *two* skeletons been discovered, then alone might the fact have seemed suspicious and uncommon. What! have we forgotten how difficult, as in the case of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Symnell, it has been sometimes to identify the living; and shall we now assign personality to bones—bones which may belong to either sex? How know you that this is even the skeleton of a man? But another skeleton was discovered by some labourer! Was not that averred to be Clarke's full as confidently as this?

'" My Lord, my Lord, must some of the living be made answerable for all the bones that the earth has concealed and chance exposed. The skull that has been produced has been declared fractured. But who can surely tell whether it was the cause or the consequence of death. In May, 1732, the remains of William Lord, Archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in their cathedral; the bones of the skull were found broken as these are. Yet *he* died by no violence! by no blow that could have caused that fracture. Let it be considered how easily the fracture on the skull produced is accounted for. At the dissolution of religious houses, the ravages of the times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, shrines demolished. Parliament itself was called in to restrain these violations. And now are the depredations, the iniquities, of those times, to be visited on this? But here, above all, was a castle vigorously besieged; every spot around was the scene of a sally, a conflict, a flight, a pursuit. Where the slaughtered fell, there were they buried. What place is not burial earth in war? How many bones must still remain in the vicinity of that siege, for futurity to discover! Can you, then, with so many probable circumstances, choose the one least probable? Can you impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off and piety interred, or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited?" '—*Eugene Aram*, vol. iii. pp. 205—211.

We shall only add a portion of Aram's confession of the deed, the guilt of which he had thus so skilfully sought to shift from his hands.

'" One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected around him. I sought to pass in an opposite direction; he would not suffer me; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay, even threat. But when he came near, he shrunk before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on unheeding him. The insult galled me; he had taunted my poverty, poverty was a favourite jest with him; it galled me; anger, revenge, no! *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time for such a cause; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me!* He dream himself on account of a little yellow dust *my* superior! I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leant against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered—I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

'" 'What, moralizing? said he, with his rude smile.

'" I did not answer him.

'" 'Look,' said he, pointing to the waters, 'where yonder fish lies waiting his prey, that prey his mind. Coke, you have read nature, is it not so universally?

' " I did not answer him.

' " ' They who do not as the rest,' he renewed, ' fulfil not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man, and would learn.'

' " Still I did not answer.

' " ' You are still silent,' said he; ' do I offend you?'

' " ' No!'

' " ' Now, then,' he continued, ' strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you, perhaps, are equally destitute. But, mark the difference, I, the ignorant man, ere three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.'

' " ' How?'

' " ' Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart; the se areto me what coffers are to others. There is the chance of detection and of death; I allow it. But is not this chance better than some certainties?'

' " I turned away my face. In the silence of my chamber, and in the solitude of my heart, I had thought, as the robber spoke—there was a strife within me.

' " ' Will you share the danger and the booty?' renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

' " I turned my eyes upon him. ' Speak out,' said I;' explain your purpose!'

' " Houseman's looks brightened.

' " ' Listen!' said he; ' Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more; he has converted his legacy into jewels; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretences; he purposes to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night; he has confided to me his intention, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old; we have shared together other dangers and other spoils; he has asked my assistance in his flight. Now do you learn my purpose? Let us ease him of his burthen! I offer to you the half: share the enterprize and its fruits.

' " I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart: I wished to silence the voice that whispered me within. Houseman saw the conflict; he followed me; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach!—the means of gratifying the one passion of my soul, the food for knowledge, the power of a blessed independence upon myself,—and all were in my grasp; no repeated acts of fraud; no continuation of sin, one single act sufficed! I breathed heavily, but I threw not off the emotion that seized my soul: I shut my eyes and shuddered, but the vision still rose before me.

' " ' Give me your hand,' said Houseman.

' " ' No, no, I said, breaking away from him. I must pause—I must consider—I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.'—

' " Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination;—he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice; the next night was the one on which the deed was to be done. We parted; I returned an altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me; a new incident had occurred, which strengthened the web: there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks; she supported her family by her dexterity in making lace; a quiet, patient-looking, gentle creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretence of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house, (when all but himself were from home,) where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter, but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal which, among the very lowest classes, are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. Can you wonder that they fixed it at once, and to a dread end? What was this wretch? Aged with vice, forestalling time, tottering on to a dishonoured grave, soiling all that he touched on his way, with grey hairs and filthy lewdness, the rottenness of the heart, not its passion, a nuisance and a curse to the world. What was the deed, that I should rid the earth of a thing at once base and venomous? Was it a crime? Was it justice? Within myself I felt the will, the spirit that might bless mankind. I lacked the means to accomplish the will and wing the spirit. One deed supplied me with the means. Had the victim of that deed been a man moderately good, pursuing with even steps the narrow line between vice and virtue—blessing none but offending none—it might have been yet a question whether mankind would not gain more by the deed than lose. But here was one whose steps stumbled on no good act, whose heart beat to no generous emotion; there was a blot, a foulness on creation, nothing but death could wash it out, and leave the world fair. The soldier receives his pay, and murthers, and sleeps sound, and men applaud. But you say he smites not for pay, but glory. Granted, though a sophism. But was there no glory to be gained in fields more magnificent than those of war—no glory to be gained in the knowledge which saves and not destroys? Was I not about to strike for that glory, for the means of earning it? Nay, suppose the soldier struck for patriotism, a better feeling than glory, would not my motive be yet larger than patriotism? Did it not body forth a broader circle? Could the world stop the bound of its utilities? Was there a corner of the earth—was there a period in time, which an ardent soul, free from, not chained as now, by the cares of the body, and given wholly up to wisdom, might not pierce, vivify, illumine? Such were the questions which I asked:—time only answered them." '—*Eugene Aram*, vol. iii. pp. 245—253.

We have been much disappointed, and so will every reader who takes up 'The Invasion,' on finding that it is a most unfortunate attempt to sketch society, such as it existed in England, Ireland, and the north of Europe, in the time of Charlemagne. The invasion here spoken of, is one of the numerous incursions made by the Normans upon the Irish coast; and it seems that the main object of the work is to give a synopsis of the early constitution, and of the moral history, of Ireland, as well as to trace to their remotest origin, some of the influences which have concurred in the formation of the national character. Now we do not mean to say that these are purposes which a novelist should carefully avoid, or that he might not, if he treated his topics with adequate skill, lift the curtain of the past, and render even the antiquities of Ireland interesting in these our novel-reading days. But it appears to us, with great deference, that he has rendered those antiquities a hundred fold more repulsive than ever, by the affectd style, the unpronouncable names, the peculiarity of spelling, and the incomprehensible terms which he uses throughout his four tedious volumes. We require a glossary at every line; for how, without such assistance, could we understand what is meant by ‘the Rath,’ ‘galloglachs,’ ‘kerne,’ the ‘Ollamhs,’ the ‘canabhas,’ the ‘saorba,’ the ‘Griananna Minghean,’ the ‘armilla.’ Where is the region of ‘Noatun?’ Where is ‘Dalia?’ What map or gazetteer will inform us where ‘Rath-Aidan’ lies? What biographical dictionary will disclose the birth and parentage of ‘Fighnin,’ of ‘O’Haedha’ of ‘Tuathal,’ of ‘Meldia,’ of ‘Singing-Neck?’ Who the deuce is ‘Fion Mac Comhall,’ all the way from ‘Fiontragha?’ What can we do with such names as ‘Seadhna Jonna ruidh,’ ‘Eochaidh Uarcheas,’ and of ‘Fearaidhack?’ It is as bad as Irving’s unknown tongues.

The chief merit of ‘Quintus Servinton’ will be found, we fear, in its being the first work of fiction that has been printed and published in Van Diemen’s Land. The author, indeed, assures us that it is no fiction, but that its characters and incidents are taken from real life. We looked through it with some interest, under the expectation that the real life here mentioned, would be that of the Colony, which has made such rapid strides in the career of prosperity. But we soon found that the tale was written in and *of* England, on the way to Van Diemen’s land, and that it is in every respect a very *mediocre* affair.

NOTICES.

Art. XII.—1. *The Works of Lord Byron; with his Letters and Journals, and his Life.* By Thomas Moore, Esq. In fourteen volumes, 12mo. Vol. I. London: Murray, 1832.

2. *Finden’s Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray’s first complete and uniform edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Part I. India Proofs, and Plain. London: Murray; C. Tilt, 1832.

Both these publications form a kind of era in our literature, as well as in the progress of our fine arts. The style in which the first volume of Lord Byron’s life is printed is so beautiful, the matter is so attractive, and the price of the book so moderate, that even without any illustrations it must have commanded a very extensive sale. But when to these attractions are added a print of the noble poet, and perhaps the most exquisite vignette that ever appeared in any publication, both from the burin of Finden, we cannot doubt that Mr. Murray's laudable enterprise will be crowned with unprecedented success. This, however, is not all. We have before us two copies of the first part of the Landscape Illustrations, which the same artist has engraved for this publication. One of the copies is plain and contains four landscapes—Lachin-y-gair in the highlands of Scotland, Lisbon, Yanina, and Corinth, and a portrait of the Maid of Athens, which five prints are sold for the sum total of 2*s.* 6*d.* The copy of India Proofs contains, in addition to these, the portrait of Lord Byron and the Vignette, and is sold for 7*s.* 6*d.* Now we should say, that any one of the plates in the plain copy is worth double the sum charged for the whole, and that the price affixed to the whole of the India proofs, ought not to be deemed too much for any one of them. The Maid of Athens, considering the beauty and true Greek style of the countenance, and the perfection of the engraving, is a matchless performance. The portrait of Lord Byron is the least pleasing of all the illustrations we have yet seen. It has a smirking air, which is inconsistent with the truly classic taste displayed in every other department of this splendid undertaking. It seems almost like giving away for nothing, volumes so elegantly printed, and illustrations so perfectly finished, at such very low prices. But Mr. Murray is well aware that he has adopted the only plan that can secure the work a large circulation; upon that his reward depends, and we sincerely hope, and indeed feel confident, that it will be as ample as his liberality deserves.

Art. XIII.—*The Standard Novels, Nos. X. and XI.* London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

No. X. contains the conclusion of Schiller's "Ghost Seer," and the whole of the well-known story of "Edgar Huntley, or The Sleep Walker," by one of the earliest of the American novelists, Charles Brockedon Brown. No. XI. contains "The Hungarian Brothers," one of the most deservedly popular of Miss Anna Maria Porter's productions. We are happy to see this publication so well supported: it is in every way eminently worthy of public patronage.

Art. XIV.—*Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions,* &c. (Edinburgh Cabinet Library). By Sir John Leslie, K. R. G., Robert Jameson, Esq. F. R. S. E., &c. and Hugh Murray, Esq. Third edition revised. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1832.

We are happy to find that a meritorious undertaking of which this neat volume is one of the emanations, is making that rapid progress to success that is so unequivocally demonstrated by the demand for a third edition. The contents of the work before us have already passed before our critical observation—and if we had reason on the former occasion when speaking of its merits, to confer upon it the tribute of our eulogy, we have still more powerful motives now for praising it, on account of the ample corrections and the addition of new and instructive matter which we find it to possess in its present form. Amongst the novelties which distinguish the third edition from its predecessor, may be mentioned several notes which further illustrate the text. A defence of the authors of the work is likewise given to the charges which have been made against them by the writer of a recent work, entitled Memoirs of Sebastian Cabot.

That portion of the volume which is devoted to an account of the Northern Whale Fishery, is considerably extended by an incorporation into the text of a highly interesting narrative, which describes the preservation of a part of the crew belonging to the John, of Greenock, and their wintering in a Danish colony called Operniwick. The men were received in the most hospitable manner by the governor of the place, which is situated on a bleak and solitary shore of Baffin's Bay. They remained there for eight months, and were chiefly employed in assisting the inhabitants in the daily labour of catching seals. The only other novelty of consequence which is to be found in this edition, is the account of the whale expedition of the season of 1831. It appears that that season yielded a produce of oil more than double the amount of that of the disastrous year before it—but yet that it was not equal to half the produce of 1829, which latter was by no means equal to the average of the two preceding years.

Art. XV.- *The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Lives of the most Eminent British Military Commanders.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. Vol. I. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

This is a portion of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, which only requires the same care and caution as to selection and execution which we observed in the preceding volumes, to render it not merely interesting but highly instructive. Whatever view we may take of the morality of national wars with respect to the future, no one will deny that the history of past battles is a subject of study which deserves the most serious attention. Great ingenuity is displayed, and great utility will be secured by the plan of this work, which proceeds upon the principle of rendering biography subservient to the great ends of historical description. Sir Walter Manny, for instance, is, in every respect, a faithful representative of the military commanders of this country, who flourished in the age of chivalry; whilst the military spirit of the age of Elizabeth is seen embodied in the person of Sir Francis de Vere. Oliver Cromwell, in his capacity of a general, is next depicted in all the glowing colours of which his military heroism and conduct are so well deserving; and the volume closes with an admirable account of the meteor career of the hero of Blenheim.

Art. XVI.—*On Pestilential Cholera, its Nature, Prevention, and Curative Treatment.* By James Copland, M. D. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

Dr. Copland labours under the great disadvantage of being able to present us with no new information on the momentous subject to which he directs our attention. Those, however, who are still unacquainted with the history, the nature, and the best modes of averting or modifying an attack of Cholera, may have their ignorance removed, and their natural curiosity gratified at a very cheap expenditure of time and money, by referring to this very clear, accurate, and well-written compilation.

Art. XVII.—*The Golden Farmer; being an attempt to unite the facts pointed out by Nature, in the Sciences of Geology, Chemistry, and Botany, &c. &c.* London: James Ridgway. 1832.

The author of this pamphlet is, we understand, not only a farmer, (we should hope the real *golden* bumpkin) but also a lecturer (!) on geometry, geology, and similar abstruse themes. He is, moreover, an optimist of the purest water, and positively believes that the way to eternal life is only to be attained by means of mechanic institutions, "enlightening the people," and cheap knowledge. He tells us that he has reaped an intellectual harvest in attending to the dictates of nature; and that he has carried, with unbounded success, the inductions of the lecture-room into practical effects in the fields. His studies have enabled him to explain some anomalies in agricultural pursuits; and to his discoveries in such matters, he invites the attention of those ambitious farmers who, in these evil times, wish to taste of the delights of the agricultural millenium; during which, our author declares, that, through his exertions, the farmer and his landlord will be enriched, the condition of the labourer improved, poor land made for ever fertile, and labour always plentiful. Such are the promises which are held forth by the lecturer on Geometry and Geology, and the practical farmer to boot, who, in his social capacity, has the honour of discharging the responsible duties of surveyor and auctioneer, and keeps, besides, the Kent Fire Office in the renowned territory of Lewisham.

Art. XVIII.—*The Elements of Chemistry explained and illustrated.—Part the First. Attraction—Heat—Light—Electricity.* London. John Murray. 1832.

This small volume is a very favourable specimen of the progress which the art of simplification is now making in every department of knowledge that can possibly engage the minds of the public. The subjects of attraction, heat, light, and electricity, which it is scarcely to add, form the foundations of chemical science, are treated by the author in a manner so clear, so free from technicalities, so perfectly intelligible to persons the least acquainted with the subject, that we look to the work, in its complete form, as a certain means of diffusing, more extensively than ever, a taste for the truly interesting science of chemistry.

At. XIX.—*Nights of the Round Table: or, Stories of Annt Jane and her Friends. First Series.* Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. 1832.

In the Nights of the Round Table we have the first of a Series of tales and conversations, partly founded on facts, and partly fictitious, which are very well calculated for the recreation of young persons who have passed the age of childhood. The narratives are very well executed: stories of grave and gay succeed each other in pleasing alternation—and over the whole is thrown that charm of graceful simplicity in which we at once recognize the instinctive power of the female heart. The next series will contain, we are informed, authentic particulars of the lives of two eminent living persons, under the title of the Two Scottish Williams.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Kelp as a Manure.—The Highland Society of Scotland have offered premiums for the reports of the most successful experiments which have been made with Kelp, to ascertain its qualities as manure.

Chancellor's Black.—This is a new name which has been conferred on an excellent sort of Scotch snuff, in compliment to Lord Brougham.

Fossil Forest.—Dr. Weatherhead, a pedestrian tourist, has recently discovered an under ground fossil forest, above forty feet in thickness, and extending several along the banks of the Tiber, close to Rome. The Doctor is of opinion that this phenomenon was produced by an earthquake, long before the foundation of Rome!

Population Returns.—The following is a comparative account of the population of the United Kingdom in 1821 and 1831:

	1821.	1831.	Increase.
England	11,261,437	13,089,338	1,827,901
Ireland	6,801,827	7,734,000	932,173
Scotland	2,093,456	2,365,807	272,351
Wales	717,438	805,236	87,798
	20,874,158	23,994,381	3,120,223

The Invention of Printing.—The Society of Arts, at Mentz, have announced their intention of erecting a monument to the memory of Gottenburg, the inventor of the art of printing. In support of their determination, they invite the inhabitants of every civilized nation, who must feel gratitude to the discoverer, to assist their efforts.

Polish Literary Society.—The Polish refugees assembled in Paris, have constituted themselves into a club for the purpose of publishing translations of the Beauties of Polish literature, in the various departments of history, science, arts, poetry, &c.—*Dulcesque reminiscitur Argos.*

New Periodicals.—There is now a periodical in Wigton, called the *Oracle;* another in Dumfermline, named the *Gasometer.* About ten weekly miscellanies exist in Edinburgh; and lately, at Portobello, the Brighton of Scotland, a weekly publication, with a romantic designation of the Wizard of the Tower, has made its appearance.

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Population of Paris.—In 1830, the number of births in Paris was 28,587—boys, 14,488—girls, 14,099—in wedlock, 18,580—out of wedlock, 10,007.—Number of marriages, 7324—between bachelors and spinsters, 6052—bachelors and widows, 383—widowers and spinsters, 729—widowers and widows, 160.—Number of deaths, 27,446—died in private houses, 15,664—at civil hospitals, 10,754—at military ditto, 606—in prisons, 67—and deposited at the Morgue, 375.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1832.

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In the autumn of the year that has just passed, Dr. Stromeyer, a medical gentleman of some eminence in Hanover, was attached to a commission which was sent into Prussia, for the purpose of gaining accurate information concerning the cholera. This word, we are aware, is too often the prelude to a very dull and useless discussion; we are compelled at once to assure our readers, that we have no intention whatever of uttering a syllable either on the nature or the treatment of cholera. We took up this brief work certainly with a view of obtaining some information on the character of that disease, but, as we proceeded, its various merits as a book of travels struck us so forcibly, that we were determined to share the gratification we received in its perusal with the public. It was on the 5th of August, 1831, that the author, in company with Dr. Schneeman, took his departure from Hanover. The cholera, at this period, had been raging in Polish Prussia. It first broke out in April at Warsaw, and is supposed to have been carried thither by the Russian invading army. To this disease, it is well known that Marshal Diebitsch fell a victim, on the 9th of June. The Prussian government, immediately on the appearance of cholera in its dominions, put into execution the most rigorous measures of precaution against its inroads, and a sanitary cordon was placed from the shores of the Baltic in the north, almost to Cracow in the south. Travellers from Poland, therefore, could not pass into Prussia without performing quarantine. As soon as the cholera began to manifest its existence in Austria, the cordon was extended on the Austrian side of the Prussian dominions. But

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The Doctor and his companion did not hesitate a moment to undertake the commission to travel into East Prussia, for the purpose of investigating the cholera. Their joy at the charge, (which gave them an opportunity of witnessing the most important events of their time,) was only diminished by the painful anxiety in which they left their friends; for, at that time, the general notion respecting the contagious power of cholera was totally different from that which ultimately prevailed. 'It was indeed no pleasant feeling,' observes the author, 'to be obliged to make one's will before entering upon a journey, which separated us three or four hundred miles from our friends; there news arrives when the events which are communicated have long given place to others, and the feelings which they excited have long been forgotten. But the thought of being useful to our country, and of learning upon the spot the nature of a disease which, in its violent mode of attack, far exceeds all others, so powerfully excited our thoughts, that our minds, during the journey, could not have been happier. In Berlin, the good-will of the Prussian Immediat-Commission obtained for us very quickly the necessary facilities and recommendations.'

The party travelled together only as far as Dirschau, where they separated, in order to obtain separate results from their individual researches, and to observe the different effects of the medical-police arrangements at Dantzic and Koningsberg; since, in the latter, the regulations were much milder than in the former. Dr. Schneeman then proceeded to Elbing, and Dr. Stromeyer to Dantzic. In Dirschau, where the streets diverge towards Dantzic and Koningsberg, they found that quarantine establishments had been provided for persons coming from those parts of the country. Of these establishments three different kinds existed. For the aristocratics (*honoratioren*), two inns were set apart; for the military, a flower-house was prepared; and for poor travellers, who were provided for by the state, and were therefore forced to be patient, an old sheep-stall was made ready. 'The state of health in these establishments had hitherto been very satisfactory,' observes the Doctor, 'a proof at least that ennui and impatience do not belong to the important sources of disease.' The hardening system introduced in these establishments, such as sleeping on straw-sacks, and a moderate degree of hunger, perhaps contributed to prevent illness:

> 'After this first acquaintance with the quarantine institution,' continues the author, 'I could not pass without emotion the cordon five miles beyond Dirschau. A step beyond the barrier, and I was plagued with cholera contagion for twenty days, and compelled to be again purified by fatigue and hunger. Besides the watch house, there was a shed to disinfect wares coming from Dantzic. This business consisted in washing and sprinkling the goods with a solution of chlorate of lime; this liquid stood

in open vessels, and smelt so little like chlorine, that the whole proceeding had to my mind a very hocus pocus aspect.

'Thirty steps beyond the first bar was a second, to which only persons from the infected place might come to converse with the purified. At this distance the conversation was naturally very irksome to those whose lungs were weak, and an old hectic grumbled in vain that he had not voice enough to give various commands to his son.

'On the way to Dantzic, I had an opportunity of witnessing the devastating effects of the cholera; whilst in the environs the harvest was ended, and only stubble remained in the fields, the corn stood in full ear in the village of Russoczynn, the reapers having almost all died a few weeks before.'

On the 14th of August, Dr. Stromeyer reached the ancient city of Dantzic. Determined to lose no time in carrying into effect the objects of his visit, he made immediate arrangements for obtaining the opportunity of inspecting a patient labouring under cholera. On the day after his arrival he procured admission into a lazaretto, and he acknowledges, what every body will be inclined to give him credit for, that it was not without considerable emotion that he approached the bedside of the patient. His account of this event will be read with interest.

'I now stood at last by the side of the frightful monster, on whose account I had left in the lurch all my effects and all my fondest attachments, and had travelled nearly 500 miles. The appearance of this patient did not at all correspond with my previous expectations. Her pains were slighter, and her countenance less striking than I had anticipated; it resembled that which is exhibited in the last stages of nervous fever. The frequent vomiting was indeed disgusting to behold; and it generally excited nausea in the spectators. When I felt the pulse, I found the extremities, which were bedewed with cold sweat, exactly like icicles to the touch.

'Dantzic, for the extent of its population, is not a capacious city; its high houses and narrow streets give to it the venerable stamp of a rich commercial city; for its sinking prosperity in later times has not permitted it to change the venerable gothic, but very inconvenient style of its houses, for the more simple, but more comfortable accommodations of modern architecture. Most of the streets are so narrowed by flights of steps before the houses, that two coaches cannot pass one another, which is a great inconvenience, particularly to the doctors, who are obliged to *drive* their practice on foot. Wide fosses and very high walls surround the city, which is intersected by numerous canals of flowing water. Towards the south-west the city leans on a row of hills, from which the ground sinks suddenly towards the Vistula and the sea. The inundations of the Vistula and the vapours from the canals, constantly generate there a large number of rheumatic diseases and intermittent fevers; while inflammatory, and especially acute forms of disease, are rare.'

Dr. Stromeyer observes, that since the great flood in the spring of 1829, the city and the vicinity are liable, from the beginning of August, to an epidemic fever, which frequently commences in an intermittent, or terminates in one. Great numbers are affected, but very few die. In a visit to the city hospital, with Dr. Baum, the chief physician, the author saw, among an assemblage of 350 patients, an extraordinary number of these cases; many were ague patients, and several were afflicted with Norwegian lepra, gangrenous ulcers of the feet, and similar diseases. The character of these prevalent disorders, he thinks, is owing to the prejudicial influence of a damp atmosphere, impregnated with marsh miasma. No accurate explanation whatever could be obtained respecting the invasion of the cholera at Dantzic; the first unequivocal case was noticed on the 27th of May. The disease first attacked the old town, which, from its narrow construction, and thick pauper population, was very favourable to its development. The anti-contagionists, among whom were most of the physicians, laid great stress upon this fact, and said that the disease arose there, in general, from evidently accidental causes, such as exposure to cold, autumnal fruit stuffing, the extensive use of a very bad sort of beer, called *Schemper*, potatoe food,* and drinking; shortly afterwards, cold water was generally assigned as one of these causes. This was the more safely to be done, as those things constitute the daily diet of the poor; and the authorities there found pleasure in representing this to be the cause of the cholera. People with weak digestion, old men, drunkards, and labourers, who worked near or in the water by day, or who at night slept half naked in damp abodes, were mostly attacked. Of the opulent class, very few died. Dr. Stromeyer could not, from all his inquiries, ascertain that there were as many as twenty, although of the citizens 900 were already dead. According to the communications of Dr. Dann, a member of the Prussian Commission of Physicians, which was sent to Russia on account of the cholera, the Dantzic epidemic differed from that observed at Moscow, only in the frequent occurrence of profuse sweats, which were, perhaps, in a great measure, to be attributed to the hot season.

The relative mortality, as represented in the public reports, which embrace an extent of 64,000 inhabitants (the several suburbs included), was very considerable. On the 15th of September, of 1183 civil patients, 932 were dead. But here it is necessary to bear in mind, that, on account of the house-closing system, which was strictly enforced, only the worst cases were published, whilst all that seemed likely to recover were kept secret. That this was the cause of the great apparent mortality, and not any peculiar malignancy in the character of the epidemic, may be inferred from the much more favourable report of its ravages among the military, since the attack of each patient was early announced. On the 15th of September, 243 soldiers had been attacked, and only 109 had died. The garrison at that time consisted of 4500 men.

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* The German Medici continue to confide in the vulgar notion, which has had so many learned supporters, among whom Saemmering is to be reckoned, that potatoes produce a rude chyle, mesenteric swellings, ruptures, and other maladies.

The mortality still appeared considerable, and the more so as the majority of the sufferers were in the prime of life. This may be accounted for by the circumstance, that their service was, on the whole, tolerably heavy, and that they were, for the most part, not in barracks, and were obliged to provide themselves with food.

The military, it seems, had their own cholera-lazaretto, in which the patients were treated according to the method of Dr. Hope, slightly modified by the regimental physician, Sinogowitz. The first civil hospital erected was situated on the island of Holm in the Vistula, and contained 150 beds. It was soon found, however, that in consequence of its great distance from most parts of the city, and the tedious conveyance across the river, great loss of time was incurred; and the sick, on their reception into the hospital, were generally in a condition which precluded all hope of recovery. The mortality at Holm would have been tremendous. Two institutions were therefore established in the city, one of which was seated in the old town. A gloomy building, the old jail, as it was called, was employed for the purpose: it was placed under the direction of Dr. Dann. The other, which lay in the tower town, and contained twenty beds, was superintended by Dr. Dann. These thirty-two beds were, during the whole period of the epidemic, no more than once completely occupied, and then only for a few hours.

The lazaretto on Holm was afterwards used as a quarantine establishment for convalescents and mariners. These several institutions were neither conducted in a pleasing way, nor with any particular liberality; but the number of servants was very considerable. In one of the lazarettos there were, besides the physician and surgeon, twelve male and four female attendants, four porters, two messengers, two women cooks, and one steward.

The principal reason for employing so many officers was, that the porters and messengers were not permitted to enter the infirmary; but this regulation was daily infringed upon. Dr. Dann, who resided in the hospital, was never, during the whole period, prevented from going out, and was far from being always purified by fumigation before making a visit into the city. The treatment in both hospitals consisted, generally, in the administration of opium and stimulants in the stage of evacuations, and of local and general abstraction of blood, in the stage of congestion, together with acids or calomel. The external treatment was, for the most part, confined to the use of sinapisms and frictions: water or vapour baths were scarcely ever employed. The results were tolerably alike in both hospitals.

On the 30th of August, a hundred and thirty-four patients had been admitted into one of the lazarettos, and forty-one were cured; in another, one hundred and thirty-two were admitted, and forty-five recovered. It must, however, be observed, that of the number stated in each hospital, thirty patients were either dead at the time of their admission, or died within three hours afterwards; a proof how much the system of house-closing delayed the announcement of the cases. How little this practice availed to prevent the spreading of the cholera we learn not merely from the number of sick, which amounted to 1183, but also from the circumstance that 891 houses were closed. There were only seventy houses in which several persons were affected; and from a report of the Commission of Health, with reference to this subject, it appears, that in most of these instances a considerable disposition to the malady had existed. Thus, in the house opposite the author's abode, three individuals died; the first was a drunken publican, the second a prostitute, who used to expose herself late at night at the window, and the third a man aged 70. A remarkable fact, which shews the little danger that was capable of being produced by personal communication, was noticed in the city infirmary. Seven cases of cholera occurred, each in a different ward; of these three died and four got well, without any of the other patients, labouring under different disorders in these wards, becoming attacked. As soon as the symptoms of cholera were clearly developed, these sufferers were immediately removed to a separate apartment. The public at Dantzic, as well as in all the infected places, were entirely of opinion that the cholera was not contagious, which at all events had the good effect of diminishing the general anxiety.

Autumnal fruits, vegetables, beer, and exposure to cold, were, however, pretty generally avoided. The majority of the practising physicians also were anti-contagionists, and they supported their opinions on the usual grounds. There were only a few medical men appointed by the state, who defended the notion that the disease was contagious; and their names were known to every inhabitant of Dantzic. As the public attributed to them, in a great measure, the severity of the enclosing system, they were just as unpopular as their opponents were beloved. This will not surprise any one who considers what a sacrifice the city sustained by the shutting up of the houses. During the existence of this rigorous system for twenty days, which was altered, shortly before the arrival of Dr. Stromeyer at Dantzic, to a period of ten days, 400 houses were thus shut up at the same time for a considerable interval. It was therefore necessary to keep in pay 800 day-thieves (idlers) as watchmen. The poor, when confined in their houses, were supported at the general expense; and, in many instances, on account of one person being affected with cholera, twenty were made house prisoners, who having spent three weeks in doing nothing, no longer felt any inclication to work.

The city contained about 2000 male Jews, and 1500 of these supported themselves by hawking; but since they were compelled to discontinue their industrious wanderings, they were also maintained at the public cost. A whole troop of comedians, who were not permitted to go out, were supported in like manner. If we consider, moreover, what a shock commerce sustained in consequence of the fear of the contagious nature of the cholera, we see ample grounds to induce the public to represent it as the effect of miasma. Besides, the whole system of house-barring was looked upon by the citizens as a stupid farce, for almost every house had a back entrance, which was easily accessible to any comer. In some of the houses merely the back door was barred, that trade might not be interrupted. Where back doors were wanting, a way was found over the roofs, on all occasions when the guard would not yield to the influence of a trifling douceur. Persons who had had no communication with the infected, were occasionally shut up by mistake, while the proper subjects for imprisonment escaped. The little fear which prevailed generally respecting contagion, is shown by the circumstance, that two young clerks, during Dr. Stromeyer's stay in Dantzic, were condemned to a quarantine of twenty days, because they had, as a satirical joke, taken a nap after dinner in a couple of baskets used for the purpose of transporting the sick. The same fate awaited a young fellow, who, under the pretence of being a physician, entered the house of his mistress, in which a cholera patient had died. In spite of his regrets and complaints, he was obliged to hold out three weeks with his beloved, to the amusement of the whole city, the real physician having taken him by surprise.

> 'On the 19th of August,' says our author, 'I visited some of the neighbouring villages. The houses in them were not barred. At most a piece of rope, or a wisp of straw, was affixed to those doors through which cholera patients had come. The attempts made at first to shut the houses, were soon abandoned, partly because of the total inefficacy of such a measure, especially during the harvest, when all were obliged to be at work, and partly because the country people were exceedingly displeased with the practice. In the village of Grosskatz, for example, men and women attacked Dr. Q. with scythes and pitchforks on his first visit to some cholera patients; afterwards, however, when six of the parishioners were dead, the Doctor's return was entreated with tears. Dr. P. took the resolution to make his escape through a window, because the boors were ready to exterminate him. This enmity towards the doctors arose in part from a generally diffused opinion among the lower orders, that the government paid them to send the poor out of the world, or to poison the first person attacked, so that the malady should not extend itself. In general the more wealthy inhabitants of the villages escaped unhurt. I constantly had occasion to observe, that where the streets of a place were spacious, the disease made slow progress, but where, on the contrary, they were confined, a number of persons were soon carried off, and the disease then disappeared. Every where the parish doctors complained of the distrust of the poor, and the length of time they suffered to elapse before they called in medical assistance.'

The remaining portion of Stromeyer's book is of too technical a nature to admit of our dwelling upon any of its details. Although we have noticed the work principally for the amusing manner in which the author has completed his descriptions, still we think that some important instruction for our guidance may be derived from the facts and observations contained in his pages. We see, in the first place, that cholera has proceeded in its career throughout Prussia in a course very curiously resembling that which it has taken in this kingdom — a circumstance which tends much to prove the identity of the complaint in both countries. The rich, and those who could command wholesome food — who knew and experienced the value of good air, exercise, and moderation of habits — were uniformly free from the disease. Dr. Hope, one of the first physicians of Berlin, and whose practice has chiefly lain amongst the higher classes, had not a single case of cholera in private under his care. This disease uniformly affected the indigent, and indeed all those who were not able to procure a sufficiency of sustenance, or who lived upon food that was bad, or which contained a very small proportion of nutriment. This we find to be the case amongst ourselves. The cholera has fixed universally on the lower orders, or rather that portion of them which is distinguished by their inattention to cleanliness, to moderate diet, and to temperance in drink. For instance, in Scotland the disease may be said to have passed, without mischief, through several villages that were inhabited by an innocent and simple population, unacquainted with the excesses of indulgence, which unfortunately prevail in towns where manufacturing establishments have concentrated an unusual amount of human beings. In Musselburgh, where cholera has been most violent, and where the number of deaths has been greater in proportion to the cases than in any part of the globe hitherto attacked by that distemper, the victims chiefly consisted of colliers, who, having been for some weeks out of work, gave themselves up to unbridled licentiousness. With respect to such persons there can be no doubt that the cholera is extremely contagious; indeed it confines its ravages to such subjects, and as it seems to have a predilection for them, so does it in general prove fatal to them. All that we have read and heard of cholera is confirmatory of these observations. The institution of boards of health in every city and great town in this kingdom, is a subject of much congratulation. Although their powers may, in some instances, be arbitrarily and oppressively exercised, yet, from all that we can learn of the exertions of boards of health, we regard the immediate cause of their general establishment as in some measure entitled to be considered a blessing. Filthy streets, in a great number of towns, have been cleansed; districts, from which fatal disease was never absent, have been made the subjects of investigation; there has been an impulse given to the respective authorities in every part of the country, to look after the welfare of the poorer classes, such as never before perhaps existed, and which, in its general results, cannot fail to be very extensively beneficial. The descriptions to which we have had access, of the labours of the boards of health in the northern parts of the country, and particularly in Scotland, are sufficient to satisfy us, that even the mortality which cholera has produced in these dominions, has been nearly compensated by the measures of cleanliness and general precaution which the apprehension of that dreadful disease has forced upon our population. The visitation of the distemper has produced a lasting impression in this country, as to the inestimable value of maintaining habits of temperance, and of carefully removing every possible cause of adulteration to which the air we breathe is liable.

ART. II.—*The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated men of his time: now first published from the Originals, and illustrated with Notes, and a new Biographical Memoir of Garrick.* 4to, Vol. ii. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1832.

WE fear that our report of the contents of this second volume of Garrick's Correspondence will in no respect vary from the terms in which we were compelled to speak of its predecessor. We find the same proportion as before, of great names subscribed to various epistles, and very nearly the same rate of merit in their respective productions. An additional gloom is diffused over this volume, in consequence of the immense number of its pages which is given up to the foreign correspondents of Garrick; and though they be men of reputation throughout Europe, they nevertheless appear to be under the spell of the same chilling influence that appears to have bound the faculties of almost all the eminent persons whose letters are preserved in the present work. Here and there one may meet with a passage, a sentence, or a thought, which may be capable of arresting one's attention , but such happy encounters are as "few and far between," as the oases in the desert, which, at such long and protracted intervals, present themselves to the longing eyes of the wearied traveller.

Amongst the most persevering, and evidently the most attached, of Garrick's correspondents, is certainly the great Earl Camden, who always writes to the celebrated actor with a degree of familiarity that exhibits the greatest mutual confidence. At the date of the correspondence to which we are now alluding, this nobleman had given himself up entirely to literary ease:—all his letters to Garrick turn upon the merits of some poet or distinguished dramatist, on whose peculiarities or faults he dwells with an acuteness of criticism which marks a very great degree of attention to the subject he writes upon. The following remarks upon Ben Jonson appear to us to be very neatly expressed, and to be extremely just besides:

> 'I am beyond expression charmed with the dramatic powers of that author, and, in my opinion, the genius of the writer is equal to his art: nay, so far is he from being deficient in the first, that his own fund would have supplied him with every faculty of wit, humour, and nature, though

he had been no scholar. His principal fault, in my judgment, arises from a pedantic imitation of the ancients. His prose dialogue is elegant; his verse hard and too much laboured, but by no means difficult or obscure.' —vol. ii. p. 1.

In another letter, the noble writer thus follows up his criticism on the dramatic poet:

'He thought admirably, but was no master of expression, when he attempted a higher diction than mere prose, for *that* is good; whereas his verse is not so obscure as it is laboured, and he is hardly ever happy in his words and sentences, though sometimes strong. Therefore he is verbose and coarse; always attempting to imitate Juvenal, but without success; for though he had language enough, he did not know how to choose it. Ben was a great dramatic genius, but no poet. Shakspeare was divine in both, though, in my opinion, his poetic faculties, as I have more than once ventured to assert to you, are the most astonishing.'—vol. ii. p. 4.

It is but just to Garrick's character to say, that he never made any distinction in the style or manner of his epistles to whomsoever they were addressed. He least of all men that ever stood forth for public patronage, could be accused of fawning before the great, or tyrannizing over his inferiors. We think, indeed, that there are in most of his letters to the more elevated class of his correspondents, the tokens of a spirit of caution or reserve, such as may easily be traced to genuine independence of soul. It speaks well likewise for Garrick's character, that those persons who were most interested in procuring his good opinion, generally endeavoured to succeed, by giving him proofs of their good sense. Thus, when General Burgoyne, the well-known dramatic writer, was informed that the Drury-Lane managers meditated an ostentatious present of the freedom of the theatre to him, he wrote to Garrick, declining the exhibition, but accepting the gift in these terms.

'In regard to the very signal distinction you propose to me of the freedom of the house, and the manner of presenting it, I hope you will permit me to decline the parade, and at the same time believe me truly sensible of the honour of it. I should feel myself as proud to be seated in Drury Lane by your deliberate judgment of my talents, as ever an old Roman did, in acquiring the freedom of his theatre by public services: but you are at present too partial towards me, and till I appear in my own eyes more worthy, I must request you to bound your kind intentions to an order for admittance to your green room, where I promise neither to criticise your men illnaturedly, nor lead astray your ladies.

* * * * * *

'As you kindly insist upon my directions, I desire it to be done by a simple order to Johnston, and no gold box, nor silver box, not even a mulberry one: you must give me a reception *Hamlet-like*: I will have no appurtenances of welcome.'—p. 17.

Judging from many of the letters in this and the former volume, we should certainly conclude that the bed of a prime minister was one of roses, compared to the couch of a manager. We only wonder how Garrick was at all capable of preserving his equanimity, under the manifold annoyances and embarrassments which were daily inflicted upon him, by the strange and various humours, the caprice, folly, vanity, or vice, of his subjects, of both sexes. The women, particularly those creatures called stars, were uniformly in a state of revolt. He was obliged to maintain a standing army of pen, ink, paper, and messengers, at no small expense, in order to quell the earliest manifestations of their insurrectionary spirit. Garrick really, upon the whole, appears to have had no ambition for power; he did not threaten or command, merely for the pleasure of satisfying himself that he could do both one and the other; and if he had only to consult his own love of empire, it is very probable that he would have never thought it worth his while to retort, as he usually did, upon his rebellious dependents. But he entertained a very steady and temperate sense of the necessity there was for punctuality, zeal, and industry, in every member of the corps which he had retained. He knew that without that regularity and order, which strict discipline alone will ensure, a necessary degree of combination between many never could be secured; and nothing can be more apparent in his letters, addressed to some of the actors and actresses whose conduct he had reason to reprehend, than that his remonstrances proceeded from no personal or peevish motive, but were dictated by a fair and moderate regard for the general weal of his establishment. No selection that we could make from this volume, will more clearly elucidate the peculiar way in which the manager had always vindicated his proper share of authority, on the one hand, and, on the other, the capriciousness and insulting conduct of some of his retainers, than the following correspondence. The first of the letters is from the pen of Mrs. Abington; one of the most remarkable specimens that we have, even in the annals of the theatre, of the deleterious effect of popular applause upon the judgment, the good feeling, and all the best qualities of the female character. The style and manner of this epistle ought to have provoked Garrick into a warmer strain of rebuke than that which he has been contented to apply.

'Indeed, Sir, I could not play Violante to-morrow, if my happiness in the next world depended upon it; but if you order me, I will look it over, and be perfect as soon as possible. I am sure if you are pleased to give yourself a moment's time to reflect upon my general conduct in the theatre, you will see that I ever made my attention to my business and my duty to you my sole object and ambition,'—p. 24.

To this Garrick replied in a long letter, the most pointed passage of which we extract.

'I am always happy to see the performers of merit, who belong to us, happy and satisfied; but if I were to make myself uneasy when they are pleased, right or wrong, to be discontented, I cannot pay them the compliment to mortify myself for nothing. After I have said this, let me be permitted to say farther, that I never yet saw Mrs. Abington theatrically happy for a week together; there is such a continual working of a fancied interest, such a refinement of importance, and such imaginary good and evil continually arising in the *politician's* mind, that the only best substantial security for public applause is neglected for these shadows.'—p. 24.

But not a whit improved in temper, not in the slightest degree altered in principle and sense of duty, Mrs. Abington went on during the remainder of her career, sinning and abusing, dissatisfied, importunate, and annoying, whilst Garrick maintained his straightforward and temperate course of administration. The whole, indeed, of the allegations against him, by which the reputation of that distinguished man has so considerably suffered, rest upon the credit of retainers, whose insubordination he could not consent to treat with impunity. There was scarcely an eminent actor of his time, who did not hate Garrick, from a very natural, but still very unfounded, conviction, that Garrick must have hated *him*. Every credible testimony, however, to which we can appeal on this point, is adverse to the supposition that Garrick was liable to be affected with any jealousy of rival claims. He must have been too well assured of the strong position which he kept in the public mind, to be apprehensive of any competitor. Nevertheless, all the punishment due to the crimes of envy and intolerant jealousy, has been heaped on the memory of Garrick; and some of his calumniators had carried their animosity to such an extravagant pitch, as to shrink with terror on their death-bed at the enormity of their own injustice. Mossop, the celebrated tragedian, is a remarkable instance of this. Through life, he spoke with reprobation of the character of Garrick, but nobly expiated his guilt on the solemn eve of his death. The Rev. Dr. Williams, who attended Mossop in his last moments, gives the following picture of this strange and striking scene.

'I found him preparing for death with that extraordinary solemnity which accompanied all his important actions. He had gone through the general forms of the church, but I believe only as religious and edifying forms, and unattended with any discourse on the state of his mind. His conversations with me were the most interesting that can well be conceived; and from the extreme dejection of my own mind, and the high and tragical tone in which he expressed himself, they made a dreadful impression on me. His religion was tinctured by the characters he had studied; *and many of the attributes of God were the qualities of a Zanga or a Bajazet.*

'Among other things which gave him uneasiness, and made him greatly apprehend the displeasure of that God before whom he was going to appear, his behaviour to you was not the least distressing. He accused himself severely of having attributed motives of conduct to you which he firmly believed you incapable of. He had thought himself neglected by you in his distress, and that you sent him terms which you knew he would not comply with, because you did not wish to see him on the stage. He saw that he had been deceived by an excessive pride, and lamented the injustice he had done you, not only in some pecuniary articles, which he did not thoroughly explain to me, but in giving ill impressions of your character to his acquaintance. The very night in which he died, he renewed his conversation. He often cried out, ' Oh my dear friend, how mean and little does Mr. Garrick's present behaviour make me appear in your eyes to whom I have given so different an idea of him! Great God forgive me! Witness, my dear Williams, that I die not only in charity with him, but that I honour him as a virtuous and great man. God Almighty bless and prosper him for ever." '—p. 37.

And it was only natural that Garrick should occasionally receive such unequivocal testimonies in his favour as Mossop had now given him, since there could have been but few amongst his contemporaries who were not acquainted with the generosity of his nature, as attested by numerous acts of benevolence unostentatiously (and where the case called for delicacy), delicately performed. We find him frequently complying with applications for accommodation on the part of subordinate actors, and on almost all occasions his concurrence in their wishes could only be traced to a mere disposition to please. Even pecuniary assistance was not denied by him in instances where no just claim existed to stimulate or direct his charity. The following is rather a curious specimen of the sort of solicitations which usually effected its purpose with Garrick:

> 'Though I cannot satisfactorily clear up whether this address is justifiable or not, yet, under cover of peculiar circumstances, I venture to approach you. A summer harassed with illness and disappointments, absence from town of my capable friends, and a total inability of exercising my intellectual faculties, have, with the charge of two children, whom I wish to act the paternal part by, thrown me into a state of finance, I shall not attempt to describe, lest truth might seem exaggeration. In brief, they have effectually brought me to a stand still. Some amendment of health has enabled me to execute a scheme I have long meditated, and am invited for to Eaton and Oxford, which is, dramatic lectures of a nature different from any yet attempted; liberal, I hope, and useful in their nature: but my externals have so unfavourable an appearance that I cannot produce myself with any comfort or hope of success. If, in such a dilemma, occasioned by no neglect or extravagance, I may be indulged with a temporary assistance of five guineas by Mr. Garrick's feeling consideration, it probably may stop approaching ruin from falling on a heart which will, upon thorough knowledge, be found very *different from what it really is*,[*] a heart that will peculiarly study to make every honest and grateful acknowledgement. I submit without multiplying arguments, the matter at large, and am, with true respect, &c., Francis Gentleman.'—pp. 82, 83.

The five guineas were instantly despatched to Mr. Gentleman, but we have not heard with what success he set about the reform of his externals, or how the wits of Eaton and Oxford tolerated the dramatic lectures of a different nature from any yet attempted.

The most voluminous of Garrick's correspondents, so far as we can determine from the contents of the two quartos of letters, was undoubtedly the Rev. Dr. J. Hoadley. The Doctor's letters are peculiarly facetious; full of fine point and pretty thickly sprinkled with well selected classical quotations. But the Doctor, like almost all his professional brethren who possess a superior intellect, would engage in any pursuit rather than that which he was sworn to follow: he seems to know of no other more necessary devotion of his time, than the study of the dramatists: the stage is his chapel: Shakspeare and Ben Jonson the *fathers* whom *he* venerates. Instead of being solicitous for his flock, he thinks only of an audience, and he must occasionally, in forgetfulness, have arranged his sermons into five acts! His theatrical enthusiasm scarcely knew any bounds, and all his speculative powers appeared to be engrossed in the invention of deep plots, and the fabrication of terrible catastrophes. One specimen only of his indefatigable attention to theatrical matters shall we select. We do not know if his suggestions, in this epistle, have been as yet carried into practice, but we think them highly worthy of the best of our modern dramatists. Garrick is the person addressed:

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[*] 'Sic in the original.'

> 'What think you of a farce to be called the Hair Dressers? Methink they might make a good figure on the stage. An old aunt highly in the fashion—a good agreeable girl, whose lover contrives to get at her in the habit of a hair dresser. The whole family's confusion at being deceived by their hair dresser on a great night. The aunt falling in with the lover and forcing him to dress her head, before he goes to her neice, and he knowing nothing of the matter and making a fright of her. Her real dresser coming and discovering that he knows nothing—quarrelling as with a rival in the business, and resolving to expose him. This to be laughed over with Miss afterwards. Fine nonsense!'—p. 94.

No part of Garrick's conduct entitles him to more praise than his final retirement from the stage, considered with reference to the whole circumstances under which that event took place. He had just approached the termination of that period of life, during which the energies of the body continue to act in correspondence with those of the mind. He felt all the force of the great philosophical example which Horace recommends, and he retired from that arena of exertion where his best powers were wont to be employed, at a moment when those powers experienced at least no apparent diminution. To decide upon the critical period when he shall remove from the scene of his labours, is a point which very few even of the most gifted of beings have properly decided. The exact hour when a public man ceases to be fit for public duty, in consequence of the accession of age or of infirmity, is very seldom indeed selected by the individual himself. But too much praise cannot be bestowed upon that public man who, in the very height of his popularity, anticipates the stage of his decay, and disappears betimes from that conspicuous station where, from the changes which age will necessarily work upon him, he may no longer be able to maintain his usual character. Garrick received from all quarters the most affectionate *expressions* of sorrow at his retirement.

It appears that he was the subject of an excruciating complaint — the stone; and from some passages in the various letters contained in the volume before us, we learn that he had employed, to a great extent, the fraudulent drugs which were advertised at the time as specifics for the complaint under which he laboured. Still we are happy to see that the celebrated Pott of St. Bartholomew's hospital, acted not only as his surgeon, but his friend; and we own that we felt no little gratification at finding that Garrick's retirement from the stage was declared to be the subject of regret, in a memorable letter to himself, by Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Pott, of Lincoln's-inn-fields. Pott was a man whose genius preceded the general advancement of his age; it is no wonder that his soul should claim kindred with that of Garrick, however different the departments in which they respectively shone.

The only allusion to his retirement which we can find in Garrick's letters, is in that to Madame Necker. He says:

'I flatter myself that you will not be displeased to know that I departed my theatrical life on Monday, the 10th of June; it was indeed a sight very well worth seeing! Though I performed my part with as much, if not more spirit than I ever did, yet when I came to take the last farewell, I not only lost almost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too: it was indeed, as I said, a *most awful moment.* You would not have thought an English audience devoid of feeling if you had then seen and heard them. After I had left the stage and was dead to them, they would not suffer the petite piece to go on; nor would the actors go on, they were so affected: in short the public was very generous, and I am most grateful.'

Garrick lost no time in endeavouring to dispose of his share of the patent of the theatre. He put it up to public sale by advertisement, and it is really surprising what a number of persons, of all ranks and professions, became bidders for the share.

The candidates appeared to think that, in succeeding to the station which Garrick held in the theatre, they would, in some measure, be partakers of the glory which he had shed on his country. The strange and miscellaneous character of the aspirants to the honour of joint patentees, may be estimated from the description which the humourous Mrs. Clive has given of some of them. In a letter to Garrick written from the country, she says:—

'What a strange jumble of people they have put in the papers as the purchasers of the patent! I thought I should have died of laughing when I saw a *man-midwife amongst them;* I suppose they have taken him in to prevent *miscarriages!* I have some opinion of Mr. Sheridan (Richard Brinsley) as I hear every body say *he is very sensible;* then he has a divine wife, and I loved his mother dearly.'

The reader is well aware who the 'very sensible Mr. Sheridan' is, that succeeded Garrick in the direction of the Drury-Lane Company. It is unnecessary to say that he was afterwards one of the brightest ornaments of the senate, and that, by the exercise of the various qualifications of a true orator, he has earned for himself a reputation which will live to the end of time. When he undertook the management of a theatre which had been conducted by the consummate skill of a Garrick, Sheridan must have been quite a young man. Even then, that comic vein which so gloriously broke out afterwards in the Rivals and School for Scandal, manifested itself in various forms. Pending the negotiations which he and his partners were carrying on with Garrick respecting the patent, Sheridan exercised a sort of doubtful authority at the theatre. The company appeared to be determined to be intractable, and the proofs which they gave of their resolution are very pleasantly described by Sheridan, in the following communication to Garrick:—

'From one motive or another, almost all the principal performers declined playing on various pretences; even one or two, who it was thought would stand forward, have been taken ill: indeed there never was known such an uncommonly epidemic disorder as has raged amongst our unfortunate company: it differs from the plague by attacking the better sort first: the manner, too, in which they are seized, I am told is very extraordinary: many who were in perfect health at one moment, on receiving a billet from the prompter to summon them to their business, are seized with sudden qualms, and before they can get through the contents, are absolutely unfit to leave their rooms: so that Hopkins's notes seem to operate like what we hear of Italian poisoned letters, which strike with sickness those to whom they are addressed: in short, if a successful author had given the company a dinner at Salthill, the effects could not be more injurious to our dramatic representations. And what has been still more alarming is, that those who, being indisposed, sent for our doctor, found themselves, on the first visit (an effect which doctors often produce) worse than they were before, with this difference only in the process, that instead of learning the patient's case he related his own. However, I hope we shall be able to procure a *bill of health* very soon—and as their confinement stands entirely on the ground of their dislike of playing under they know not whose management, I shall be particularly cautious that there shall be no precedent for sickness, as I have been far from giving any authority for it.'

In perusing the numerous letters of Garrick, which are to be found in these large quartos, we are quite at a loss to account for the deficiency which we find of that spirit of humour, and that fine power of ridicule that so remarkably characterize some of his miscellaneous writings. Garrick, had he never been an actor, would have certainly obtained permanent distinction as a dramasist. Some of his epigrams, too, belong to the very first order of that style of composition. That Garrick possessed the true perception of the ridiculous no one can deny, and how it is that he should have exhibited so little of this quality in his epistolary writings, is to us altogether an enigma.

There are, however, one or two letters in this volume from his pen, which pleasantly recal to our minds the genuine humour of Garrick. The specimens of this rare power are indeed lamentably few in the work before us, but we consider that they are sufficient to enable us to identify the peculiar mind from which they have emanated.

A reverend dramatist once threatened, in a letter to Garrick, that if the latter would not cause his play to be performed, he (the author) would make an appeal to the public. Garrick, with terrible sarcasm, replied, that he would be quite satisfied with such a course, provided that the reverend gentleman would only print his play with his appeal. Dr. Arne, who seems to have mistaken altogether the avenues by which Garrick's good wishes were to be conciliated, once provoked the following epistle, which is very characteristic of the writer. Dr. Arne, just before this letter was written, had sold a horse to Garrick, and had likewise sent him for his approbation the manuscript of a play. The great actor very humorously conjoins the horse and the literary piece in his condemnation, and thus describes to the doctor their claims to his respect, in a letter, which at least deserves the praise of extreme candour:

> 'Dear Sir—I have read your play, and rode your horse, and do not approve of either. They both want that particular spirit which alone can give pleasure to the reader and the rider. When the one wants wit, and the other the spur, they jog on very heavily. I must keep the horse, but I have returned you the play. I pretend to some little knowledge of the last; but as I am no jockey, they cannot say that the knowing one is taken in. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,
>
> 'D. G.'

We have already observed, that neither to the editors of this work, nor to the publishers, can any portion of the causes of the dulness and insignificance of this correspondence be ascribed. They acted upon the belief, that even the meanest memorial of such a man as Garrick would be acceptable to his country. We sincerely hope that their anticipations may not be deceived. We have only acted a faithful part towards the public in disregarding all collateral considerations, and in giving our honest opinion on the intrinsic merits of the work itself.

ART. III.—*The Records of a Good Man's Life, et cetera.* By the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A. In 2 vols. 12mo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1832.

THE author of this work is already well known to the public through the medium of three very creditable publications, namely, "May you Like it," "Is this Religion?" and "A Fire-side Book." The great object which the writer has in view, is the diffusion of a spirit of rational piety amongst those classes which fairly come under the denomination of the reading portion of the world; and this object he endeavours to attain by skilfully and judiciously blending the useful with the pleasant.

The first of these volumes is entirely occupied with the details of the personal history of Mr. Singleton, written, or supposed to be written by himself. We take it for granted, that the story about the bequest of papers from Mr. Singleton, and the employment of the name itself, may be regarded as nothing more than one of those allowable stratagems which authors may very safely employ for their own convenience. In this brief biography we have the account of Mr. Singleton's career from his childhood up to the period of his discharging the important duties of a rector. Nothing particularly deserving of attention seems to have distinguished his life from that of most other men in his situation. His childhood indeed was remarkable for its feebleness; but he grew up to maturity in the usual period, and progressed through the usual stages of education, until he finally attained the dignified rank of a clergyman. His heavy duties as a curate were happily relieved in some measure by his promotion to the rank of rector, and in the discharge of the high obligations which that sacred office imposes, Mr. Singleton appears to have deserved the approbation of his parishioners.

Our readers will naturally conclude, that the tenor of such a life as that of Mr. Singleton, is not the one in which he would expect to find materials of any extraordinary interest. We feel ourselves, therefore, justified in confining our account of the biographical part of this work to the general description which we have already given. We must, however, except the few pages which Mr. Singleton, or rather Mr. Tayler in his name, has devoted to some very striking remarks on Eton College. Had these observations proceeded from any lay writer, we might perhaps think little of them, for there are many motives for prejudice which we might, perhaps with justice, impute to such an author. But this is not the case. All disguise apart, we consider the following passage as containing the genuine opinions of the reverend gentleman whose real name is prefixed to these volumes; and if our opinion in this respect be justified by the fact, the observations appear to us to demand general attention:

'At the end of the summer I was sent to Eton. My uncle Nugent, who was one of my guardians, had been at Eton himself, and he thought there was no school to be compared with it. Mr. Lovel had been at Eton also, and he rather opposed my going; but my other guardian, Lord Eresby, was appealed to: he decided at once in favour of Eton, and to Eton I was sent.

'I must always look back with sorrow to the day I was sent to school. Words and things which I had never heard of in my father's house were brought into dangerous familiarity with me; words and things deeply corrupting to the manly, no less than to the Christian, character. Such was the case also at Eton. I was made, as schoolboys generally are, wise in what ought to be forbidden knowledge to a child. I cannot say I was disgusted as I ought to have been. My curiosity was awakened, and many seeds of wickedness that might have been destroyed in the germ, were then drawn forth from my heart, and fostered into fatal life.

'The very studies of the place, (I do not speak of Eton alone, but of any school where the classics are taught,) have a degrading and debasing tendency, and always will have, unless the master is decidedly and avowedly a Christian teacher. All call themselves Christian teachers, but how few shew the real spirit of a Christian in pointing out what is to be condemned as pernicious in almost every sense. The Christian youth is left to draw his own conclusions. The indecent and even monstrous histories of those who are the only gods of the profane world, have a sort of charm with them from the deep interest of the narrative, or the bright and glowing language in which they are set before him. Thus notions and ideas decidedly injurious to the Christian mind, and to true manliness of character, are insensibly acquired, and the mind is led to associate lasciviousness and impurity with heroic virtue. It is better to have a manly than a classic tone of mind, if the one is to be acquired at the risk of the other. Often and often before I could read Latin and Greek, have I turned over page after page of the dictionary of classical biography that lay on my desk, or of the English translation (a copy lent me by one of my schoolfellows), that had its hiding place within the desk, and found much pleasant amusement from histories that never ought to have met the eyes of a Christian boy.

'I have naturally a high and impetuous spirit, and no lack of false shame, and I met with many trials and many lessons at Eton. I had so much to do, and so much amusement, that I began to shorten the time I had been accustomed to set apart for prayer, and consequently I began to lose many of the supports and comforts of our holy religion.'—vol. i. pp. 69—72.

The biography of Mr. Singleton is concluded in the first volume, and on turning to the second, it was not without some surprise that we found ourselves commencing the first of a series of tales which, it has turned out, this portion of the work exclusively consists. No explanation is given in either volume to prepare us for this abrupt transition from biography to romance. The number of tales amounts to eight, and the volume closes with a fanciful sketch, entitled "A Vision of Conscience." These narratives are generally of a very interesting nature. They turn chiefly on some of the most striking domestic events connected with British history, and are exceedingly well deserving the attention of the reader. One tale, which may be deemed an exception to our general description, merits, from its peculiar connection with some of the most striking events of our time, that we should dwell upon its details. The story is entitled "Guyon of Marseilles," and is deeply affecting.

The tale opens with a description of Guyon in his study. He had been writing, but the morning breeze blew away his manuscripts, and scattered them throughout the apartment. His mind was too much engaged to take cognizance of this disorder, and, after exhibiting in his countenance the effects of strong emotion, he rose up, and taking in his hands a folio volume, he read with rapidity a few pages:

'"Yes!" he exclaimed, as he closed the book, "I will do it—I, I alone am the proper person—I am determined—but now, O Heavenly Father, I need thy guidance, thy blessing! without thee, I can do nothing." He knelt down and prayed. When his prayer was finished, he returned to the table at which he had been writing, and having taken a small roll of parchment from an old casket of sculptured brass, he made some alterations and additions to the writing thereon, and then replaced it. "There is but little beside for me to do now," said he to himself; and he looked wistfully, and almost sorrowfully round the chamber. "Ah, how much true happiness have I found here!" he exclaimed—"how unwillingly my dull spirit seems to depart from this sweet tranquil home! and what a morning!"

'It was indeed a beautiful morning; the subdued sunlight shed a soft and golden glow throughout the room, and the loose folds of the awning flapped and creaked in the playful wind with a sound like the sails of a ship in a freshening gale. Guyon stepped out upon the gallery from the window which faced the east and commanded an extensive prospect of the country surrounding Marseilles. He bent over the orange-trees and tuberoses, then in full flower, which were ranged along the gallery, and thought that he had never so much enjoyed their sweetness before. He looked out upon gardens and fields, and mountains more distant; and the calm blue sea reflecting back the repose and beauty which it borrowed from a sky even more deeply blue, more tenderly serene. Men, women, and happy children, were at work or at play in the gardens and fields; herds of cattle were grazing upon the mountains; many a white and graceful sail was gliding swiftly over the trackless sea; and in the clear free realms above, birds were floating along with the sunshine gleaming on their outspread wings. "I must not stand here," thought Guyon, "or I shall begin to mourn over my captivity within this immense and frightful prison." He walked round the gallery to the side of the house which overlooked the street. The very air seemed to be changed there, as if sickened with its confinement to the narrow streets of tall dull houses. He looked around over the immense mass of buildings.—Marseilles, not very long before one scene of bustling commotion, resounding with the ceaseless hum of varied and cheerful noises, was now hushed into a state of unnatural and gloomy stillness. It seemed a city of the dead, for the only sound which disturbed the horrid silence, was the measured tolling of a loud, deep-toned bell. As Guyon stood there, another well-known sound stole by degrees on his ear; he could hear it approaching with increasing loudness from street to street, till a faint and fœtid stench came fitfully with the breeze that blew past him. He looked down and shuddered, as he saw the plague-cart, heaped with putrid bodies, rumble heavily along over the grass-grown pavement beneath. He turned his head, but he only beheld, as he looked down the long street on the opposite side, the black flag upon the closed gates of the city, its heavy folds waving to and fro, as if with measured motion to the dismal bell of death.'—vol. ii. pp. 59—61.

The plague had made dreadful progress in the city, and the whole of the Faculty were assembled at the Town Hall to devise the best methods to put a stop to its ravages. After due deliberation, the medical gentlemen unanimously declared, that in order to understand the nature of the disease, and consequently to direct the proper treatment for it, the lifeless body of some patient who had died of the plague, should be examined by a competent person, and the appearances carefully recorded on the spot. The notion that this course afforded the only chance of security, was in a particular manner confirmed by the evidence of a young surgeon, who had visited Smyrna when the plague raged there, and who was able, from his experience, to bring forward invincible arguments in support of the opinions which he maintained. Scarcely had the stranger concluded his observations, when a physician of most venerable appearance, rose and addressed the meeting in the following words :

' " I cannot sufficiently approve all that you have expressed, sir, but allow me to ask, how this information, of which we are thus absolutely in need, can be obtained? The report of the effects of the plague on the corpse, can only be obtained at one price, the certain and speedy death of him who makes it. Who would willingly rush upon so dreadful a fate ?" As the old physician ceased speaking, he fixed his eyes almost unconsciously on the countenance of him whom he had addressed. The change that suddenly passed over the whole person and manner of the young surgeon was indeed striking. He could not help at once feeling as though he was looked upon by all present as the person expected to perform the fatal operation. The enthusiasm which had inspired him fled, and left him almost powerless to speak or move; his lip quivered, an ashy paleness overspread his whole face; the hand which had been firmly laid upon the table while he was so strongly and warmly declaring his confidence of success from the plan he recommended, could now scarcely sustain his trembling frame as he rested on it for support. He had a young wife, a mother, and two infant children at home, all depending on his exertions for their subsistence. Every one felt for the young man, and the physician who had last spoken turned from him, observing, that they were certainly not immediately called upon to point out the person who should perform the operation.

' " I have been thinking," said the president of the assembly, " that, although it appears at present impracticable that the corpse of a victim of the plague should be opened without causing the death of the operator, might we not as well consult together as to the possible means of averting the fatal consequence of such an operation ? There is one person, now present, I believe, whose powerful genius and superior attainments have rendered him justly celebrated, but who has not spoken among us to-day;" he looked towards Guyon, and the eyes of the whole assembly followed his : " we should feel much gratified by hearing his opinion on this awful subject." Guyon had certainly not spoken, he had been listening with serious attention to those around him, and taking notes of all that passed ; he now looked up from the papers before him.

' " I have studied the question very attentively," he said modestly, " before I entered this assembly, and I felt convinced there was but one expedient by which the pestilence could be stayed. I am now quite decided on the subject, from the uniform opinion of all present. Allow me also to say, that I am convinced no precaution can save the life of him who performs the loathsome operation of opening the corpse. Why may we not at once inquire who will be the man to undertake this?" He looked round the assembly, and immediately there was a breathless silence throughout the hall. Many an eye shrunk beneath his gaze, and the few whose looks encountered it steadily, turned ghastly pale. "I see not one," he continued, in a voice of touching sweetness, "not one, whose loss to those that love him, could well be supplied. All are husbands or fathers, or the long treasured hope of aged parents. I alone am an orphan, bound to this life by few ties of earthly relationship. You have (I rejoice to say) some confidence in my professional talents, and I do not fear to die, in humble and unworthy imitation of Him who gave His life a ransom for many. You cannot persuade me against my deep and unalterable resolution," he said, in a lively and determined voice, perceiving that some of his own friends were about to interrupt him. "How much more favoured shall I be in my hours of suffering, than He whom I would not name without the deepest, the most heartfelt reverence! He, the spotless and perfect Son of the living God, died amid the revilings of his savage and insulting persecutors. I, a poor and sinful child of human parents, shall be followed to the grave with blessings. There is not a person, not a person in this city, but would, I am sure, feel for my slightest sufferings. I came here determined to begin the operation to-morrow at day-break; and I have now told you my intention, which I shall not shrink from performing. Solemnly I swear before God, that with His favour, I will fulfil the duty to which, I believe, He has called me." '—vol. ii. pp. 62—66.

Guyon proceeded immediately to the Bishop, who heard his determination in profound silence, but finally agreed to administer to him the last sacrament, when next he returned. From the Bishop's residence, Guyon proceeded to another, with whose inmates he had lived on a footing of the closest intimacy. He could not find it in his heart to communicate to the family his fatal intention, and resolved to do so by letter. He was followed on his departure from the apartment where he paid his visit, by Delphine, his foster sister, who was anxious to present him with a bouquet of flowers. She looked from the doorway, and seeing no Guyon, she suddenly closed it, when, on turning her eyes to a little dark chamber in the front of the house, she saw Guyon kneeling on the floor. She waited until he was about to depart, and then accosted him. He took her hand, and leading her to the room, accosted her in these words:

'"May I trust you, my Delphine?" he said in a whisper; "can you trust yourself? Will you hear me, not as a mere woman, but as a faithful disciple of Him who was a man of sorrows, and deeply acquainted with grief? You do not answer me. I should not have spoken thus, but I believe you have witnessed my anguish of soul in this chamber. I thought that some person had passed along the passage, and when I saw you, your countenance told me who that person was. May I go on?"

'"You may," replied Delphine, without raising her eyes. "These are, I know, fearful times," she added, "and we live seeking daily to be prepared for some great calamity." She now sat still as death, she heard every word which Guyon spoke.

'"Are you ill, Delphine?" he said wildly, when he had finished speaking: "You are ill. The shock has been too great for my sweet sister."

'"No, no, I am not ill," she replied, not once raising her eyes. "I shall do all you would have me." Guyon rose up from her side, and kissed her cold cheek, yet he still lingered, and looked down upon her with tender affection. "No, I am not ill," she repeated, "and you must go. But take this," she added, in the same low, mournful voice, holding out to him again the little bunch of herbs, which she had kept all the while in her hand. Delphine was alone; she laid her head upon the table beside her and closed her eyes; for a cold torpor seemed to have crept over all her faculties. "Oh! would to God that I could die with him!" she at length said, starting up; "Oh that I might share with him in the dangers of that horrid work! If he were one mass of vile corruption, as he will be but too soon, I could rejoice to pillow his poor head upon this throbbing breast!"'—vol. ii. pp. 70, 71.

Delphine carried her wishes into effect: she watched and followed Guyon, with the determination of sharing his dangers. A case of death had occurred from the plague, and Guyon was proceeding to the house where it took place, in order to perform the dreadful ceremony which he had pledged himself to undertake. To this residence Delphine accompanied him:

'Guyon entered the fatal house, and Delphine sat down upon the edge of the fountain before it. She had cut her forehead in falling upon the hard pavement, and she now washed the blood from her face with trembling hands, and bound up the wound, which still bled profusely. Long did she sit beside that fountain, while not a sound disturbed the calm stillness of the night, except the light splashing of the waters, and the waving of the leafy boughs above her head. Once or twice she saw a light in some of the upper chambers, and the shadows of human forms reflected upon the walls within. Some men, accustomed to the office, were removing the corpse by Guyon's desire, from the chamber where the young man had died, to a large airy saloon below. Everything was soon arranged for the loathsome operation, and Delphine beheld the gates unclose again. The men departed, and Guyon was left alone.

'The windows of a small antechamber to the saloon in which the corpse was laid, looked out upon the fountain before the house. Delphine saw the large doors between the two apartments open slowly—Guyon came forward—he closed the doors, and put down his lamp, threw open one of the windows, and stood before it, seeming to inhale with pleasure, the fresh, cool air. Suddenly a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and Delphine could see her beloved Guyon no longer: but he was near her; she could hear him move; she could hear what seemed to her the murmur of a voice in prayer. Once she thought she could distinguish her own name. She sank on her knees, rejoicing that her prayers might be offered up at the same time, and in the same place with his. The faint light of morning began to dawn, and Delphine looked up to catch the first glimpse of her Guyon's person. He was still at the window—the light increased—he arose, and his countenance was fully revealed; it seemed more than usually brightened by health and expression, as he looked up to the clear crimson sky. He appeared to linger there, as if unwilling to turn so soon away from his last enjoyment of the sweet fresh air and light of morning. Delphine was for a moment overjoyed, for he took from his bosom the little bouquet she had given him: he pressed it to his lips, and as he did so, tears streamed down his cheeks. Again he placed the fragrant flowers near his heart, and he turned from the window. Delphine had been concealed before the trunk of one of the old plane-trees which grew near the spot. She now sprang up quickly, and standing on the highest edge of the fountain, caught the last glimpse of his erect and stately figure; she saw his bright hair dancing in the current of air as he threw open the wide doors —they closed upon him, and upon her every hope below. How dreadful were the hours that followed to Delphine! She sat with her eyes fixed on the window where she had last seen him till her senses nearly forsook her. She gazed so intently, that at last her very eyesight seemed to deceive her: she thought that she could see the doors open and shut continually, and Guyon appear and disappear as often. As the morning advanced, first one person, and then another, came to the fountain to fill their pitchers with water, they had seen so much of misery, that they scarcely noticed Delphine. At length there came a man who stopped, and gazed on her some time; and thinking, perhaps, from her appearance, that she was some friendless wretch who had crawled to the fountain, and was dying there, he bade her be gone, and not poison the waters with her vile presence. She heeded him not, for she had not heard him. The monster did not cease to persecute her, he even tried to thrust her away with violence, till, hardly knowing why, she rose up, and went and sat down on the steps of the house that Guyon had entered.

'Some time after the wretch had left her, she tried to recollect where she was, and what had happened—she felt like one waking from a heavy sleep—she walked a few paces from the house, and still she could recollect nothing—she turned and surveyed the building. Immediately that her eye caught the windows of the antechamber, she uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards the house; she knew not how long a time had passed since Guyon had commenced his fatal work; she only knew that he had not returned, and nothing could now restrain her. The gate was not fastened, Delphine pushed it open with ease. She entered the hall —the servant of Guyon was lying there fast asleep upon an old sofa, but her steps awoke him not, as she ascended the broad staircase. A door was before her—she opened it; but instantly she thought she had mistaken the room; a second glance convinced her she had not. In the midst of a magnificent saloon, hung with the finest pictures and mirrors of immense size, upon a table of rich marble, there lay, partly covered by a large linen cloth, the mangled and discoloured corpse.—But where was Guyon? Almost underneath the loathsome object, with the end of the cloth still grasped in his hand, as if he had fallen in the act of covering the polluted mass, lay the hapless Guyon, to all appearance dead.

'"O merciful and gracious Lord!" cried Delphine aloud, raising the body of him whom she loved—"help me, be with me now." It seemed as

> if her prayer were heard, for in the very crisis of her agony, she recovered her strength of mind. She lost not a moment in disengaging the hand of Guyon from the polluted sheet: she dragged, nay almost carried him in her arms to the open window, but in vain she endeavoured to restore him. She looked around, and saw with delight a vessel filled with vinegar on the table where he had been writing his remarks; into this vase he had thrown his papers as he wrote them: and Delphine, as she knelt on the ground bathing his face, and head, and hands with the vinegar, saw him gradually revive. But to remain in that saloon would be instant death to him, and with much difficulty Delphine removed him to the antechamber, the doors of which were very near the place where he was then lying. "I cannot go farther," said he, feebly, as she closed the door upon the horrid room where she had found him: and when Delphine looked in his face, she saw that he could not indeed be moved farther. A fearful change had taken place within the last minute. "He does not even know me!" she said, as he looked up in her face, and smiled vacantly. He closed his eyes, and remained for some minutes in a heavy sleep. He awoke, and with difficulty raising his hand, he drew forth from his bosom a small golden crucifix—he kissed it fervently. The little nosegay of lavender and vervain had fallen to the ground. He fixed his eyes upon the withered flowers, and said feebly, "Give it me; let me smell it. She said it might refresh me. Tell her, tell my sweet sister, that my heart was refreshed even at this awful hour, when I thought of ——— Who, who are you?" he cried, lifting up his head; but ere he could look at her again, his memory was gone. He now fell into a gentle doze, and Delphine felt a calmness steal over her as she hung gazing upon his still noble, but altered countenance, altered it was indeed; the last few hours had done the work of years! He spoke once as he slept, and Delphine thought she heard the words, "Happy! how happy!" He awoke repeating them; and she held up the crucifix full before his eyes. "Yes," he murmured, "by His sufferings—His death—His alone!" He never spoke again.
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> 'The plague ceased soon after the death of Guyon. He had discovered and fully explained the mysterious character of the disease; and the efforts of the medical men were blest with complete success.'—vol. ii. pp. 73—79.

The next story is founded on the fate of the celebrated Alice Lisle, and is a very well wrought tale of deep tragic interest.

The "Lowly Lady," which succeeds the above narrative, has for its plot the subject of one of the prettiest of the melodies of Mr. Moore. Most of our readers will, we are sure, be able to recall to their minds, the ballad of "You remember, Ellen," which, as the author says, "is based on a real event that occurred to a member of the noble house of Cecil." The romance reads so well in the version of Mr. Tayler, that we are induced to make a few extracts from it, which we are sure will prove interesting to the reader:

> 'Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of D——, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little foot-path, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H——. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning,

and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it," he said, and in a few moments he was standing beneath the old and spreading trees on the green.

'But although he was not recognised as the Earl of D——, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene.'—vol. ii. pp. 146, 147.

Passing a little further on, the traveller turned into a shady lane, and proceeding with careless step in the course which he had selected, he had not advanced a great way, when a light step seemed to approach him. Through the hedge which separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded, he saw a young girl sitting on a bank. Her air and manner attracted his attention, and watching her on her retiring to an adjoining farm-house, he approached the house, and heard from her lips, as she read within, some words which he recognized to be words from Scripture. He was charmed with her voice and manner, and concluded that she who could read thus, though perchance only a peasant's daughter, had certainly the spirit of a true gentlewoman. The Earl, still concealing his rank, and assuming all the characteristics of a rustic, paid his addresses to Lucy, for such was the maiden's name. He made his proposals in due form, and after a great deal of negociation, not unattended with difficulties, the pair became one. In a few days, Thomas Clifford, (for it was by that title he was married,) told his wife that he would bring her to see his home in his own country. So they set out together on the journey; but the sequel must be told in the author's own language:

' "That is a grand place, indeed!" said Lucy, as, towards the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice, "but does our road lie through the park?"

' "Not exactly through the park," he replied, "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years; and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to shew us any little attention in their power, and we have time enough though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

'Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

' "Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?"

'Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy! A man should have a very humble spirit, and be a great lover of the Bible, and of his God!" she added, "to be master here! They say that riches often make men forget their God! How dreadful it would be to be called away from all this earthly grandeur and riches, in a state of forgetfulness! Is the Earl of D—— a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor!—Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face, and after a long pause.

'"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy! Let me consider? Yes, he is a married man: he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

'"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

'"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded; "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

'"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one!" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady (for a lady she is now), such a change is enough to turn her head!"

'"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

'"Perhaps it might!" she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?"

'"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful towards her: "My sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions: you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

'"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must be lady here; you must make me Countess of D——!"

'She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service: then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them all as their future mistress, the Countess of D——, his wife.

'Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand: the colour forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self possession; and, raising her innocent face, she curtseyed to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of D—— led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

'Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons, and stately banners of the house of D—— above her: but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that Lowly Lady.'—vol. ii. pp. 157—161.

The next tale is founded on some of the events of the life of Anne of Cleves, one of the wives of Henry the Eighth. The narrative is very agreeably related, and will well repay a perusal.

The story called the "Son and Heir," the last of those narratives which we think it necessary to notice, is particularly recommended to our attention, by the practical admonition for the government of our domestic conduct, which it affords. The groundwork of the story consists of the simplest materials. A married nobleman, who had for years mourned the absence of offspring, found himself at last blessed with a beautiful boy. The child grew apace, and was the idol of his parents; but the passions of the father were unconquerable, and upon some trivial occasion, being exasperated by the thoughtless conduct of his son, he struck the boy with a whip on the head. Irreparable mischief followed; the brain, it is supposed, suffered from the violence; at all events, the boy lived and died an idiot. To this narrative the author has added a note, which is worth extracting:

'Since writing the above narrative, the mere fact of which really happened, at least so I have been told, many years ago in the family of a nobleman, the initial of whose name I have alone given, I have heard of other cases very nearly resembling that which I have thus brought before the public. One of a schoolmaster, who, in a moment of unguarded passion, struck a fine little fellow on the head with a ruler. Owing to the effects of his mad rage, first the life and then the reason of the child were long despaired of. Now my motive in republishing the journal of the Earl of A—— is, that the moral warning it holds out may, I think, be very useful. Those who are accustomed to the care and tuition of children—those men, I ought perhaps to say, (for I have generally observed an extraordinary degree of patience and forbearance in women), must be well aware, from their own experience, how soon the stupidity or insolence of a child provokes them! and how soon, in the moment of irritation, the blow of the large strong hand may fall upon the delicate and youthful frame, with a violence quite unintended at the time, and afterwards deeply lamented.

'The way in which even a gentle father punishes a child, where corporal punishment is in some extreme case judged necessary, is often unnecessarily severe. I have seen many a sensible mother turn pale and tremble, even when convinced that some bodily chastisement was needed for her child, when the father, even the kind-hearted and good-tempered father, has withdrawn with the little culprit.

'Let the chastisement be given—it is often a species of moral cruelty to withhold it; but let Christian temper conduct that punishment which Christian principle may judge it necessary to inflict. And let all beware of lifting their hand, when in a passion, against a child, even to give the common, brutal box of the ear, which I have known to be followed by blood.'—vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

From the various extracts we have made from these delightful volumes, the public will, we trust, be in a situation to estimate the extent of the instruction and amusement which they may expect to find in this work. A spirit of true piety breathes through every page of the book; and whilst the innocent recreation of the reader is amply consulted by the author, his motives to virtue and morality receive an additional stimulus.

ART. IV.—*Journal of a Tour made in the years* 1828, 1829,-*through Styria, Carniola, and Italy, whilst accompanying the late Sir Humphry Davy.* By J. J. Tobin, M. D. 12mo. pp. 242. London: W. S. Orr. 1832.

ON several occasions of late, our attention has been directed to the principal circumstances which attended the last years of the life of Sir Humphry Davy. The "Salmonia," and the "Last Days of a Philosopher"—both of them the production of Sir Humphry, drew their principal, or at least their more interesting materials from the observations made by him, during the last tour that he was able to accomplish. The publication of Dr. Paris's biography of the illustrious chemist, again brought him before us with all those claims to our veneration and sympathy, which his scientific achievements, and his premature mortal illness had conferred upon him. We have now before us, in the writer of this Tour, the companion whom Sir Humphry had expressly selected, to attend him from London, upon that memorable journey, which was abruptly terminated by his lamented death.

Dr. Tobin, it appears, was residing at Heidelberg, and engaged in the study of his profession, when a letter was received by his mother, who also lived there, from Sir Humphry Davy. In this letter the writer stated his intention of making a tour on the continent, and expressed a wish that he should be accompanied by a son of his late warmly-loved and sincerely-lamented friend. The offer was gladly accepted, and Dr. Tobin having come to London to meet Sir Humphry, the party proceeded on the 29th of March, 1827, for Calais. Thence they proceeded in a northerly direction, and surveyed the principal towns which lay in their route to Brussels. They took Heildelberg in their way, after departing from the capital of the modern Belgium. Here we are struck with a description of the unhappy influence which his corporal sufferings had over Sir Humphry Davy's moral strength.—Dr. Tobin makes the following note under the date of Heidelberg.

'12*th*. Sir Humphry finding himself too indisposed either to visit the university, or to receive any of its eminent professors, some of whom are very desirous to visit him, has determined to remain here only till to-morrow; for it is painful to him to know that he is surrounded by scientific men anxious to see and communicate with him, and to feel that he is no longer able to enjoy their society, or that scientific discussion, which, as it was formerly a source of the highest gratification to him, "*now*," he says, "*only serves to make me feel that I am but the shadow of what I was.*" It is in vain to combat with such feelings, but it is impossible not to regret their existence: for could Sir Humphry be persuaded occasionally to mix more frequently in such society, it would certainly rather be of service to him than not, for his fine mind is still full of intellectual power and elasticity, and he deceives himself in thinking otherwise. In the afternoon, as he did not feel strong enough to mount the hill to the castle, he took a short walk over the bridge along the northern banks of the Neckar, and appeared much to enjoy the beautiful scenery that encircles this spot, and is indeed every where to be found around Heidelberg.'—pp. 20, 21.

From this town the party proceeded to the kingdom of Wurtemberg. The first town at which they stopped in that territory was Weisberg, the scene of an action which forms the subject of one of the most popular of German ballads, and of a story delightfully told, we think, in the Adventurer.—The affair was altogether a memorable one, and is thus related by Dr. Tobin.

'During the time of the deadly feuds between the houses of Hohenstaufen and Guelph, about the year 1140, Weisberg was besieged and taken by the Emperor Conrad. The town and castle had excited his high displeasure for having afforded an asylum to his enemy Guelph, and he determined to destroy them with fire and sword, and said he would only allow the women to depart, and take any treasure with them.

'At dawn of day the gates of the town were opened, and every woman appeared carrying her husband upon her back. Many of his officers, indignant at thus seeing the enemy's garrison escape, endeavoured to persuade the Emperor to evade his promise, but Conrad replied, "*an Emperor's faith once pledged was not to be broken;*" and he granted them a free pardon, and from that time the castle of Weisberg has borne the name of Weibertreue.'—pp. 25, 26.

At Donauwörth, in Bavaria, Dr. Tobin was under the necessity of leaving Sir Humphry Davy behind, on account of illness, when he proceeded to walk up the Schellenberg, to contemplate the spot from which Marlborough drove the French, at the memorable battle of Blenheim. Sir Humphry shewed by many acts of his life, that he gloried in having been a British subject—and it must have been a great source of mortification to him, that being so near the site where the valour and military conduct of his countryman were so signally displayed he was not in a condition to approach it.

'Sitting under an old oak,' says Dr. Tobin, 'on the top of the hill, I enjoyed the extensive view beneath me. Hardly visible in the distance appeared the towers of Blenheim; nearer stood many a small village, embosomed as it were in the forests; and the Danube, winding through the woods and verdant meadows, now hidden by an interposing hill, then again appearing in many a bending curve, with here and there a small green island, flowed tranquilly on till it reaches the town of Donauwörth, where it receives the tributary waters of the Wernitz, a small river which runs through the town. I hastily took a sketch of the view, the scene of actions which can never be forgotten by the friend of English glory, and then returned to Sir Humphry, and in the evening read to him some of the "Arabian Nights," and Dryden's beautiful poem, "The Flower and the Leaf."'—pp. 30, 31.

The cottages in that part of Bavaria which is nearest the Alps, are usually built of the trunks of trees, which are laid upon each other horizontally, just as the log-houses of America are arranged. The roofs are formed of shingles, on which are placed large flat stones, to prevent their being disturbed by the winds. Upon the fronts of the better description of houses are seen rude pictures, the subject of which is generally drawn from the Scriptures—and Dr. Tobin avers, that at Ratisbon, he saw the entire front of a house, which was three or four stories high, covered with a picture of David and Goliath.

Passing from the Bavarian to the Austrian dominions, the party were soon apprized of the change, by various circumstances which distinguish the laws and customs of the one country from those of the other. At Lambach, one of the first towns which they arrived at in the Austrian territory, they had an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, the stream of the river Traun, which by many an allusion on the part of Sir Humphry Davy, in his latest writings, is rendered interesting to British tourists. Here the travellers did not long delay—they went on to Gmünden, where, as Dr. Tobin states, they beheld a scene which surpassed in magnificence any thing they had ever seen.

'On one side of the hill down which we drove was a wood of tall beeches, the leaves just bursting from the bud; on the lower side, meadows of the most beautiful green sloped down to the town of Gmünden, which seemed to rise out of the bosom of the lake of the same name, or, as it is more generally called, the Traun Lake. Alps, whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on whose rocky heights nothing was seen but the dark black pine, form the banks of this large reservoir of water, in some places descending with precipitous and almost perpendicular steepness into the clear lake, whilst in others they are lost in fine meadows and orchards, with neat wooden cottages peeping through the trees; and on an island in the lake we saw a large chateau and church, which are joined to the main land by a long wooden bridge. The best inn at Gmunden, the Ship, is close upon the edge of the water, and commands a magnificent view over the whole extent of the lake, and every window being provided with a little cushion, one may enjoy the scene leaning on the window sill for hours, without any detriment to one's clothes. Gmunden itself is a pretty clean little town at the north end of the lake, exactly on the spot where it empties itself into the river Traun with an impetuous rush, thus dividing the town into two distinct parts, connected by a strong wooden bridge built on piles. On the shores of the lake are many beautiful villages, now and then seen through the half green trees, and at about six miles from Gmünden, apparently at the end of the lake, is the town of Traunkirchen, almost lost in distance and haziness. The water of the lake is beautifully clear, and of a deep blue-green colour. After reading to Sir Humphry in the evening, I spent an hour gazing out upon the lake and its alpine shores, partially illuminated by the moon; the more distant snowy summits seemed like detached clouds, resting as it were upon the dark and gloomy masses beneath, which threw their long broad shadows over the silvery bosom of the lake; while every here and there on the surrounding shores, a few twinkling lights, seen between the trees, marked the situation of a village or country house.

'26*th*. On awaking this morning, I fancied myself on the sea shore, for the first sound I heard was the surge of the waters of the lake, which had been agitated into light waves by a fresh morning breeze. On going to my window the scene formed a striking contrast to that of yesterday evening; the darkness and deep silence of night had disappeared: not a cloud was to be seen, and the brilliant beams of the young sun shone upon numberless boats, fitting with their white sails over the glittering waves; whilst in the street beneath stood motly groups of peasants lounging about, or awaiting the arrival of some boat from the other shore of the lake. Sir Humphry rose early, and immediately after breakfast we went out to the bridge over the Traun, he to fish, whilst I sketched; and staid the whole morning beneath the bridge, on one of the piers close to the rushing stream. The view from this spot is far more extensive than that from the inn windows, as from hence you see quite to the opposite end of the lake, and can discover beyond the promontory, on which stands the town of Traunkirchen, the houses and spires of Ebensee, as white specks against the distant grey mountain; and from hence also are seen to great advantage, far beyond the mountains of the lake, the distant snow-clad summits of the Schneeberg and others of the Styrian Alps. On my return home I found Sir Humphry already there, and that he had caught some fine trout, which proved excellent. In the evening we had a violent storm, and I read Green's poem on the Spleen, which Sir Humphry does not admire.'—pp. 42—45.

The next morning proved very wet: Sir Humphry was quite in a state of despair—he had ordered a vehicle to be got ready, in order to enable him to visit the celebrated falls of the Traun, the situation of which was ten miles from Gmünden. About eleven o'clock in the morning the weather cleared up, and Sir Humphry started in the carriage with his fishing tackle, whilst Dr. Tobin took his book and pencil. The journey which they made, though short, was full of romantic interest: they passed many smaller falls and rapids, and at last arrived at an inn, situated near the great fall, the noise of which may be heard at an immense distance. At a short space below the cataract, a lofty wooden bridge has been erected over the Traun, and from beneath its expanded arch a magnificent natural spectacle may be contemplated.

'The greater part of the river here precipitates itself from a height of nearly fifty feet, in one immense mass of foam over the impeding rocks, which are of considerable breadth. Thick clouds of mist are continually rising from the boiling pool, and the spectator standing within a few feet of the descending river, is completely wetted in an instant. In the centre of the river stands a large rock, from which three smaller falls throw themselves into the greater pool; and again, higher up on the right, is another large cascade, where the water falls in a perpendicular sheet between two rocks, which serve as a support to a small wooden house that has been erected over the fall. Below the bridge the whole river is one white stream of foam, with dark black rocks here and there jutting out of it. The banks are formed of lofty rocks (chiefly pudding-stone,) and are topped with woods of dark black pine. Boats descending the river avoid the danger of this cataract by means of a small canal, which has been cut through the right bank of the river in a sloping direction from the fall, and again joins the river at some distance below it. This canal is immediately filled with water by raising a sluice gate close to the fall, and the boat keeping near the shore is very easily guided into it, and descends quickly and safely. Sir Humphry finding the fish would not bite, we returned home, after spending a short hour in this sublime and romantic spot. The drive back to Gmünden is finer than the drive to the Falls, the river presenting more beautiful openings and turnings, and the lake gradually rising into view.

'In the evening Sir Humphry determined not to remain at the baths of Ischl, about twenty miles distant, as he had intended doing, but to proceed to Laybach, three hundred miles off, as he thought the snipe-shooting, which he much wished to enjoy, would not yet be over there.'—pp. 46, 47.

The party soon arrived in Styria, having crossed the boundary of Upper Austria. They had to drive through a snowy way for a considerable time, and found themselves on the top of a pass, between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. They descended to a little town called Aussee, whence their route lay through a beautiful alpine country, sometimes hilly, but always at a great elevation. In the course of their route the travellers met with a feudal castle, the first they had seen in Austria. The people in this part of the country were affected with *gôitre,* or tumour in the front part of the neck.

We quote Dr. Tobin's observations on this subject, as well as his account of an adventure, in which he and his companion were compelled to take a part.

'Most of these people have large *gôitres*, the cause of which it is perhaps difficult to ascertain with certainty. Sir Humphry seemed inclined to attribute their presence to the calcareous earths which the waters of these vallies may hold in solution. This opinion has been also supported by many scientific medical men; still Sir Humphry seemed to think there was reason in my observation, that it might rather be the effect of climate and damp; for in a mountainous country that is also full of streams, the inhabitants are always exposed to strong currents of damp and chilly air at one season, and to the extreme of heat in the summer months, when the rays of the sun are reflected from the rocky mountains, and, as it were, concentrated upon the lower vallies; for were it from the water, would it not, in an equal degree, affect the upper classes, which, I have observed in the neighbourhood where I have resided, is not the fact; for though they are subject to this disease, they are by no means so much so as the poorer inhabitants of the villages in the Odenwald, for instance: and the water of many of these parts has been proved to be more than usually free from earths and salts.

'Between Rothenmann and Gaishorn, at which latter village we passed the night, we saw a peat moor, a very rare thing in this country. I think I shall never forget the evening we spent here, in one of the most miserable dirty little village inns in Europe. When we drove up to the door we heard within the sound of loud and merry music, and the noise of a number of people dancing and clapping their hands; this all of a sudden ceased, and out rushed a whole troop of peasants of both sexes to see the strangers. The master of the inn, a young man, led us up a tumble-down staircase to the first and only story, where we found three rooms in no very inviting state; the walls were dirty, bare, and ragged; the beds almost as bad; the furniture looked as if it had been standing there for a hundred years, and every thing smelt of tobacco-smoke. Sir Humphry could scarcely make up his mind to remain in such a place, yet it was too late to attempt to proceed, as he did not like to travel after dark; so I was obliged to do my best, and arrange our accomodation for the night, I being the only one who could make myself understood, and this with no small difficulty, the people here speaking the most wretched Austrian dialect. When I had at last got dinner served, or rather supper, which we had luckily brought with us, and had ordered chickens to be killed to take with us to-morrow, got out sheets to be aired, &c. &c., none of which orders I could get attended to with any regularity, as every body was running off to the dance, which in the meanwhile had recommenced with as much noise as before, I attempted to read the "Arabian Nights" to Sir Humphry, but he found it impossible to hear, and was obliged soon to retire to his bed. Before I followed his example I went to take a peep at the dance, and asked the host what all this rout was about? He told me it was the conclusion of a wedding fête which had been celebrated the day before, and his house having been engaged for the purpose, he could not put an end to their merriment. The dance which these peasants were enjoying, the national dance of Styria, was a slow waltz, not devoid of grace, with various tours performed by four couple, and which were always preceded by a loud clapping of hands and stamping with the feet. Had we arrived yesterday we should have seen the fête in its glory, and all the guests in their gay and motley apparel, which would have been an entertaining sight, but the bride and bridegroom not being present this day, their friends were footing it merrily in their every-day dress. Having partaken of some of the remains of the wedding-cakes, I retired to bed, but not to sleep, the party continuing their revels and noise till a very late hour.'—pp. 50—53.

When the state of his health permitted him, Sir Humphry spent the day in sports. He either went out with his gun or his fishing tackle, and generally desisted only at a very late hour. Dr. Tobin says that he never accompanied his friend in any of his shooting excursions, as the latter 'did not like a second gun.' He does not give the reason of this aversion, but from what we have already seen of Sir Humphry in Dr. Paris's life of him, we can have no hesitation in imputing it to superstition. Sometimes, too, the philosopher would choose to dine alone. But every evening Dr. Tobin read to him for awhile, and they generally finished by playing *ecarté*. The books and passages which Sir Humphry selected were of the most miscellaneous character. The Tales of the Genii; The Bravo of Venice, (the latter he greatly admired;) The Castle of Otranto; some of Voltaire's lighter works, such as Bababec et les Faquirs; and the Histoire de la Voyage de la Raison; Swift's Tale of a Tub; The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, &c. At Laybach, in Carniola, the period of the season at which the party visited that place, enabled Sir Humphry amply to indulge his taste for rural pleasures. The condition of the people in that part of Germany does not speak much for the progress of civilization amongst them. The greater part of them are Servians, and they appear to be as different in their manners and habits, as in their language, from the northern Germans. Dr. Tobin says, that the peasantry are servile to those above them, while to strangers they are boorish and uncivil. The language of the people is said very much to resemble that of the Prussians, and when the troops of the autocrat were quartered at Laybach, and the neighbouring places, the soldiers and the peasantry were on excellent terms, in consequence of this affinity between the tongues they spoke.

The next remarkable place which the party visited, was the Wochain lake, situated in one of the most romantic, and least known districts of Austria. Dr. Tobin catches inspiration from the scenery of the beautiful lake, and mounts almost into poetry in his description.

'20*th*. We set out early this morning for the Wochain lake, and as we drove along the banks of the Save, the country became at every mile more and more romantic; and upon arriving at the spot where the river issues from the lake, it seems to have reached the highest pitch of wild grandeur. Barren rocks, from four to six thousand feet high, rise up to the clouds, in which they hide their lofty snow-clad peaks. The highest of all, visible from this side of the lake, is the Skerbina. The south side of the lake, round which the road runs, is finely wooded, and here and there noble masses of light grey rock rise abruptly out of the blue water, contrasting finely with the dark pines which crown their summits. The shores of the north side are formed of sloping meadows and hills, beyond which rise those enormous walls of rock seen on approaching the lake. Sir Humphry crossed over the lake in a boat, in order to visit the *Savitza*, or the source of the Wochain-Save, a lofty cascade, just seen at the western end of the lake like a glittering silver thread among the grey rocks. I drove round the banks as far as was practicable in the carriage, and then walked on, and met Sir Humphry at the end of the lake, George following with the pony for him to mount on leaving the boat. We then proceeded for about three miles through fields, over rocks and stones, and the dry beds of mountain torrents, till the road became too bad for the pony. Sir Humphry then dismounted, and taking my arm, proceeded, with the boat-man as a guide, for about a mile further, when we reached a frail wooden bridge cast over the foaming Save. Here Sir Humphry said he would go no further, but wait with George, who led the pony, till I returned from the source. I and the guide, therefore, went on up the mountain, climbing over rocks and fallen trees, where no vestige of a path was to be traced, till we came to the foot of a high and mouldering scaffold, which the guide told me, in as good German as he could, had been erected some years ago, to enable the Archduke John to gain a fine view of the fall. Having mounted it by a tottering ladder, I found myself in full front of the cascade, which gushed some hundred feet above, out of the side of one of those enormous mountains of rock which we had seen from the other end of the lake, and rushed with a deafening roar into an abyss below, invisible from the spot on which I stood; I made signs to the guide that I wished to get down to the foot of the fall, but he shook his head, and appeared never to have been there, nor to like to go. The noise was so tremendous, that it was impossible to hear any thing he said; but wishing, if possible, to reach the bottom, I determined to trust to my own hand and foot, and after a dangerous descent over the wet and slippery rocks, I found myself close to the pool, into which the descending, but often-broken column of water precipitates itself. The height of the fall must be nearly four hundred feet, and from the transparency and icy coldness of the water, and its gushing out of the middle of a perpendicular wall of rock, which exhibits no trace of vegetation, except here and there a stunted fir-tree thrusting itself through a crevice, it is probably the exit of a subterraneous lake, confined in the interior of the mountain, and supplied from the snows of the still loftier summits. In spite of the clouds of spray and foam, which fell like a continual rain, I took a rapid sketch of the scene before me, and then returned to the guide, whom I had left upon the scaffolding, and who told me that he had descended a part of the way, shouting after me, till he was afraid to go any farther, nor had he ever been at the foot of the fall. In the rock above the scaffolding is engraved a short Latin inscription, by Baron Z———, in honour of Prince John. The view from this spot, looking towards the lake, is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, presenting to the eye a scene very different from the one we beheld at the opposite end of the lake. The immense mountains of rock, from which the Save takes its rise, extend on each side in a wide and lofty amphitheatre, till they gradually lose their wildly sublime character, giving place to mountains of lesser height, and of a softer and more undulating form, beautifully covered with fine green beech woods, now and then relieved by a dark forest of pines, or by the lighter shades of the bare limestone rocks. Far below the spectator lies the tranquil lake, with its varied shores, partly wooded, partly fields and meadows, through which the Save, after having pursued its foaming course through the woods below the *Savitza*, is seen to wind, till it mixes its clear waters with those of the deeper-coloured lake. The only traces of human habitations are two deserted huts, at some little distance from the lake, for the village of Althammer, the only one in the vicinity of this lake, is situated quite at the extremity of it, and is not visible from this point.'—pp. 66—70.

Sir Humphry Davy, in those intervals of the day which were not devoted to sporting, appears to have been engaged in the composition of *A Vision,* the same, we doubt not, as that which has been incorporated into his "Consolations." At Ischl he tried the famous baths which are

'made with the *mother-water*, or residue which remains after the greater part of the salt has been crystallized out of the salt water by evaporation, and is an intensely strong solution of chloride of sodium and some other salts. This is diluted according to prescription for the various patients, so many gallons to so much common water. The same solution of salt is also employed for *douche* and shower baths, which are much used, and said to be very efficacious. The situation and arrangement of the vapour baths are rather extraordinary. Above the large boiler in the panhouse, on the scaffolding which supports the roof, and from which the boiler is suspended, a number of small closets are erected, in which the person taking the bath is seated, so that he is not only completely surrounded by the vapour of the boiling salt water, but breathes an air impregnated with many volatile particles. These baths are used twice a day, and the patient usually remains in his cabinet, or walks along the gallery suspended over the pan from one to two hours at a time, which proves in a variety of cases of the greatest utility.'—pp. 96, 97.

Sir Humphry, though much improved by the baths, soon got tired of Ischl. Dr. Tobin ocasionally left the philosopher to those contemplations, in which it was his humour to indulge in solitude, and following the bent of an active and energetic mind, used to form one of the numerous parties that started every day from Ischl, on an excursion of pleasure. Of one of these interesting trips he has given a very lively account.

'A *Klause*, in these alpine countries, generally signifies a dam or embankment, built over some mountain stream, in the centre of which are flood-gates, which can be closed so as to shut in the stream, which by degrees collects behind the wall or dam, till it forms a small lake. The use of this arrangement is to float down the wood which is cut in the mountains into the larger rivers, the mountain streams not having in summer a sufficient body of water to effect this without this contrivance. The fir-trees, cut into pieces from five to ten feet long, are rolled down from the mountain into these artificial lakes. When a sufficient quantity is collected on the surface, or the water rises too high, the *Klause wird gesprengt*, that is, the flood-gates are opened, and the pent up lake rushing out with tremendous velocity, carries the wood along with it into the river of the neighbouring valley. It was to see the water let out that we went to the Klause. We started from Ischl after dinner, at one o'clock, a large party in six or seven carriages, and drove up the valley of the Traun, for about a league and a half, to Weissenbach, a village at the foot of the mountain on which the Klause is situated. Here we left our carriages and walked up the mountain, the road being very steep. I joined a party consisting of Madame de B—— and her daughter, a Greek gentleman and his wife, and two or three others, and we seemed much to have shortened a hot walk of an hour and a half up hill by chatting on various subjects.

'We found the Chorinsky Klause to consist of a very strong and thick wall, from thirty to forty feet high, built across a narrow valley. In the centre of the wall was a large flood-gate, and on each side of it a much smaller one. These were situated at a considerable height above a clear shallow pool which lay at the foot of the wall, and was formed by the superfluous water which had drained from the lake, already over-full. The whole party having taken a good position in front of the Klause, the signal was given. The workmen struck the spring of the flood-gates in the centre, which instantly burst open with a noise resembling a sudden but hollow clap of thunder; at the same moment an immense spout of water rushed forth, filling the space before occupied by the invisible air. It was the work of a second, and it was a magnificent sight to see the tranquil pool in an instant transformed into a basin of curling foam, pouring with irresistible violence over the rocks of the foreground, and whirling up the sand from the bottom of the stream, which was for the first five minutes nothing but foam of a muddy brown colour, till it changed by degrees to a pure white. The lesser flood-gates were afterwards opened, and then three streams poured forth at once from the lake. This scene lasted for nearly half an hour, the cascades becoming less and less as the quantity of water in the lake diminished, until the latter was perfectly drained; and where but a short time before we beheld a beautifully clear lake, we now saw only cleanly washed pebbles and sand, through which a little insignificant rill was running.'—pp. 103—106.

Sir Humphry's love of fishing, brought him into rather an awkward adventure in the neighbourhood of the town of Ischl. He had been out fishing all day, with considerable success, and was about to return home in a little chaise, when two men came up, and after addressing Sir Humphry and his servant, in a language which neither understood, they took up the basket of fish and the rod, and walked away with them. It appeared upon inquiry, that the fish which Sir Humphry had caught, were from that portion of the river which the native fishermen had rented, according to custom, and that it was illegal, without the proprietor's leave, to appropriate his fish. Whilst on his visit to Ebensee, where it was necessary to make the complaint against the assailant, Dr. Tobin obtained permission to see the salt works. Of these he says,

'There are several evaporating pans, much larger than the one at Ischl, and immense reservoirs for the salt water are kept constantly filled by three pipes, through which it is conducted from Hallstadt, more than twenty-seven miles distant. These pipes, the master of the works told me, are always running, and should any accident happen to either of them, it can be easily repaired in spite of the great distance they traverse, there being, at very short intervals, places where the pipes may be uncovered and examined. From the reservoirs the water is conducted into the pans, and the salt produced by the evaporation is taken out twice every day, and put into large conical baskets to drain, after which it is pressed into conical six-sided forms, of various sizes, from twenty to a hundred pounds each. These pyramids are then placed, some thousands at a time, in the baking rooms, where they are exposed to a very high temperature, which renders them quite firm and hard, after which they are carried into the store-houses, from whence the salt is sent to all parts of Austria. The quantity produced in this part of the country, in these salt-works, in those of Ischl, Ausee, Hallstadt, &c., must be immense, for I understand that from the warehouses of Ebensee alone, upwards of 25,000 tons of salt are sent annually across the lake of the Traun.'—pp. 110—112.

The salt water which is used in these works, is conveyed from Hallstadt to Ischl and Ebensee, by means of pipes, which continue a great distance over vallies and rivers, and along mountains, where the passage for them has been cut for many miles through the solid rock. Dr. Tobin completed his investigations into the curiosities of the salt manufacture, by a visit to the salt mountain, or rather salt mine, which he made in company with most of the strangers in Ischl. At the entrance of the mine, each of the party was attired, as is usual on such occasions, in a long white frock and a broad brimmed hat, to preserve their clothes by the first, and by the latter to protect their heads. When the toilette was concluded, the party proceeded, rank and file, the ladies drawn in wheel-barrows, the gentlemen using their legs. After a gloomy and not very pleasant journey, through a long narrow passage, they came to the rutsch or slide, which leads down into the salt-chamber.

'This *Rutsch* is formed of the trunks of two large fir-trees laid close together, rounded and polished, and placed in an oblique direction, in an angle of about forty degrees. A miner, with a lamp in one hand, places himself astride these trees, and holds with his other hand a cord which is fixed to the rock on the sides. The person who wishes to descend seats himself behind the miner, and holds him by the shoulders. The miner then lets the cord slip through his hands, and down they go like lightning into what seems an abyss of darkness: safe at the bottom, he gives a shout that the next couple may follow. When the *Rutsch* is very long, as in the mines at Hallein, near Salzburgh, the miner always sits upon a thick leather apron, and when alone makes no use of the cord, but rushes down with a fearful impetus into the salt-cave below. When we arrived at the *Rutsch*, and the ladies had all got out of their barrows, after much discussion and many fears and doubts, they consented thus to descend, as the miners assured them it was more dangerous to do so by the steps cut in the rock at the side, which were exceedingly precipitous and very wet. Having reached the bottom of the *Rutsch*, which ends in a slight curve to break the impetus of the descent, we found ourselves in an immense cavern, or room, excavated in the rock, about twelve feet high, and from ten to twelve thousand in circumference, supported in the middle by a massive pillar of rock, and lighted up by some hundred lamps, which, however, only served to give the scene a more awful and gloomy appearance. The visitors, whose number was considerable, in their long white mantles and hats, looked like spectres wandering in the shades of a nether world. The roof and walls of this cavern were covered with minute chrystals of salt, not, however, sufficiently large to give to it the glittering appearance which I had expected. The mountain contains a great many of these *Salzkammern* or salt chambers, which at different periods are filled with fresh water, conducted into them by wooden pipes. When this has dissolved a sufficient quantity of salt, which operation occupies some months, it is drained off through a deep perpendicular shaft, near the middle of the cave, and is then conducted through wooden pipes, often for a very great distance, to the boiling houses, where it undergoes the process of evaporation.'—pp. 116—118.

The remaining portion of this well written and interesting volume is chiefly occupied with an account of the subsequent journies and residences of Sir H. Davy. The great chemist himself has, in his "Consolations," dwelt on the chief circumstances of his tour; and in Dr. Paris's Life of him, we have authentic particulars relating to his last moments, and the chief events which preceded it.

Dr. Tobin, in this small and unpretending volume, has contributed a very acceptable addition, not only to our general literature, but to the store of useful and instructive biography, of which we can boast in this country.

ART. V.—*Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by Reference to Causes now in Operation.* By C. Lyell, Esq., F. R. S. &c. &c. Vol. ii. London: Murray. 1832.

NOTHING has tended more to retard the progress of the science of geology, than the disposition which has hitherto seized almost every individual who has made it the object of his study, to rush into theory before he has collected a sufficient number of facts for the purpose of serving as a basis to his speculations. Although it is in truth a subject, the proper treatment of which depends upon a vast accumulation of evidence—of evidence gathered, not merely from one continent or island, but from every quarter of the globe, the beds of the rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans, as well as the mountains and plains, which have for ages been uncovered by water; yet, strange to say, men, who have had scarcely any facts before them, or a number of facts arising only from a very partial examination of the earth's surface, have been found to erect upon such a limited foundation a variety of crude systems, which it has been the business of the last twenty years to demolish, one after another.

No geologist with whose works we are acquainted, has seen into the folly of this mode of proceeding more clearly than Mr. Lyell. And accordingly he has, in his first volume, which we have already noticed, as well as in the present volume, which now lies before us, confined himself to a judicious selection from the best authorities, assisted by his own observations, of such facts as serve to make us acquainted, as nearly as possible, with the actual condition of every part of the terraqueous globe. When he shall have placed those facts before the public, in such order of arrangement as is best adapted to display their individual and comparative value, then he thinks, and with a great deal of reason, that he will be in a situation to derive from them a series of conclusions, to which he may with some degree of justice apply the title of a practical theory.

The great object which Mr. Lyell has in view, is to shew that the former changes that have taken place upon the surface of the earth, may be explained by reference to causes which are now in operation. It is obvious that if he succeed in accomplishing this object, he will have been enabled to elucidate many things which hitherto have been either looked upon as mysterious, or have been attempted to be accounted for by reasons which presuppose a greater antiquity for the creation of this planet, and of the animals that inhabit it, than the Scriptures authorize. He will also have been enabled to demonstrate the uniformity of the general system upon which Nature, as we call it, has acted, since the commencement of the earth's career, amid the many worlds of which it forms but a unit; thus he will have exploded all those visions about accident and fatality, with which some shallow philosophers have endeavoured to mislead mankind; and thus he will have vindicated the unity and omnipotence of the source from whence the laws for the government of the creation have emanated.

Of all the systems to which the heated fancy of man has given birth, in connection with the science of geology, that of Lamarck is the most stupid and ridiculous. We use these bold terms, although we are aware that the notions which he has defended, have been entertained by other philosophers, both before and after his time. It was the leading point of his theory that, as 'the individuals of each species change their situation, climate, and manner of living, they change also, by little and little, the consistence and proportion of their parts, their form, their faculties, and even their organization, in such a manner, that every thing in them comes at last to participate in the mutations to which they have been exposed.' 'Every considerable alteration,' he adds. 'in the local circumstances, in which each race of animals exists, causes a change in their wants, and these new wants excite them to new actions and habits; these actions require the more frequent employment of some parts before but slightly exercised, and their greater development follows, as a consequence of their more frequent use. Other organs no longer in use are impoverished and diminished in size, nay, are sometimes entirely annihilated; while in their place new parts are insensibly produced for the discharge of new functions.' We shall explain this extraordinary theory by one or two examples.

The frog was not originally, asserts Lamarck, (without a tittle of evidence to sustain his assertion,) made web-footed in order that he might swim; but having for some reason betaken himself to the water in search of prey, he found it necessary to swim in pursuit of it, and in exerting himself in order to do this, he stretched out his toes to strike the water, and move rapidly along its surface. By repeatedly stretching out his toes, he got into the habit of extending the skin which united them at the base, and thus the broad membranes were formed, which are now found in his posterity! So also the gazelle was not originally endowed with a light and agile form in order to escape from his enemy; but having been frequently obliged to run with all the speed he could, from the tigers and other beasts of prey which he encountered in his path, he acquired the habit of rapid flight, and the form suitable to that object, which now distinguish gazelles in general! The change which was wrought in the cameleopard was still more *wonderful. It was* originally a short-necked animal, but having been driven by some unexplained agency into the interior of Africa, where the soil was devoid of herbage, he was obliged to feed upon the foliage of lofty trees. He was, therefore, under the constant necessity of stretching his neck to the greatest possible height, in order to reach his food, and the habit, in the course of time, made his neck of the great length which we now see in all his descendants! Even man himself was not originally the being he now is, according to the Lamarckian system. He was at first a mere ouran outang, and has obtained his present intelligence and form from the mere tendency to adaptation to new circumstances, which the changes in his wants and place of habitation have brought about! It would be idle to set about combating a theory of this description, which has not a single fact for its basis, except the power that man has everywhere exercised of taming and domesticating particular animals, and of giving new appearances to plants that are useful to him as vegetables, but bear little resemblance to the originals from which they have been derived. These are changes which we have ourselves produced—changes of which we have daily evidence before our own eyes. But they would afford no rational ground for arguing, because man has, by his superior intelligence and power, rendered subservient to his own purposes parts of the creation which originally were not so, in the same degree at least, that, therefore, all things animate and inanimate which we now see around us, are but modifications of their original species—that their original species has been lost, and that these, their posterity, have been altered to their present state by circumstances arising out of their respective necessities, which necessities have been created by their being removed from their original situation.

There is no instance of what we may call modification of species, more striking than that which is exemplified in dogs. Man has transported them into different climates, has made them his companions, his servants, his guardians, has greatly improved them in manners and intelligence. But they have nowhere received new organs. In all the varieties that exist of the dog, the relation of the bones, according to Cuvier, with each other, remain essentially the same. Lamarck says, that the wolf is the original of the dog, but he has adduced no evidence whatever to countenance such an idea. It is very well known that the dog has become wild in Cuba, Hayti, and all the Caribbean islands, but it has never been discovered that they reverted to wolves. They have hunted in packs of from twelve to fifty, or more in number, and have fearlessly attacked wild boars and other animals. It is said that, in their wild state, they most resembled the shepherd's dog: but even then their whelps were domesticated without any difficulty. Besides, there is, according to Prichard, an essential difference, as to a part of the intestinal canal, between the internal organization of a dog and a wolf.

Besides, we find from the mummies that have been preserved of different animals in Egypt, that the Egyptian bulls, dogs, and cats, were in every respect conformable to the species of those different animals now living, although they have been carried by man to every climate, and forced to adapt themselves to circumstances very different from those by which they were surrounded in Egypt thirty centuries ago. These are facts that seem decisive against the visions of Lamarck, and those who, like him, have been advocates for the accidental transmutation of every species of animal from its original.

The error of this doctrine is, that it goes too far, and draws wide and sweeping conclusions from very limited premises. There are, undoubtedly, certain variations which take place in individuals, but which do not affect the species. For instance, the alpine hare, and the ermine, become white during the winter; but in summer they resume their full colour. It is also well known, that if man use stratagem or force against a particular race of wild animals, they will become more cautious and cunning, in order to avoid his toils, or to escape from his power, and their new instincts will become hereditary in their future generations. But here the improvement ends. If man increase his skill and address a hundred fold, the persecuted animals cannot meet them by new precautions; they remain exactly in the stage of improvement to which the first effort for self-preservation gave rise. Mr. Lyell mentions several interesting facts, which shew that mere modifications in the individual, do not transmute the whole species.

'It is undoubtedly true, that many new habits and qualities have not only been acquired in recent times by certain races of dogs, but have been transmitted to their offspring. But in these cases, it will be observed, that the new peculiarities have an intimate relation to the habits of the animal in a wild state, and therefore do not attest any tendency to departure to an indefinite extent from the original type of the species. A race of dogs employed for hunting deer in the platform of Santa Fé in Mexico, affords a beautiful illustration of a new hereditary instinct. The mode of attack, observes M. Roulin, which they employ, consists in seizing the animal by the belly, and overturning it by a sudden effort, taking advantage of the moment when the body of the deer rests only upon the forelegs. The weight of the animal thus thrown over is often six times that of its antagonist. The dog of pure breed inherits a disposition to this kind of chase, and never attacks a deer from before while running. Even should the latter, not perceiving him, come directly upon him, the dog steps aside and makes his assault on the flank, whereas other hunting dogs, though of superior strength and general sagacity, which are brought from Europe, are destitute of this instinct. For want of similar precautions, they are often killed by the deer on the spot, the vertebræ of their neck being dislocated by the violence of the shock.

'A new instinct also has become hereditary in a mongrel race of dogs employed by the inhabitants of the banks of the Magdalena, almost exclusively in hunting the white-lipped pecari. The address of these dogs consists in restraining their ardour, and attaching themselves to no animal in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check. Now, among these dogs some are found, which, the very first time they are taken to the woods, are acquainted with this mode of attack; whereas, a dog of another breed starts forward at once, is surrounded by the pecari, and, whatever may be his strength, is destroyed in a moment.

'Some of our countrymen, engaged of late in conducting the principal mining association in Mexico, carried out with them some English greyhounds of the best breed, to hunt the hares which abound in that country. The great platform which is the scene of sport is at an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the mercury in the barometer stands habitually at the height of about nineteen inches. It was found that the greyhounds could not support the fatigues of a long chase in this attenuated atmosphere, and before they could come up with their prey, they lay down gasping for breath; but these same animals have produced whelps which have grown up, and are not in the least degree incommoded by the want of density in the air, but run down the hares with as much ease as the fleetest of their race in this country.

'The fixed and deliberate stand of the pointer has with propriety been regarded as a mere modification of a habit, which may have been useful to a wild race accustomed to wind game, and steal upon it by surprise, first pausing for an instant in order to spring with unerring aim. The faculty of the Retriever, however, may justly be regarded as more inexplicable and less easily referrible to the instinctive passions of the species. M. Majendie, says a French writer in a recently-published memoir, having learnt that there was a race of dogs in England, which stopped and brought back game of their own accord, procured a pair, and having obtained a whelp from them kept it constantly under his eyes, until he had an opportunity of assuring himself that, without having received any instruction, and on the very first day that it was carried to the chase, it brought back game with as much steadiness as dogs which had been schooled into the same manœuvre by means of the whip and collar.

'Such attainments, as well as the habits and dispositions which the shepherd's dog and many others inherit, seem to be of a nature and extent which we can hardly explain by supposing them to be modifications of instincts necessary for the preservation of the species in a wild state. When such remarkable habits appear in races of this species, we may reasonably conjecture that they were given with no other view than for the use of man, and the preservation of the dog which thus obtains protection.

'As a general rule, we fully agree with M. F. Cuvier that, in studying the habits of animals, we must attempt, as far as possible, to refer their domestic qualities to modifications of instincts which are implanted in them in a state of nature; and that writer has successfully pointed out, in an admirable essay on the domestication of the mammalia, the true origin of many dispositions which are vulgarly attributed to the influence of education alone. But we should go too far if we did not admit that some of the qualities of particular animals and plants may have been given solely with a view to the connexion which it was foreseen would exist between them and man — especially when we see that connexion to be in many cases so intimate, that the greater number, and sometimes all the individuals of the species which exist on the earth are in subjection to the human race.

'We can perceive in a multitude of animals, especially in some of the parasitic tribes, that certain instincts and organs are conferred for the purpose of defence or attack against some other species. Now if we are reluctant to suppose the existence of similar relations between man and the instincts of many of the inferior animals, we adopt an hypothesis no less violent, though in the opposite extreme to that which has led some to imagine the whole animate and inanimate creation to have been made solely for the support, gratification, and instruction of mankind.

'Many species most hostile to our persons or property multiply in spite of our efforts to repress them: others, on the contrary, are intentionally augmented many hundred-fold in number by our exertions. In such instances we must imagine the relative resources of man and of species, friendly or inimical to him, to have been prospectively calculated and adjusted. To withhold assent to this supposition would be to refuse what we must grant in respect to the economy of nature in every other part of the organic creation; for the various species of contemporary plants and animals have obviously their relative forces nicely balanced, and their respective tastes, passions, and instincts, so contrived, that they are all in perfect harmony with each other. In no other manner could it happen, that each species, surrounded as it is by countless dangers, should be enabled to maintain its ground for periods of considerable duration.

'The docility of the individuals of some of our domestic species, extending, as it does, to attainments foreign to their natural habits and faculties, may perhaps have been conferred with a view to their association with man. But lest species should be thereby made to vary indefinitely, we find that such habits are never transmissible by generation.

'A pig has been trained to hunt and point game with great activity and steadiness; and other learned individuals of the same species have been taught to spell; but such fortuitous acquirements never become hereditary, for they have no relation whatever to the exigencies of the animal in a wild state, and cannot therefore be developments of any instinctive propensities.' —vol. ii. pp. 39—42.

From these and a variety of other facts, which Mr. Lyell has collected with reference to this subject, he shews, in the most satisfactory manner, that species are not liable to be transmuted after the fashion which Lamarck has stated; that they have a real existence in nature; and that each species was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished.

The author then proceeds to consider the laws which regulate the geographical distribution of each species. The study of these laws enables us to observe the position which different groups of species occupy at present; to learn how these may be varied in the course of time by migrations, changes in physical geography, and other causes, and whether the duration of species be limited; in other words, to know 'in what manner the state of the animate world is affected by the endless vicissitudes of the inanimate.' All the evidence upon this subject goes to establish the curious fact, that the globe has, as it were, been parcelled out amongst different "nations," as they have been called, of plants and animals. The exceptions to this general rule are to be traced to disseminating causes which are now in operation.

Humboldt shews, that mere diversity of climates will not enable us to explain why equinoctial Africa has no laurels, and the new world no heaths. Decandolle observes, that "it might not perhaps be difficult to find two points, in the United States and in Europe, or in equinoctial America and Africa, which present all the same circumstances: as for example, the same temperature, the same height above the sea, a similar soil, and an equal degree of humidity; yet nearly all, *perhaps all*, the plants in these two localities shall be distinct." It is still more remarkable that this attachment to locality is found to exist even in marine vegetation; though little is known comparatively of the latter, yet it is, apparently, as divisible into different systems as the vegetation on the surface of the earth. There are, however, disseminating causes constantly in operation, which scatter the seeds belonging originally to one locality over a variety of other botanical provinces, where they take root and flourish. The winds, for instance, waft to distant lands a great number of seeds which are furnished with downy and feathery appendages, that enable them, when ripe, to float in the air. Heavier seeds are borne away by strong gales and hurricanes, which are also capable of removing not only seeds, but plants, insects, and eggs, to places which otherwise they never could have reached without the interposition of man. 'The seeds of some fresh-water plants are, moreover, of the form of shells, or small canoes, and on this account they swim on the surface, and are carried along by the wind and stream. Others are furnished with fibres, which serve the purpose of masts and sails, so that they are impelled along by the winds, even where there is no current.' Then there is the torrent to wash down the seeds from the top of the mountain to the valley, the river to bear them to the ocean, and the ocean to deposit them upon the most remote coasts. Some seeds have hooks, by means of which they adhere to the coats of animals that pass near them, and thus they are carried to distant places. Many seeds are eaten by birds, and other animals, a portion of which passes through their stomachs undigested, and are thus transferred from one spot to another. To these agencies add that of man, the most active and influential of all, whether it be intentional or unintentional. Indeed it is supposed, with respect to our instrumentality in naturalizing species, that the number which we introduce unintentionally, as for example in wools and cottons, and other articles with which they are accidentally intermixed, exceeds greatly the number of those which we transport by design. The effect of these importations is to produce consequences of a much more extensive nature, than one is at first prepared to perceive.

'If we drive many birds of passage from different countries, we are probably required to fulfil their office of carrying seeds, eggs of fish, insects, molluscs, and other creatures, to distant regions; if we destroy quadrupeds, we must replace them, not merely as consumers of the animal and vegetable substances which they devoured, but as disseminators of plants, and of the inferior classes of the animal kingdom. We do not mean to insinuate that the same changes which man brings about, would have taken place by means of the agency of other species, but merely that he supersedes a certain number of agents, and so far as he disperses plants unintentionally, or against his will, his intervention is strictly analogous to that of the species so extirpated.

'We may observe, moreover, that if, at former periods, the animals inhabiting any given district have been partially altered by the extinction of some species, and the introduction of others, whether by new creations or by immigration, a change must have taken place in regard to the particular plants conveyed about with them to foreign countries. As, for example, when one set of migratory birds is substituted for another, the countries from and to which seeds are transported are immediately changed. Vicissitudes, therefore, analogous to those which man has occasioned, may have previously attended the springing up of new relations between species in the vegetable and animal worlds.—vol. ii. pp. 84, 85.

Animals, as well as plants, would appear also to have been distributed over particular localities. Thus when America was first discovered, its indigenous quadrupeds were all dissimilar to those which were previously known in the Old World, with the exception only of the northern parts of both the continents, which in winter may be said to be joined together by the freezing of the narrow strait that separates them. Hence the whole arctic region may be said to be a province in itself, which contains many animals that are common to both hemispheres. But the temperate regions of both continents, divided as they are by a wide expanse of ocean, contain each a distinct nation of indigenous quadrupeds. In accordance with the same laws of distribution, we find the kangaroos, and other tribes of pouched animals, with some few exceptions, limited to New Holland. The islands of the Pacific, fertile though they be, can boast of no quadrupeds, except dogs, hogs, rats, and bats. The whales of the South Seas are easily distinguishable from those of the North; a dissimilarity of the same kind has been found in all the other marine animals of the same class, so far as they have yet been studied by naturalists.

Now all animals, whether they feed on plants, or other animals, have a tendency to scatter themselves over as wide a surface as they can; and in giving effect to this disposition, they are seldom checked, unless by uncongenial climate, by an inaccessible chain of mountains, or by a tract already occupied by hostile and more powerful tribes. They can all swim well, and therefore rivers or friths seldom retard their progress. When an elephant reaches a river which he wishes to cross, he fords it, if it be not deep, and if it be deep, he swims low, keeping only the end of his trunk out of the water, which affords him the means of breathing. Besides the necessity which is imposed upon carniverous and herbiverous animals, of scattering themselves over a large area, it is an established fact, that they are actuated frequently by a migratory instinct, when they happen to be assembled in great multitudes, and are threatened by famine. In very severe winters, for instance, great numbers of black bears emigrate from Canada to the United States; whereas, in mild seasons, they remain in the north. The rein-deer of Scandinavia, the common squirrels of Lapland, the rats and lemings of Norway, allow nothing to interrupt them in the course of emigration which they occasionally mark out for themselves. The lemings 'move in lines, which are about three feet from each other, and exactly parallel, and they direct their march from the north-west to the south-east, going directly forward through rivers and lakes; and when they meet with stacks of hay or corn, gnawing their way through them, instead of passing round.' Immense troops of the wild ass, inhabitants of the mountainous deserts of Great Tartary, are found, during the summer, in the tracks east and north of Lake Aral. In the autumn, they move, in herds of hundreds and thousands, to the north of India, and after to Persia, on account of the greater warmth of the climate. The springboks, or Cape antelopes, migrate to the southern plains of Africa, not merely in thousands, but in myriads. So crowded are the herds, that, to use the description of Cuvier, "the lion has been seen to walk in the midst of the compressed phalanx, with only as much room between him and his victims, as the fears of those immediately around could procure by pressing onwards."

In addition to these voluntary migrations, others, of an involuntary kind, occasionally occur, which may account for the presence of animals in a part of the globe which they do not usually inhabit. Thus Polar bears are frequently drifted on the ice from Greenland to Iceland. Wolves, in the arctic regions, sometimes venture on the ice near the shore, upon which they occasionally surprise young seals asleep; the ice gets detached, and the wolves are carried out to sea, and sometimes drifted to islands or continents which they had no desire whatever to visit. Within the tropics, floating islands of matted trees sometimes do the work of the northern ice floes. The most extensive, perhaps, of these rafts, of which we have any record, is that of the Atchafalaya, an arm of the Mississippi, 'where a natural bridge of timber, ten miles long, and more than two hundred yards wide, has existed for more than forty years, supporting a luxurious vegetation, and rising and sinking with the water which flows beneath it.' Several small floating isles of this description, are occasionally encountered among the Moluccas; and Captain W. H. Smyth informed the author, that "when cruizing amidst the Philippine islands, he has more than once seen, after those dreadful hurricanes called typhoons, floating islands of wood, with trees growing upon them, and that ships have been sometimes in imminent peril, in consequence of mistaking them for terra firma."

There are similar geographical distributions of birds and reptiles, fish and insects; but they are all subject to a variety of accidents, which cause them to be diffused through places not originally assigned to them. It is thus shown, with reference to plants and animals, that their stations depend on a great complication of circumstances; and if those circumstances be perpetually changing, as the author demonstrates, it will follow that the different species, both of plants and animals, are subject to incessant vicissitudes. He next proceeds to show, that the result of these changes, in the course of ages, is so great, as to affect the general condition of the geographical stations of plants and animals; from which it would follow, that 'the successive destruction of species must now be part of the regular and constant order of nature.'

In proof of this, he refers to the devastations which are committed by the Greenland bears, when they are drifted to Iceland, in considerable numbers. They would reduce very materially the deer, foxes, and seals, and the consequence of this would be, so far as the deer only would be concerned, that the plants on which they fed would increase, and supply more food to insects. Insects would next increase, and supply more food to birds, so that the number of the winged tribe would of course be augmented. The diminution of the seals would afford a respite to the fish, upon which they had been accustomed to feed; these fish would consequently multiply, and press upon their peculiar prey. The same consequences would follow with respect to the water-fowls, upon which the foxes had been accustomed to commit depredations, and the increase of these water-fowls would necessarily diminish the fish which formed their natural food. All these consequences, linked one with another, would necessarily follow from the drifting of a large number of bears from Greenland to Iceland; and thus we may understand how 'the numerical proportions of a great number of the inhabitants, both of the land and sea, might be permanently altered, by the settling of one new species in the region; and the changes caused indirectly, might ramify through all classes of the living creation, and be almost endless.' Mr. Lyell's further illustrations upon this point are happily selected.

'Thus, for example, suppose that once in two centuries a frost of unusual intensity, or a volcanic eruption of immense violence, accompanied by floods from the melting of glaciers, should occur in Ireland; or an epidemic disease, fatal to the larger number of individuals of some one species, and not affecting others,—these, and a variety of other contingencies, all of which may occur at once, or at periods separated by different intervals of time, ought to happen before it would be possible for us to declare what ultimate alteration the presence of any new comer, such as the bear before mentioned, might occasion in the animal population of the isle.

'Every new condition in the state of the organic or inorganic creation, a new animal or plant, an additional snow-clad mountain, any permanent change, however slight in comparison to the whole, gives rise to a new order of things, and may make a material change in regard to some one or more species. Yet a swarm of locusts, or a frost of extreme intensity, may pass away without any great apparent derangement; no species may be lost, and all may soon recover their former relative numbers, because the same scourges may have visited the region, again and again, at some former periods. Every plant that was incapable of resisting such a degree of cold, every animal which was exposed to be entirely cut off by famine, in consequence of the consumption of vegetation by the locusts, may have perished already, so that the subsequent recurrence of similar catastrophes is attended only by a temporary change.

'We are best acquainted with the mutations brought about by the progress of human population, and the growth of plants and animals favoured by man. To these, therefore, we should, in the first instance, turn our attention. If we conclude, from the concurrent testimony of history and of the evidence yielded by geological data, that man is, comparatively speaking, of very modern origin, we must at once perceive how great a revolution in the state of the animate world the increase of the human race, considered merely as consumers of a certain quantum of organic matter, must necessarily cause.

'It may, perhaps, be said, that man has, in some degree, compensated for the appropriation to himself of so much food, by artificially improving the natural productiveness of soils, by irrigation, manure, and a judicious intermixture of mineral ingredients conveyed from different localities. But it admits of reasonable doubt, whether, upon the whole, we fertilize or impoverish the lands which we occupy. This assertion may seem startling to many, because they are so much in the habit of regarding the sterility or productiveness of land in relation to the wants of man, and not as regards the organic world generally. It is difficult, at first, to conceive, if a morass is converted into arable land, and made to yield a crop of grain, even of moderate abundance, that we have not improved the capabilities of the habitable surface—that we have not empowered it to support a larger quantity of organic life. In such cases, a tract, before of no utility to man, may be reclaimed and become of high agricultural importance, but it may yield, at the same time, a scantier vegetation. If a lake be drained and turned into a meadow, the space will provide sustenance to man and many terrestrial animals serviceable to him, but not perhaps, so much food as it previously yielded to the aquatic races.

'If the pestiferous Pontine marshes were drained and covered with corn, like the plains of the Po, they might, perhaps, feed a smaller number of animals than they do now; for these morasses are filled with herds of buffaloes and swine, and they swarm with birds, reptiles, and insects.

'The felling of dense and lofty forests which covered, even within the records of history, a considerable space on the globe, now tenanted by civilized man, must usually have lessened the amount of vegetable food throughout the space where these woods grew. We must also take into our account the area covered by towns, and a still larger surface occupied by roads.

'If we force the soil to bear extraordinary crops one year, we are, perhaps, compelled to let it lie fallow the next. But nothing so much counterbalances the fertilizing effects of human art as the extensive cultivation of foreign herbs and shrubs, which, although they are often more nutritious to man, seldom thrive with the same rank luxuriance as the native plants of a district. Man is, in truth, continually striving to diminish the natural diversity of the *stations* of animals and plants in every country, and to reduce them all to a small number fitted for species of economical use. He may succeed perfectly in attaining his object, even though the vegetation be comparatively meagre, and the total amount of animal life be greatly lessened.

'Spix and Martius have given a lively description of the incredible number of insects which lay waste the crops in Brazil, besides swarms of monkeys, flocks of parrots and other birds, as well as the paca, agouti, and wild swine. They describe the torment which the planter and the naturalist suffer from the musquitoes, and the devastation of the ants and blattæ: they speak of the dangers to which they were exposed from the jaguar, the poisonous serpents, lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and spiders. But with the increasing population and cultivation of the country, observe these naturalists, these evils will gradually diminish; when the inhabitants have cut down the woods, drained the marshes, made roads in all directions, and founded villages and towns, man will by degrees triumph over the rank vegetation and the noxious animals, and all the elements will second and amply recompense his activity.

'The number of human beings now peopling the earth is supposed to amount to eight hundred millions, so that we may easily understand how great a number of beasts of prey, birds, and animals of every class, this prodigious population must have displaced, independently of the still more important consequences which have followed from the derangement brought about by man in the relative numerical strength of particular species.'—vol. ii. pp. 145—148.

Hence we find the deer comparatively extirpated; and if they had not been carefully preserved in parks, they would have been wholly so. The number of foxes is materially reduced in this country; the wild cat and wolf are wholly banished from amongst us; the same observation applies to the badger, the beaver, the bear, and in some degree to eagles, the larger hawks, and ravens. The list might be greatly extended; but we have given enough to demonstrate the truth of Mr. Lyell's doctrine, that the extermination of species is constantly taking place, and that the causes which lead to it must of necessity produce perpetual changes in the state of organic creation. If such things occur before our own eyes, we may reasonably conclude, that similar causes have wrought similar alterations in former ages.

Hitherto we have been dealing only with the organic causes of the extermination of species. Mr. Lyell next proceeds to trace the effect of inorganic causes, as tending to produce similar results. By inorganic causes he means such occurrences as the subsiding or elevation of land by means of earthquakes; the formation of new islands, the irruption of the sea through an isthmus, or an alteration in the climate. It is obvious that causes such as these will necessarily operate most extensive changes, with respect to those particular species which they may happen immediately or remotely to effect. The modifications which are produced in the material constituents of the earth's crust, by the action of a mineral or vegetable life, have also an intimate connexion with this subject. The modification thus treated of by the author are, 1st, the growth of peat;—2ndly, the preservation of animal remains in stalactite, and in the mud of caves and fissures;—3rdly, the burying of organic remains in alluvium and the ruins of land-slips;—4thly, of the same in blown sand;—and 5thly, of the same in volcanic ejections, and alluvions composed of volcanic productions. We shall quote a few of the details which the author has collected concerning the growth of peat, and the preservation of vegetable and animal remains.

'The generation of peat, when not completely under water, is confined to moist situations, where the temperature is low, and where vegetables may decompose without putrifying. It may consist of any of the numerous plants which are capable of growing in such *stations:* but a species of moss (*sphagnum palustre*) constitutes a considerable part of the peat found in marshes of the north of Europe; this plant having the property of throwing up new shoots in its upper part, while its lower extremities are decaying. Reeds, rushes, and other aquatic plants may usually be traced in peat, and their organization is often so entire, that there is no difficulty in discriminating the distinct species.

'In general, says Sir H. Davy, one hundred parts of dry peat contain from sixty to ninety-nine parts of matter destructible by fire, and the residuum consists of earths usually of the same kind as the substratum of clay, marl, gravel, or rock on which they are found, together with oxide of iron. "The peat of the chalk counties of England," observes the same writer, "contains much gypsum; but I have found very little in any specimens from Ireland or Scotland, and in general these peats contain very little saline matter." From the researches of Dr. Macculloch, it appears that peat is intermediate between simple vegetable matter and lignite, the conversion of peat to lignite being gradual, and being brought about in a great lapse of time by the prolonged action of water.

'Peat is sometimes formed on a declivity in mountainous regions where there is much moisture, but in such situations it rarely if ever exceeds four feet in thickness. In bogs, and in low grounds, into which alluvial peat is drifted, it is found forty feet thick and upwards, but in such cases it generally owes one-half of its volume to the water which it contains. It has seldom, if ever, been discovered within the tropics, and it rarely occurs in the valleys even in the south of France and Spain. It abounds more and more in proportion as we advance farther from the equator, and becomes not only more frequent but more inflammable in the northern latitudes; the cause of which may probably be that the cabronic acid and hydrogen, which are the most inflammable parts, do not readily assume the gaseous form in a cold atmosphere.

'There is a vast extent of surface in Europe covered with peat, which in Ireland is said to extend over a tenth of the whole island. One of the mosses on the Shannon is described by Dr. Boates to be fifty miles long, by two or three broad; and the great marsh of Montoire, near the mouth of the Loire, is mentioned by Blavier as being more than fifty leagues in circumference. It is a curious and well-ascertained fact, that many of these mosses of the north of Europe occupy the place of immense forests of pine and oak, which have many of them disappeared within the historical era. Such changes are brought about by the fall of trees and the stagnation of water, caused by their trunks and branches obstructing the free drainage of the atmospheric waters, and giving rise to a marsh. In a warm climate such decayed timber would immediately be removed by insects, or by putrefaction; but, in the cold temperature now prevailing in our latitudes, many examples are recorded of marshes originating in this source. Thus, in Mar forest, in Aberdeenshire, large trunks of Scotch fir, which had fallen from age and decay, were soon immured in peat formed partly out of their perishing leaves and branches, and in part from the growth of other plants. We also learn that the overthrow of a forest by a storm, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gave rise to a peat moss, near Lochbroom, in Ross-shire, where, in less than half a century after the fall of the trees, the inhabitants dug peat. Dr. Walker mentions a similar change when, in the year 1756, the whole wood of Drumlanrig was overset by the wind. Such events explain the occurrence, both in Britain and on the continent, of mosses where the trees are all broken within two or three feet of the original surface, and where their trunks all lie in the same direction.

'Nothing is more common than the occurrence of buried trees at the bottom of the Irish peat-mosses, as also in most of those of England, France, and Holland; and they have been so often observed with parts of their trunks standing erect, and with their roots fixed to the sub-soil, that no doubt can be entertained of their having generally grown on the spot. They consist for the most part of the fir, the oak, and the birch; where the sub-soil is clay, the remains of oak are the most abundant; where sand is the substratum, fir prevails. In the marsh of Curragh, in the Isle of Man, vast trees are discovered standing firm on their roots, though at the depth of eighteen or twenty feet below the surface. Some naturalists have desired to refer the imbedding of timber in peat mosses to aqueous transportation, since rivers are well known to float wood into lakes; but the facts above mentioned show that, in numerous instances, such an hypothesis is inadmissible. It has moreover been observed that in Scotland, as also in many parts of the continent, the largest trees are found in those peat mosses which lie in the least elevated regions, and that the trees are proportionably smaller in those which lie at higher levels; from which fact De Luc and Walker have both inferred that the trees grew on the spot, for they would naturally attain a greater size in lower and warmer levels. The leaves also, and fruits of each species, are continually found immersed in the moss along with the parent trees, as, for example, the leaves and acorns of the oak, the cones and leaves of the fir, and the nuts of the hazel.

'Sometimes, in the same bog, a stratification is observed of different kinds of wood, oak being found in the lowermost stratum, and birch and hazel in a second bed above. Sometimes still higher, a stratum, containing alder with the twigs of the bog myrtle (*Mirica galæ*), have been found; the succession of strata, in this instance, indicating a gradual conversion of a dry tract into a swamp, and lastly a peat-moss.

'The durability of pine-wood, which in the Scotch peat-mosses exceeds that of the birch and oak, is due to the great quantity of turpentine which it contains, and which is so abundant that the fir-wood from bogs is used by the country people, in parts of Scotland, in the place of candles. Such resinous plants, observes Dr. Macculloch, as fir, would produce a fatter coal than oak, because the resin itself is converted into bitumen.

'In Hatfield-moss, which appears clearly to have been a forest eighteen hundred years ago, fir-trees have been found ninety feet long, and sold for masts and keels of ships; oaks have also been discovered there above one hundred feet long. The dimensions of an oak from this moss are given in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 275, which must have been larger than any tree now existing in the British dominions.

'In the same moss of Hatfield, as well as in that of Kincardine and several others, Roman roads have been found covered to the depth of eight feet by peat. All the coins, axes, arms, and other utensils found in British and French mosses, are also Roman; so that a considerable portion of the European peat-bogs are evidently not more ancient than the age of Julius Cæsar. Nor can any vestiges of the ancient forests described by that general, along the line of the great Roman way in Britain, be discovered, except in the ruined trunks of trees in peat.

'De Luc ascertained that the very site of the aboriginal forests of Hircinia, Semana, Ardennes, and several others, are now occupied by mosses and fens; and a great part of these changes have, with much probability, been attributed to the strict orders given by Severus, and other emperors, to destroy all the wood in the conquered provinces. Several of the British forests, however, which are now mosses, were cut at different periods by order of the English parliament, because they harboured wolves or outlaws. Thus the Welsh woods were cut and burnt in the reign of Edward I.; as were many of those in Ireland by Henry II., to prevent the natives from harbouring in them and harassing his troops.

'It is curious to reflect, that considerable tracks have by these accidents been permanently sterilized, and that during a period when civilization has been making great progress, large areas in Europe have, by human agency, been rendered less capable of administering to the wants of man. Rennie observes with truth, that in those regions alone which the Roman eagle never reached—in the remote circles of the German empire, in Poland and Prussia, and still more in Norway, Sweden, and the vast empire of Russia—can we see what Europe was before it yielded to the power of Rome. Desolation now reigns where stately forests of pine and oak once flourished, such as might now have supplied all the navies of Europe with timber.

'At the bottom of peat mosses there is sometimes found a cake or "pan," as it is termed, of oxide of iron, and the frequency of bog iron-ore is familiar to the mineralogist. The oak which is so often found dyed black in peat, owes its colour to the same metal. From what source the iron is derived is by no means obvious, since we cannot in all cases suppose that it has been precipitated from the waters of mineral springs. According to Fourcroy there is iron in all compact wood, and it is the cause of one-twelfth part of the weight of oak. The heaths (*Ericæ*) which flourish in a sandy, ferruginous soil, are said to contain more iron than any other vegetable.

'It has been suggested that iron, being soluble in acids, may be diffused through the whole mass of vegetables, when they decay in a bog, and may, by its superior specific gravity, sink to the bottom, and be there precipitated, so as to form bog iron-ore; or where there is a subsoil of sand or gravel, it may cement then into ironstone or ferruginous conglomerate.

'One interesting circumstance attending the history of peat-mosses, is the high state of preservation of animal substances buried in them for periods of many years. In June, 1747, the body of a woman was found six feet deep, in a peat-moor in the Isle of Axholm, in Lincolnshire. The antique sandals on her feet afforded evidence of her having been buried there for many ages; yet her nails, hair, and skin, are described as having shown hardly any marks of decay. In a turbary on the estate of the Earl of Moira, in Ireland, a human body was dug up, a foot deep in gravel, covered with eleven feet of moss; the body was completely clothed, and the garments seemed all to be made of hair. Before the use of wool was known in that country, the clothing of the inhabitants was made of hair, so that it would appear that this body had been buried at that early period, yet it was fresh and unimpaired. In the Philosophical Transactions, we find an example recorded of the bodies of two persons having been buried in moist peat, in Derbyshire, in 1674, about a yard deep, which were examined twenty-eight years and nine months afterwards; " the colour of their skin was fair and natural, their flesh soft as that of persons newly dead."

'Among other analogous facts we may mention, that in digging a pit for a well near Dulverton, in Somersetshire, many pigs were found in various postures, still entire. Their shape was well preserved, the skin, which retained the hair, having assumed a dry, membranous appearance. Their whole substance was converted into a white, friable, laminated, inodorous, and tasteless substance; but which, when exposed to heat, emitted an odour precisely similar to broiled bacon.'—vol. ii. pp. 210—216.

No very clear explanation is given of the source whence peat derives this antiseptic property. As to the animal remains which are found in them, they are to be accounted for in one of two ways; the living animal must have fallen into the peat when in a semifluid state, or it may have burst from its moorings, as sometimes happens, and in its devastating progress must have overtaken and overwhelmed the victims which are found buried in its bosom. The Solway Moss, for instance, as described by Gilpin, "is a flat area, about seven miles in circumference, situated on the confines of England and Scotland. Its surface is covered with grass and rushes, presenting a dry crust and a fair appearance, but it shakes under the least pressure, the bottom being unsound and semifluid. The adventurous passenger, therefore, who sometimes in dry seasons traverses this perilous waste, to save a few miles, picks his cautious way over the rushy tussocks as they appear before him, for here the soil is firmest. If his foot slip, or if he venture to desert this mark of security, it is possible he may never more be heard of." There was a tradition, that at the battle of Solway, in the time of Henry VIII., a fugitive troop of horse plunged into this morass, and that it immediately closed over them. The truth of the tale has been substantiated by peat-diggers, who found a man and horse in complete armour, both in good preservation, in the place where it was always supposed the battle took place.

With respect to the bones of men and inferior animals, which are found in caverns, Mr. Lyell judiciously observes, that great caution must be used in drawing any chronological inferences from them, where the signs of *successive* deposition are wanting.

In treating of the preservation in subaqueous strata, of the remains of man and his works, the author enters into some striking calculations as to the loss of life, and the destruction of shipping at sea.

'We shall hereafter advert to a calculation, by which it appears that more than five hundred British vessels alone, averaging each a burden of about one hundred and twenty tons, are wrecked, and sink to the bottom, annually. Of these the crews for the most part escape, although it sometimes happens that all perish. In one great naval action several thousand individuals sometimes share a watery grave.

'Many of these corpses are instantly devoured by predaceous fish, sometimes before they reach the bottom; still more frequently when they rise again to the surface and float in a state of putrefaction. Many decompose on the floor of the ocean where no sediment is thrown down upon them, but if they fall upon a reef where corals and shells are becoming agglutinated into a solid rock, or subside where the delta of a river is advancing, they may be preserved for an incalculable series of ages in these deposits.

'Often at the distance of a few hundred feet from a coral reef there are no soundings at the depth of many hundred fathoms. Here if a ship strike and be wrecked, it may soon be covered by calcareous sand and fragments of coral detached by the breakers from the summit of a submarine mountain, and which may roll down to its base. Wrecks are known to have been common for centuries near certain reefs, so that canoes, merchant vessels, and ships of war, may have sunk and have been enveloped in these situations in calcareous sand and breccia. Suppose a volcanic eruption to cover such remains with ashes and sand, and that over the tufaceous strata resulting from these ejections, a current of lava is afterwards poured, the ships and human skeletons might then remain uninjured beneath the superincumbent rock, like the houses and works of art in the subterranean cities of Campania. That cases may have already occurred where human remains have been thus preserved in a fossil state beneath masses more than a thousand feet in thickness, is by no means improbable, for in some volcanic archipelagos a period of thirty or forty centuries might well suffice for such an accumulation of matter.

'We stated that at the distance of about forty miles from the base of he delta of the Ganges, there is a circular space about fifteen miles in diameter where soundings of a thousand feet sometimes fail to reach the bottom. As during the flood season the quantity of mud and sand poured by the great rivers into the Bay of Bengal, is so great that the sea only recovers its transparency at the distance of sixty miles from the coast, this depression must be gradually shoaling, especially as during the monsoons the sea, loaded with mud and sand, is beaten back in that direction towards the delta. Now if a ship or human body sink down to the bottom in such a spot, it is by no means improbable that it may become buried under a depth of three or four thousand feet of sediment in the same number of years.

'Even on that part of the floor of the ocean whither no accession of drift matter is carried, (a part which we believe to constitute at any given period, by far the larger proportion of the whole submarine area,) there are circumstances accompanying a wreck which favour the conservation of skeletons. For when the vessel fills suddenly with water, especially in the night, many persons are drowned between decks and in their cabins, so that their bodies are prevented from rising again to the surface. The vessel often strikes upon an uneven bottom and is overturned, in which case the ballast, consisting of sand, shingle, and rock, or the cargo, frequently composed of heavy and durable materials, may be thrown down upon the carcasses. In the case of ships of war, cannon, shot, and other warlike stores, may press down with their weight the timbers of the vessel when they decay, and beneath these and the metallic substances the bones of man may be preserved.

'When we reflect on the number of curious monuments consigned to the bed of the ocean in the course of every naval war from the earliest times, our conceptions are greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours. During our last great struggle with France, thirty-two of our ships of the line went to the bottom in the space of twenty-two years, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty-six frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of cannon constructed of iron or brass, whereof a great number had the dates and places of their manufacture inscribed upon them in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver, and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments; in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace, many formed of materials, such as glass and earthenware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves, and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of sea-water.

'But the reader must not imagine that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprize to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea. From an examination of Lloyd's lists from the year 1793, to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared, that the number of *British vessels* alone lost during that period amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half *daily*, a greater number than we should have anticipated, although we learn from Moreau's tables that the number of merchant vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about twenty thousand, having one with another a mean burden of one hundred and twenty tons. Out of five hundred and fifty-one ships of the royal navy lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only one hundred and sixty were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident, a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep.

'Millions of dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship, and on these, when they happen to be enveloped in a matrix capable of protecting them from chemical changes, much information of historical interest will remain inscribed and endure for periods as indefinite as have the delicate markings of zoophytes or lapidified plants in some of the ancient secondary rocks. In almost every large ship, moreover, there are some precious stones set in seals, and other articles of use and ornament composed of the hardest substances in nature, on which letters and various images are carved—engravings which they may retain when included in subaqueous strata, as long as crystal preserves its natural form.

'It was a splendid boast, that the deeds of the English chivalry at Agincourt made Henry's chronicle

——— as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the deep,
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries;

for it is probable that a greater number of monuments of the skill and industry of man will, in the course of ages, be collected together in the bed of the ocean, than will be seen at one time on the surface of the continents.

'If our species be of as recent a date as we suppose, it will be vain to seek for the remains of man and the works of his hands imbeded in submarine strata, except in those regions where violent earthquakes are frequent, and the alterations of relative level so great, that the bed of the sea may have been converted into land within the historical era. We do not despair of the discovery of such monuments whenever those regions which have been peopled by man from the earliest ages, and which are at the same time the principal theatres of volcanic action, shall be examined by the joint skill of the antiquary and the geologist.

'There can be no doubt that human remains are as capable of resisting decay as are the harder parts of the inferior animals; and we have already cited the remark of Cuvier, that "in ancient fields of battle the bones of men have suffered as little decomposition as those of horses which were buried in the same grave." In the delta of the Ganges bones of men have been found in digging a well at the depth of ninety feet; but as that river frequently shifts its course and fills up its ancient channels, we are not called upon to suppose that these bodies are of extremely high antiquity, or that they were buried when that part of the surrounding delta where they occur was first gained from the sea.'—vol. ii. pp. 254—258.

There is a rock, still in process of formation, on the north-west coast of the mainland of Guadaloupe, in which the skeletons of men have been found more or less mutilated. This rock is said to be harder than statuary marble. Similar formations are in progress in the whole of the West-Indian archipelago, consisting principally of minute fragments of shells and corals. But we need hardly wonder at such formations as these, when we reflect upon the numberless coral islands which have grown into existence in the Pacific, within the memory of man. Much light has been thrown upon the peculiarities in the structure of these islands, by the information collected during Captain Beechey's late expedition. That able and enlightened navigator examined thirty-two of these, of which the largest was thirty miles in diameter, and the smallest less than a mile. They were all increasing in their dimensions. The coral reefs are sometimes of great extent, reaching from one island to another, to a distance of six hundred miles and upwards. The inhabitants of some of the islands in the Pacific are thus enabled to pay visits to each other, and when they are on their route for that purpose, they are said to "present the appearance of troops marching upon the surface of the ocean."

The object which Mr. Lyell has in enumerating these and a multitude of other facts, which he has collected in this volume, will be fully elucidated in the third volume, now in course of preparation for the press. We may, however, clearly infer, that his main design is to shew that there is nothing to be found in the monuments of past ages, that may not be accounted for by the influence of causes which are still seen in operation. If the extirpation of particular species be a matter that can be ascertained to have taken place within historical memory, we are not to be surprised at the occasional discovery in caverns, or rocks, or other depositaries, of the remains of animals, of which there are at present no similar examples. If we discover the skeleton of an elephant in a cold climate, we are not, therefore, to conclude that the climate was formerly a warm one, and that it has been changed by some violent alteration in the position of the earth, or in the direction of its axis. In the same way we are to avoid a similar conclusion—one, by the way, upon which shallow geologists have frequently insisted—when we discover in the south the skeleton of an animal whose natural habitation is in the north. Accident, the pressure of a severe season, the necessity of emigration, shipwreck, the floating of an ice island, are more than sufficient to account for most of these appearances; and it reflects great credit upon Mr. Lyell's sagacity, that he has at length discovered the only clue which can at once serve to explain those appearances, and to confirm the notions which we have received from the Scriptures concerning the period and progress of the Creation. His facts are well arranged, and when they come to be applied to the theory which he is to erect upon them, we have little doubt that the superstructure will be worthy of the foundation.

Art. VI.—*On Political Economy, in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society.* By Thomas Chalmers, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 566. Glasgow: Collins. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1832.

There is hardly a single topic discussed by Dr. Chalmers in this volume, which is not of the most vital and pressing interest at this moment, when we may be said to have entered upon the reconstruction of our entire social and political system. The enormous abuses which existed in the constitution of the democratic branch of our legislature are about to be, we trust effectually, removed. The tithe is about to be abolished in Ireland, and although it would seem to be the intention of the government that an equivalent to that odious impost should still be paid in that country, under a different name, and by a different hand, for the support of a church which the great majority of the people have uniformly refused to adopt, yet it is a great advance towards the entertainment of right notions upon this subject, that the tithe, even in name, should be abolished. The burthen will thus be transferred by law, apparently from the tenant to the landlord, but as the landlord will of course indemnify himself by raising, *pro tanto,* the amount of his rent, the ecclesiastical tribute will come after all out of the pockets of the persons who now pay it. But it is something that the legislature has applied its attention to the subject, and has thrown off those imaginary trammels of "divine right" and "ancient usage," which some writers have affected to consider as so inviolable. Taxation, the tithe in England, the pressure of a growing and unprovided population, the poor laws, emigration, education of the lower orders—these, and several other subordinate questions, which for some years have been debated amongst us, as if they were but academic exercises, have recently assumed a degree of importance, which brings them home to every man's bosom. Dr. Chalmers has treated them in a bold and candid manner; his thoughts upon them are clothed in an energetic and eloquent style, which will be sure to engage the public attention; and although we disagree with him upon more than one essential point, yet we cannot but acknowledge that there is an air of sincerity and benevolence about his opinions, which always entitle them to be treated with the greatest respect.

The first great subject which Parliament must get rid of in some way or other, after it shall have purified itself for the task, is Ireland. The horrible condition into which that interesting country has been brought by centuries of misgovernment, is now so awful, verging as it is upon an almost entire dissolution of the framework of society, that it must be vigilantly, incessantly attended to; it cannot be left alone even for a day, for every thing remains to be done for the welfare of Ireland which ought to have been done three or four hundred years ago. It is not yet fit for the reception and productive management of capital, even if persons were found improvident enough to transfer their capital to that part of the empire. Dr. Chalmers justly remarks, that the first thing to be looked to is its moral improvement. But what is the mode in which that learned divine and economist would set about the accomplishment of this object? He would begin, as we gather from several passages in his volume, with eradicating the religion which prevails amongst the great mass of the people, and with substituting for it the religion—not of England, but of Scotland! We dare say that he entertains a very conscientious opinion as to the expediency of this measure, but he forgets that, whether right or wrong, such a measure would be, in the present state of things, altogether impracticable. This is precisely the error which was committed with respect to Ireland by Elizabeth and Anne, and almost all their successors. They alienated from their different governments the affections of the Irish, by endeavouring, perhaps from good motives, to force upon them the religion of England; they established amongst them, by force of arms, a church which, even to this day, they have obstinately repudiated; they have made them support it, while at the same time the Irish were voluntarily maintaining another church, whose doctrines they preferred; and notwithstanding this continued resistance of the people to any shade of the reformed worship, Dr. Chalmers would renew this whole system of false and wicked policy in favour of another church, whose tenets are, if possible, still more repulsive to the Irish people than those of the church of England! This insensibility to the proved will of the people of that country, this disdain of their fidelity to the religion of their fathers, comes with a peculiarly bad grace from a member of the kirk of Scotland. But, proceeding from any churchman, from any man acquainted with the principles upon which a free government—or, indeed, any kind of government that at all contemplated the interests of the community, ought to be conducted—such an opinion is deserving of the utmost reprobation for its folly and its mischievous tendency. It is assuredly high time for us to acknowledge that the people of Ireland have a right to the church of their choice, have a right not to be called upon to contribute to the support of any other. If we do not acknowledge these fundamental principles, and act upon them with good faith, all the laws that Parliament can devise will be but so much waste paper. Nay more; we should say, recognize the Catholic church as the church of Ireland, call its dignitaries to the House of Peers, incorporate its members in the Irish government, and give them the supreme control, under his Majesty, in the management of the affairs of that country. Until every particle of this proposition be adopted, it will be perfectly useless to devise secondary measures, however well intended, for the benefit of Ireland. They will fail—and they ought to fail—of even temporary success.

It has been made a boast of the present executive of that country, that wherever clergymen have called for its protection,—a call which of late they have very frequently been obliged to make,—troops have been sent to their assistance with the greatest possible promptitude. Troops of dragoons to the assistance of ministers of the gospel! The bare statement of the fact is the strongest proof that can be adduced of the impropriety of allowing such clergymen to remain amongst the people of Ireland. No human folly seems more desperate than an attempt to maintain, by force of carbines and sabres, a race of churchmen, in a country which is avowedly up in arms against them. In a private individual, such an egregious dereliction of common sense would be sufficient evidence of insanity. But statesmen, we suppose, have a charter for their mental hallucinations.

Their madness has gone even farther than this. They have not had any great reason to congratulate themselves upon their popularity, recently, in Ireland: but, as if they were anxious to part with the very little which they possessed, they now propose to put the clergy aside, and to stand forward themselves in their place. The debt due to the church, which the church found it impossible to collect without the aid of the military, the government have, it seems, if we may credit the report of the tithe committees, resolved to convert into a debt due to the state, and they will enforce it in that character. The necessary result of this proceeding will be, to attract round the state all the odium which had hitherto fallen heaviest upon the church, or rather to share in it, for no measure which could be adopted would remove from the church any portion of the intense hostility, of which it has for centuries been the object in Ireland. Thus, with promises of relief upon their lips, but with loaded arms in their hands, the officers of the government in that country will soon set out upon an expedition of actual warfare, from which, after all, they will return, defeated and more detested than any instruments of authority that have yet attempted to coerce the Irish people. What the results of such an impolitic system may be, we may not conjecture; very possibly one of them may be, the final separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

Nor is this a consequence which Dr. Chalmers ought to regret, consistently with the enlightened, and, as we think, judicious views, which he inculcates with respect to our colonies. 'In the loss of our American colonies,' he observes, (p. 193,) 'did many a statesman anticipate the downfall of the British nation. And in spite of the utter vanity of this anticipation, do they cling with as fond tenacity to our remaining colonies as before, and would still have in their defence, the expenditure of countless millions.' It is too notorious to be mentioned, that the trade of the American States has increased a hundred fold with England, since they were transformed from colonies into independent republics. The trade of England with Mexico alone, is at this moment three or four times greater than the whole amount of the trade between Spain and her American colonies, before they were separated from her crown. If Spain had acted with wisdom, she might have secured a great portion for herself of the commerce with those countries, which is now monopolized by England, France, and Germany. We look forward to the independence of the Canadas, as an event that must happen in the course of nature; and we may confidently predict, that it will be as much for the benefit of the colony, as for that of the parent country. Why should we not expect a similar result, if Ireland were to declare her independence?

'The crying evil of that land, is not that the wealth of its proprietors is withdrawn from its shores. Even though detained and spent amongst them, yet, did the people continue as reckless, and of as degraded habits as now; then, through intervention of the sure principle of population, we should only behold a larger, but in every respect as wretched a community. The benefit of a residing gentry lies, not in the money which they spend, but in the moral and humanizing effect of their presence. The peasantry under this influence, would soon cease to be so degraded; and, through the medium, not of external aid, but of their own internal principles and tastes, would attain to a more secure and respectable sufficiency. The popular cry, and on sound economic grounds too, is for a residing gentry; yet, with marvellous dissonance thereto, there is another cry for the spoliation of the church, that would, in fact, annihilate the best supplement for a residing gentry, which Ireland at present enjoys; we mean a clergy, bound, in a vast majority of instances, to dwell and to officiate among the people. There is also a well-founded cry against the absence of proprietors. But they are little aware, that the cry for a system of pauperism, is a cry for that which will rivet this calamity, and make it irrecoverable. We do not say, that a compulsory provision for indigence will banish its large landed proprietors from Ireland, but it will annihilate the order altogether. For the non-residence of the gentry, it will bring on what is far more hopeless—the non-existence of a gentry; when the population, the victims of the most insensate experiment, that, in opposition to all the lights both of observation and argument, was ever attempted by statesmen, will remain in as great destitution, and withal in greater helplessness than ever.'—pp. 370, 371.

There is much of sagacity, mingled with short-sightedness, in these few observations. In our opinion, there never will be a resident gentry in Ireland, until some kind of government be established there, capable of attracting around it the affections of the people. When that shall be done, order will be restored; the gentry will have nothing to fear, but much to enjoy, in returning to the dwellings, from which they may at present be said to be exiled. To talk of the established clergy, as a substitute for the gentry of the land, is mere nonsense. Dr. Chalmers may be excused for having indulged such a vision some years ago; but we presume that even he would not imagine such a thing *now*. A 'humanizing' gentry, with troops of dragoons constantly at their heels, would be something novel in the process of civilization. As to the introduction of a compulsory provision for the poor in Ireland, it is a question surrounded with difficulties. The scheme has been in practice in England for upwards of two centuries, and we believe that, at this moment, no class of the community, whether rich or poor, is satisfied with its results. But still necessity makes the law. In a few years more, the question may be, not whether such a law may be expedient for Ireland, but whether it can be avoided. If matters go on much longer in that country as they are going on at present, the whole nation will be pauperized, and then some provision must be made, whether we will or no. But as long as we have a choice upon the subject, it would be very singular if a British legislature were found, which could deliberately introduce into Ireland a system so pregnant with the worst evils, as a law for the maintenance of the poor—at least, such a law, or rather jumble of laws, as we have upon the statute books of this country.

Dr. Chalmers advances some peculiar doctrines with respect to taxation. We ought not perhaps to have said peculiar, because we remember to have seen some such notions maintained by judges and other sage persons, although we were inclined to suppose that they had been long since exploded. It is the opinion of Dr. Chalmers, that there may be such a thing as 'a misplaced antipathy to taxation,' a mere polished phraseology which he has substituted for Lord Castlereagh's "ignorant impatience of taxation." The Dr. cannot be brought to believe that there is any kind of tax which 'dries up the springs of our economic prosperity, or touches, in the slightest degree, on the comforts of the poor man and the labourer.' But we must allow him to speak more at large for himself upon this subject:

> 'There is not a more popular topic of declamation than the oppressiveness of taxes, and, more especially, their injurious effect on the condition of the working classes in society. The imagination is, that, when laid on the necessaries of life, they trench directly on the comfort and sufficiency of the labourer; and that, when laid on profit, or laid on commodities in general, they trench upon capital, and so upon that power which exists in the country for the remuneration of labour. It is thus that the distresses of the poor, and the straitened condition of the lower orders generally, stand associated in many a mind with the exactions of government. The effect of this opinion is, not only a rancorous politics on the part of the turbulent, but, even among calm philanthropic men, there is the pretty frequent persuasion, that each retrenchment in the expenditure of the state is so much clear gain to the common people: and that, by pressing an indefinite economy upon our rulers, they are on the right way for an indefinite augmentation of personal comfort, not to particular classes only, but to society at large. It is therefore of importance to investigate the matter; for, if this abridgment of taxes be really not the specific, which is to charm away all want and wretchedness from our land, the attention of the patriot may, in the meanwhile, be diverted from the best expedient for the relief and amelioration of its families.'—pp. 241, 242.

He then lays down, as a fundamental principle, that there is one species of tax, which for many reasons ought to be preferred to all others; that is to say, a tax on the net rent of land. The reasoning, however, by which he upholds this particular species of import, is equally applicable to all others. Speaking of the landlord thus taxed, he says, that

> 'He is made poorer by it; but no other individual or order of the community needs to be at all effected. A portion of the power which he had to purchase commodities, or to maintain labour, is doubtless taken out of his hands. But it is not annihilated; it is only transferred. After the imposition of the tax, the united expenditure of government and the landlords equals precisely the whole expenditure of the landlords previous to the tax. In the new state of things, there might be just as large a profit to capitalists as before, and just as large a maintenance to workmen as before. By every such tax, the power of government to uphold or reward industry is just as much enlarged as the power of the landlords is lessened. A certain part of the disposable population, employed in preparing luxuries for the proprietors of land, are placed by the operation of the tax at the disposal of

government. To them it needs be no other change than a change of masters—a change of employment. From the hands of their new employers they may obtain as large and liberal a support as they did from their old ones. They may have the same support as before, but for a different service. They exchange the service of working up luxuries to private consumers for the service of the state. They are withdrawn from the business either of home or export manufactures, by which they ministered to the enjoyment of landed proprietors, to the business of manufacturing government stores; or of fabricating the whole material of government service, such as ships, and fortifications, and barracks, and churches, and colleges, and prison-houses; or finally, to the direct business of war, or justice, or public instruction. Artizans may, in thousands, be transferred thereby into soldiers, or into artizans of another species. Master manufacturers may, in tens or hundreds, be transferred thereby into officers, or judges, or clergymen. And the latter may be upheld in as great splendour, and the former in as great sufficiency as before. The wealth thus transferred into the coffers of government, can be discharged with as great liberality and effect on the various servants of government, as it formerly could when discharged by the landed proprietors themselves, through the countless channels of trade and manufacturing industry in the land. After this change, we may still behold the spectacle of as large a population, in every way as liberally upholden, with the only difference of being differently employed. There is no effect produced on the reward of industry, but solely on the distribution of it. They who are paid by the tax may live as well as before. They who pay the tax are the only sufferers. They lose so many of their luxuries—or rather, they exchange them for the objects of the public expenditure; perhaps, through the medium of fleets and armies, for national independence; perhaps through the medium of schools and churches, and colleges of justice, for the protection of society from crime and violence, and for the increase of national virtue. Even to them, the tax-payers, it may not be a dead loss, but the substitution of one benefit for another—possibly the substitution of a greater for a lesser benefit.'—pp. 242—244.

The learned economist goes on then to argue, that the income tax, while it lasted, was a public benefit; that it contributed to the benefit of agriculture 'by breaking up many a lawn,' and stimulating cultivation, in order to enable the landlord to indemnify himself for the privations to which the tax subjected him. In fact, according to this reasoner, taxation has in it something perfectly captivating.

'We admit, that by a tax upon net rent, the power of the landlord to improve his estate is abridged; and yet, we hold, that the progress of this improvement does not, now-a-days, materially depend, either on his capital or on his enterprise. It is not at this time of day, that we have to complain of the want of capital for any operation, capable of yielding a return, or of replacing the outlay with a profit. We must recollect the opulence of our tenantry, and their ability to enter on improving leases, in all parts of the country where improvement is hopeful. Or, if the proprietor behoves to be the improver, we must recollect the perfect facility, wherewith he can now borrow to any extent, on the security of his lands. When capital is at a loss all round, for a profitable investure of itself;

and, labouring under the weight of its own plethoric magnitude, is ever and anon getting the relief which it needs in the bankruptcies attendant on all wild and precarious speculations—we may be very sure, that nothing is wanted, but the prospect of a safe though moderate return for drawing capital to agriculture. In other words, capital will never be wanting to agriculture, so long as agriculture is able to yield a profit to capital. The truth is, that capital has, in every business, a constant tendency to overshoot itself, by the application of it in larger quantities than the business can replace with a profit. And this is just as much the case in agriculture as in any thing else. So that though every landlord were to spend to the uttermost of his power, whether on his own private gratifications, or in the support of government, we have nothing to fear for the progress of cultivation. There is perfect security that, on the one hand, a more productive agriculture will bring on a larger population; and that, on the other, an increasing population will so uphold the demand for food, as to encourage and speed onward the progress of agriculture. Meanwhile, the landlord, though sitting merely as a recipient, if he but give his consent and countenance to the requisite administration, will reap the benefits of a process in which he takes no active share. His rents flow in upon him without exertion on his part. He will be glad to receive the whole—but should government interpose with its taxations, he will not reject the part which remains to him. The man of a thousand a year will be glad of an additional hundred—but not more so, than a man of five hundred a year is of an additional fifty. A tax then of fifty per cent. on the net income of landlords, would still leave them in possession of as zealous an interest as heretofore, in the improvement of their property.'—pp. 248, 249.

But although the learned Divine admits that a tax upon the net rent of land abridges the power of the landlord to improve his estate, and to employ labourers, it does not, according to the doctrine here contended for, at all diminish the employment of the industrious. 'The power of maintenance,' he says, 'that has been withdrawn from individual proprietors, may still be discharged as liberally as ever from the coffers of the treasury. It changes only the direction of industry, and not the remuneration of it.' It follows, therefore, that taxation can never be too heavy; for if it only change the direction of industry, without at all altering its remuneration, it is clear that it matters little to the persons employed whether they are paid by the treasury or by private individuals. The Doctor, therefore, very consistently holds, that 'taxation may be further extended, without bearing oppressively on the maintenance and industry of the people.' Of course, he must also hold with Mr. Justice Bayley, that the national debt, instead of being an injury, is a great national benefit. We pray the reader's patience, while we solicit his attention to one more extract from the author's lucubrations upon this subject:

'The popular representation of the matter is, that, in virtue of our enormous taxes, the minions of government are allowed to fatten on the spoils of the nation, to the further hardship and oppression of its starving multitudes. We believe the juster representation to be, that, in virtue of a sweeping and blindfold retrenchment, the affluent proprietor is enabled to live in greater splendour and delicacy; and that by a farther reduction on the hard-worn earnings of those who are the public's most useful and laborious servants. The monarchy is shorn of its splendour; the great offices of the state are stripped of their graceful and becoming dignity; the system of public instruction is stinted of its needful allowances; the requisite agency for the business of government is crippled in all its departments; our gallant warriors pine in sordid destitution; science, in the Gothic barbarity of our times, is unfostered and unrewarded; in a word, the glory and substantial interests of the nation are sacrificed,—and all with no other effect, than so to ease the landed and the funded aristocracy, that they may be more delicately regaled, or more magnificently attired and attended. The tax, we repeat, does not trench on the livelihood of the poor, but on the luxuries of therich; and statesmen, misled by a false political economy, or looking only at the surface of things, have made surrender, to a very phantom, of the highest objects of patriotism.

'We confess that, on this subject, we have no sympathy with what has been called the spirit of the age. The very worst effects are to be dreaded from it. Every thing now is made a question of finance: and science, with all which can grace or dignify a nation, is vulgarised and brought down to a common standard;—the standard of the market and of the counting-house. It does look menacing, to take one example out of the thousand which may be specified, that it hinged on one solitary vote, whether the trigonometrical survey of our island should be permitted to go on—a work which, like the dooms-day book of England, might after the lapse of a millenium still survive, as a great national index for the guidance of our most distant posterity. It makes one tremble for some fearful resurrection of the old Gothic spirit amongst us—when one thinks that we were within a hair-breadth of this noble enterprise being quashed. And this is the spirit of the age!—an age of unsparing retrenchment; a regime of hard and hunger-bitten economy, before whose remorseless pruning-hook lie withering and dissevered from their stem, the noblest interests of the commonwealth; a vehement outrageous parsimony which, under the guise of patriotism, so reigns and ravens over the whole length and breadth of the land, and cares not though both religion and philosophy should expire, if but some wretched item of shred and of candle-end should be gained by the sacrifice; this, though now the ascendant policy of our nation, elevated into power by the decisions of the legislature, and blown into popularity by the hosannahs of the multitude, will be looked back upon by posterity as an inglorious feature of the worst and most inglorious period in the annals of Britain; the befitting policy for an age of little measures and little men.' —pp. 259—262.

Here is a great deal of good declamation altogether thrown away. The whole argument rests on this assumption, that taxation is, in fact, nothing more or less than a transfer of a sum of money from the pockets of one class in the community to those of another; and that, taken in the aggregate, the effect is immaterial, because the money remains amongst the community. But is there no oppression in extorting money from the industry of one class, and handing it over to another, without giving the payer any equivalent? The individual injury is passed over in this bird's-eye view of our political economist. He little regards the difficulty which the tax-payer may have in providing the means of meeting the charge upon him: the privations which that payer may endure in his own person, and in those of his family, the limit to which he is restricted in affording employment to others, and in obtaining employment for himself. The money thus paid is indeed but a minute portion of the whole currency of the country, of that stream of capital which may be figured as flowing through the empire. But let it be remembered, that although that stream may not in the mass be diminished by heavy taxation, it may be so confined as to afford to but a comparatively small number the benefits of its circulation. Property, according to Dr. Chalmers, is pro bono publico, a sort of common for the advantage of the whole community. We have been led to think otherwise; that it was, in fact, divided, and that each man's share was secured to him by laws which have hitherto been deemed sacred. But our economist spurns the notion of meum and tuum. It is, he contends, for the general advantage, that each individual should give up as much as the state may think proper to require, without any reference being had to the right of every man to manage his own affairs, and to contribute no more to the state than is barely requisite for the security of his person and property. If the learned Divine's reasoning be right, it would follow that individuals were created for the state, and not the state for individuals. It is true that he tells us, that all his reasoning upon the subject is meant by him to apply only to a tax on the net rent of land: but it is obvious to the plainest understanding, that it is equally applicable to any other species of tax; for what is a charge upon the net rent of land, but an indirect impost upon every other interest that exists in society?

Let us suppose, for a moment, that the fifty millions paid annually by different classes in this country, were charged exclusively upon the net rent received by the proprietors of the land, what would be the consequence? The proprietors would of course indemnify themselves by insisting upon higher rents, the tenant would go through the same operation by obtaining higher prices for his produce, and these higher prices of cattle, sheep, wheat, &c. would raise, to a corresponding degree, all the other necessaries of life. They would not merely indemnify themselves, they would do something more, in order to guard themselves against bad seasons and incidental expences; so that eventually, instead of fifty millions a year, we should have to pay, probably, ten millions more in addition to indirect taxes, for the great advantage of sending the collector from our door to that of the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Bridgewater, and the other land-owners of the country. The man is absolutely dreaming who thinks otherwise; and the reader may judge of the sanity of Dr. Chalmers's notions on this subject, when he finds it gravely stated by him, in a note in page 302, that in truth, 'taxes admit of being most beneficially increased for the best interests of the nation.'

With respect to tithes, our economist is a little, though not much, more rational. He admits they oppose a barrier to the cultivation of the poorer soils, and prevent the richer from being so thoroughly tilled as they might otherwise be. He further admits, that the abolition of tithes would yield a sensible and immediate relief to the working classes, but that it would only be of a temporary nature; that in a few years they would be just as badly off as ever, and therefore he would recommend the tithes to be continued, if he did not think that their continuation would be the ruin of the church of England. Therefore they ought by all means, he urges, to be commuted.

We believe that the people of this country have no strong or rooted objection to the law of primogeniture, as it affects the preservation, in certain families, of the great titles and estates of the kingdom. But we apprehend that it would soon become an extremely unpopular law, if, being attacked, it were defended in Parliament upon some of the grounds on which Dr. Chalmers has placed it. Of these we shall give but a single example:

> 'We know that there is a mighty force of sentiment and natural affection arrayed against the law of primogeniture. But here is the way in which we would appease these feelings, and make compensation for the violence done to them. We would make no inroad on the integrity of estates; or, for the sake of a second brother, take off a portion, to the extent of a thousand a year, from that domain of ten thousand a year, which devolved by succession on the eldest son of the family. We should think it vastly better, if by means of a liberal provision in all the branches of the public service, a place of a thousand a year lay open to the younger son, whether in the law, or in the church, or in colleges, or in the army, or in any other well-appointed establishment, kept up for the good and interest of the nation. We would still have the state to support the younger branches; yet that not by the violation of its integrity, but by a more severe taxation than our politicians of the present day have the courage to impose. Under the one system, the second brother would have his thousand a year, but give no return for it in any kind of service. Under the other system, he would also have his thousand a year, and the public have the benefit of a duty and a service from him to the bargain. Instead of a rustic idler, we should behold him a public functionary; and, under this arrangement, therefore, we should combine, with a provision for the younger branches of families, a greater efficiency and amount of public service; a remedy against the destitution of younger children, and, withal, a better served nation. The one system only proposes a single object—a provision for younger children; and this object, in the course of that indefinite comminution which must take place upon the territory, would at length be completely unattainable after a lapse of generations. The other system proposes a double object—a provision for younger children, along with a fully equipped and full-paid agency in all the departments of national usefulness.'—pp. 372, 373.

In other words, let the eldest sons live upon their paternal estates, and the younger upon the public! This is, in fact, the state of things as it at present exists, which gives up every office in the country to interest and patronage, the consequence of which is, that we have the worst diplomatists, the worst public accountants, the worst civil *employés* in Europe. Lord B. or C. has a second son to be provided for, and if the government expect to command his vote in Parliament, the said son must be placed forthwith in a public office, whether he be fit for it not; and he is there to be retained and paid, whether he attend to his duties or not, whether he perform them in a slovenly manner, or otherwise. This is the very system against which the country has again and again raised its most indignant voice, and yet this is the precious system for which Dr. Chalmers prays. *Perpetua esto!!* It is true that he subsequently qualifies his opinion by expressing a hope, that public offices might also be open to candidates of merit. But such a hope is expressed by way of smoothing the matter as much as possible, for he must very well know, that it would be supremely ridiculous, in such a country as this, to place humble merit in competition with aristocratic influence.

Another of the great subjects which Dr. Chalmers discusses is 'Emigration,' to which, however, he attaches very little importance, as a means of keeping down our redundant population. He calculates, that, in order to accomplish this object, it must be about at least half a million of human beings every year, and he asks whence the fund is to come which would be required to sustain the expense of so immense a flotilla? To this difficulty he adds another, the diminution every year, supposing such an emigration to take place, of lands abroad fit for cultivation. The longer such a scheme should be prosecuted, the more impracticable, of course, it would become, and we suppose that no person would think of proposing it as a permanent remedy for thinning such a population as ours. One of the means for the attainment of that desirable object suggested by the author is, a system of education which would impress upon the minds of the poor the imprudence of early marriages, or of any marriages, unless they had previously acquired the means of maintaining their offspring. This we fearlessly pronounce to be a mere Utopian conception. No education which the lower orders of this country are likely to receive, will ever prevent them from forming early and imprudent marriages, or, what are still worse, improper connections. The question is, whether the children of the labouring classes shall be legitimate or illegitimate. In a financial point of view it little matters whether they be of one description or the other; in a moral point of view it matters a great deal, and it is, therefore, better on the whole that marriages should be encouraged. It is undoubtedly true, that the compulsory maintenance which is provided for the poor, has the effect of increasing the number of marriages among the lower orders beyond all reasonable proportion, and at very early ages. This is a grievous misfortune, for which the country is paying an immense annual penalty in the shape of poor rate; and although, at best, emigration would afford but a small relief in the amount of this penalty, yet independently of this consideration, we should wish to see a regular system established, by the application of which a certain number of paupers might be enabled, from time to time, to endeavour to ameliorate their condition in our colonies, or elsewhere abroad. It is believed that our foreign possessions, speaking principally of the Canadas, New South Wales, and India (if India were opened), would afford " ample space and verge enough" to upwards of twenty millions of human beings. It certainly would not require any great effort from the different parishes in the kingdom to defray, at an economical rate, the passage to the colonies or elsewhere, of four or five hundred thousand individuals per annum: it would require scarcely more than would be adequate to their maintenance at home; and if the whole of the parochial assessments to the poor throughout England, were placed under the control of one central administration, nearly half the fund required would be gained by mere economy of management. If, in addition to this alteration, it were made a rule of law, that every able-bodied person applying for relief, should have the choice of either going out as an emigrant, or of forfeiting his claim for an allowance at home, a very great and effectual reformation would thereby take place in the execution of the poor law, which has been so strangely perverted from its original intentions. As this law is now administered, we think that the author describes its operation with great truth. We are rather surprised, however, that he did not observe how much of his argument on this subject is equally applicable to taxes in general.

' It is evident, that every levy upon property for the support of the indigent, trenches on the means of its owners for the employment and maintenance of the disposable population. There is no new provision created under such an economy. A part of the old provision is simply transferred, or withdrawn, from the sustenance of one class, to the sustenance of another class. Every additional impost that is laid upon me in the shape of poor's rate, lessens my ability to support those industrious who are remunerated for their services by my expenditure. Supplies are provided for the destitute in one quarter of society, at the expence, not of my enjoyments alone, but of privations to those who minister these enjoyments in another quarter of society. And, accordingly, it has been well observed, that, for all the visible relief effected by a poor's tax, there is as much of real though unseen poverty created among those, who have not yet entered within the territory of pauperism, but stand, a countless and untold multitude, around the very margin of it. The distress is not swept off from the face of the community. It is only shifted to another, and generally a far more deserving class of sufferers—to a mass of respectable families on the verge of destitution; struggling against the hard necessity of descending amongst the throng of sturdy applicants for a legalized charity; and all the more hopeless of relief, that the springs of gratuitous benevolence have been well nigh dried up, by the heavy impositions which the artificial or compulsory system has laid on the upper classes of society. It is thus, that, by a sort of festering and spreading operation, the sphere of destitution is constantly widening in every parish, where the benevolence of love has been superceded by the benevolence of law. Generally speaking, every year, or at least every decade of years, the pauperism, like a moral leprosy, makes a wider sweep among the families than before.'—pp. 399—401.

Nor do we think that Dr. Chalmers in the least exaggerates the consequences which are likely eventually to follow from this state of things.

'But the full effects of such a system will be anticipated by its own violent overthrow. From its very nature it cannot last; containing, as it does, within itself, the sure seeds of dissolution. The radical error of a poor's law consists, in its assigning the same treatment to an indeterminate, which is proper only to a determinate virtue. The virtue of humanity ought never to have been legalized, but left to the spontaneous workings of man's own willing and compassionate nature. Justice, with its precise boundary and well-defined rights, is the fit subject for the enactments of the statute-book; but nothing can be more hurtful and heterogeneous, than thus to bring the terms, or the ministrations of benevolence, under the bidding of authority. This fatal mistake involves in it a great deal more than a mere scholastic incongruity; or, but the commission of violence on an abstract principle. So nicely adapted is the mechanism of human society, to the axioms of the most deeply, if but soundly philosophical jurisprudence, that any law which contravenes these, will soon betray the flaw in its principle, by the palpable mischief which it works on the face of the commonwealth. The claims of justice are definite and precise, and withal, strictly accordant to the natural sense of morality; so that the law which enforces these, while it compels the observance of certain intelligible limits and lines of demarcation, is acquiesced in by the general mind of society. But the law which would enforce charity can fix no limits, either to the ever-increasing wants of a poverty which itself hath created, or to the insatiable desires and demands of a population, whom itself hath corrupted and led astray. Under this system, all is lax, and precarious, and indefinite. The holders of property can see no end to the exactions of pauperism. And the nurslings of pauperism, with their constantly increasing number and necessities, will overpass every limit in their aggressions upon property. The growing alarm on the one side, the growing distress upon the other, form the sure elements of an interminable warfare, which, if not prevented by timely reformation, must at length effervesce into an anarchy, that will alike sweep off all the good and evil of present institutions, and make room on the desolated void for the foundations of a new-modelled commonwealth.

'We should most gladly abjure this whole argument, could we think that the charity of law at all lessened the amount of human suffering, or that distress was not far more effectually, as well as kindly met by the charity of spontaneous nature. Could the ministrations of relief have been provided for by law and justice, then compassion may have been dispensed with as a superfluous part of the human constitution: whereas the very in*sertion of* such a feeling or tendency within us, is proof in itself, of a something separate and additional for it to do; of a distinct province in human affairs, within which this fine sensibility of the heart met with its appropriate objects, and, by its right acquittal of them, fulfilled the design which nature had in so endowing us. But by this unfortunate transmutation, this metamorphosis of a thing of love into a thing of law, this invasion by justice beyond its own proper domain on the field of humanity—nature has been traversed in her arrangements, and the office of one human faculty has been awkwardly and mischievously transferred to another. And the effect is just what might be always anticipated, when the laws and adaptations of divine wisdom are contravened by the short-sighted policy of man. Justice should have been left to do the things of justice; and humanity to do the things of humanity. But by the aggression of the one upon the other, this beautiful and beneficent order has been thwarted, and the consequence has been a very sore aggravation to the ills of society. By the interference of law with the business of charity, a two-fold mischief has been wrought. Human distress has been multiplied, and human compassion, its natural protector, has been weakened and paralyzed. And by the truly unfortunate meeting of these two consequences, there has been left, as the compound and aggravated result of both, a tenfold burden of unrelieved suffering upon the community. We say not, that the charity of compassion would have overtaken all the distress. But we say, that the charity of compulsion has fallen many times short of it, beside the bitterness and the poison which it infuses into the *morale* of society; lighting up a thousand jealousies and heart-burnings between the poor and the rich; and converting an interchange of good-will on the one side, and gratitude on the other, into a conflict of fierce and rancorous antipathies between these two great parties in the commonwealth.'—pp. 415—418.

The grand conclusion to which Dr. Chalmers draws the whole of his elaborate argument is this, that the great bulk of the people must be taught to restrain their passions, through the medium of a thorough Christian education, conducted chiefly by the clergy, in their different parishes. He gives a picture of all the good that a country pastor might do, who attended diligently to the performance of all his duties. The picture is undoubtedly a very fascinating one, but we fear that he has borrowed it from his imagination; for certainly none here can find the living original. Indeed, he admits that his suggestion is a visionary one, as far as religion is concerned; but then he speaks of a secondary effect of Christianity, which, without converting to religious belief, attracts to the paths of *civilization* and humanity, many persons, upon whom its more sublime truths are lost. We do not know that by such an education as this, even if we should suppose it to be in general operation, the lower orders of the people would gain much, upon the whole. Education which is not based upon religion, and which does not comprehend a thorough belief in Christianity, as one of its most essential elements, is an injury, and not a benefit. It leads only to false notions of equality with the higher classes, to presumption, ignorance, and infidelity. We should greatly prefer the total absence of education among the lower orders, to such a delusive illumination as this. 'One man,' says our author, 'of decided piety, in a little vicinage, will impress, if not his own piety, at least the respectability of his habits and appearance, on the greater number of its families.' In other words, will make them hypocrites, pharisees—that is all.

Dr. Chalmers is a very bold thinker, a bold and sometimes an eloquent writer; though he occasionally uses a kind of phraseology which is not English. In politics he is a rank Tory, under the pretext of being a faithful friend of the people; and in religion, he is decidedly a high churchman, although a minister of the kirk of Scotland. His book may excite enlightened minds to pay attention to the various important subjects which he treats, but we fear that it will give them very little information which they did not possess before, or furnish them with more than one or two suggestions, which they can have any hope of reducing to practice.

ART. VII.—*Fauna Boreali-Americana: or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America; containing Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History collected on the late Northern Land Expeditions under command of Captain Sir John Franklin, R. N. Part Second. The Birds.* By W. Swainson, Esq., F. R. S., &c., and J. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., &c., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expeditions. *Illustrated by numerous Plates and Wood-cuts. Published under the authority of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs.* 4to. pp. 589. London: Murray. 1832.

It gives us much gratification to find a scientific work of any description published under the authority of any department of our government. At the same time we must say, that our official authorities have not hitherto been very successful in the selection of the productions to which they have thus extended their patronage. We cheerfully acknowledge, that they have usefully applied the public money in the equipment of the several expeditions which have been sent out for the purposes of adding to our geographical knowlege, in rewarding the gentlemen who particularly distinguished themselves on those occasions, and in affording them every requisite assistance in the subsequent publication of their journals. But it must be admitted, that the merely scientific results of those expeditions bear no proportion to their expense, and the reason is obvious. Naval officers, draughtsmen, engineers, surgeons, were sent out in abundance, as members of the expeditions; but of naturalists, botanists, and mineralogists, the supply was ridiculously scanty. Upon both Captain Franklin's expeditions, for instance, Dr. Richardson was the official *naturalist*; yet it would hardly be believed, if he had not himself candidly confessed the fact, that at the period of his appointment he was altogether 'ignorant of ornithology.' This is his own phrase. In addition to this, it would seem that while he was accompanying Captain Franklin, so short a time was allowed for the business of the ornithological department, that they 'could hope to obtain only the more common birds.' They had to traverse an extent of territory equal to the whole of Europe, but such was the haste with which the expedition moved, that it was impossible to make any considerable collection of specimens. 'To record the habits of the species to the extent and with the accuracy required for the purposes of science,' was quite out of the question.

What, then, does the reader think, did Dr. Richardson, the *naturalist* of the expedition, propose to do? Every body is acquainted with the inimitable descriptions which Wilson has given of the birds of the lower latitudes of America. Our Doctor, therefore, feeling that he could not give any thing like an accurate account of the birds of the extreme northern latitudes of that continent, the Fur Country, as it is called for the sake of brevity, thought that he could do nothing better than copy as much of Wilson as he could find suitable to his purpose! The result of such a proceeding as this, if carried into execution, would have been, that, instead of the birds of the Fur Country, we should have had an account only of such of them as occasionly appeared in the United States, and of such of the latter as most resembled the dwellers in the upper regions of that vast continent. The scheme was fortunately discouraged by Mr. Swainson, Dr. Richardson's able assistant in the compilation of this volume, and it has, consequently, been acted upon only to a very limited degree.

We question, however, whether the reader will think that he has gained much by Mr. Swainson's interposition upon this point. For our own parts we are never tired of reading Wilson, and we turn to an extract from his eloquent and enthusiastic descriptions, with the same sort of pleasure which we feel in poring over a page of Pope or Goldsmith, when we are wearied with the self-styled poetry of the present day. Mr. Swainson's descriptions of the birds introduced into the present volume, are nearly all taken from the stuffed specimens, or the authority of other naturalists. He does not appear himself to have had the advantage of seeing any of the birds *in situ*, as the botanists say. He is not at all acquainted personally with their dispositions or habits, and hence his text is so technical and sapless, if we may use the expression, that none but the most eager enquirers can dwell upon it with satisfaction. The world well knows, from Wilson's book, that ornithology may be rendered nearly as interesting in its details, as the personal narratives of the adventurers of our own species. Messrs. Richardson and Swainson were by no means ignorant of this possibility, but not having the power to rival Wilson, they set up an attempt at a system, to which they would wish to render their facts subservient. These, they affect to think, may afford material assistance to 'the discovery of the laws which regulate the distribution of the species over the face of the globe,' or, in other words, to the discovery of that 'natural system,' to which the CREATOR is supposed to have conformed in giving variety of shape, plumage, and appetite, to the winged beings which He has scattered over the earth.

The consequence of this effort upon the part of Messrs. Richardson and Swainson—an effort in which they have decidedly failed, even according to their own admissions—is that we have, from the pen of the latter, a long and incomprehensible introduction upon what he is pleased to call, 'the natural system'—'the grand ulterior object'—'the *primum* and *ultimum* of true science.' Some philosophers seem to have thought that they attained this desirable object, when they pronounced the natural series of affinities throughout all the grand divisions of nature to be *circular*, and every minor division to be formed within its own peculiar circle,' thus constituting, in fact, a series of concentric circles, from a minute point to the greatest conceivable extent. This is not, however, the theory which Mr. Swainson has thought proper to adopt; his system is partly *circular*, partly *quinarian*—or rather, as he afterwards corrects it, partly *trinarian*. The reader must make out for himself the meaning of this system, from the following three propositions, to which it is reduced:

> '1. Every natural series of beings, in its progress from a given point, either actually returns, or evinces a tendency to return, again to that point, thereby forming a circle.
>
> '2. The contents of such a circle or group are symbolically represented by the contents of all other circles in the same class of animals; this resemblance being strong or remote, in proportion to the proximity or the distance of the groups compared.
>
> '3. The primary divisions of every natural group, of whatsoever extent or value, are *three*, each of which forms its own circle.'—*Introduction*, p. xlviii.

We have afterwards a mysterious hint, that this system, though not yet demonstrated, may possibly render the doctrine of the TRINITY more comprehensible than it is at present. What religion is likely to gain from any such elucidation, even supposing it could be given to-morrow, we are at a loss to conjecture. He that must understand before he believes; that prefers the satisfaction of his reason to the submissiveness of his faith, will gain very little from his adoption of Christianity, the great beauty of which is, in our eyes, its being in all things placed above the region of our narrow intellects, and beyond the sphere of our paltry passions.

We have no objection to Mr. Swainson's theory, whether quinarian, quartarian, or trinarian. He may give it what name he pleases, and spend a dozen years more, if he have them to spare, in bringing it to perfection. Chemistry has made great acquisitions from the exertions which were made by many enthusiasts, whose object it was to discover the philosopher's stone. We do not mean to say that Mr. Swainson's system is altogether so hopeless an affair as that grand pursuit of a former age; even if it were, the attempts to establish it may possibly give rise to enquiries, which shall essentially contribute to the advancement of ornithology. But what we do object to is this, that he should have introduced it in its present crude and immature shape—when at best it is nothing better than vague conjecture—into a volume published under the direct influence of the government. His plain duty was to describe, as well as he could, the specimens which were laid before him; but of this duty he has taken advantage, in order to palm upon the public a theory of his own—a wild vision it may possibly turn out to be—under the sanction of official authority.

We come now to the details of which this huge volume is principally composed, limiting ourselves to the descriptions of such of the birds as may be most novel to an English reader, and omitting as much as we can of the technical matter.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

'This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country which skirts the Rocky Mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be the emblem of might and courage: and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honourable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets, or smoking pipes, used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the Calumet Eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan of a half-breed Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief of his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue an eagle was observed suspended as it were in the air directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his own amazement, no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly, shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon!

'The Golden Eagle is said to build its nest on rocks or on very lofty trees, and to lay two, or more rarely three, eggs of a soiled white colour. It preys chiefly on the young of the mountain sheep, fawns, hares, &c., and is scarcely ever observed to feed on carrion. The American Golden Eagle has seldom been separated by naturalists from the European one; but a nominal species has been assigned to both countries, under the name of the Ring-tail, which is, in fact, the young Golden Eagle, distinguished by the base of its tail, being white until it reaches its third year. The Ring-tails, probably owing to their being less wary, are much oftener shot than the old birds, and I have not seen an American specimen of the latter, although Prince C. Buonaparte mentions his having obtained one from the Rocky Mountains along with several Ring-tails.'—pp. 12, 13.

The Bald Eagle is the well-known emblem of the United States. It has been frequently mistaken by naturalists for the bird just described, though there are many points of difference between them. The description here given of it derives its principal merit from Wilson's interesting observations, which are expressed with his usual unrivalled power.

' This vigorous and rapacious bird is the earliest of the summer vistors to the fur countries, and the period of its arrival has given the name of *Meekeeshew eepeeshim*, or eagle moon, to the month of March. Temminck assigns for its habitual residence the regions within the arctic circle, and Wilson observes that it is found at all seasons in the countries it inhabits. Both these assertions, however, require, I apprehend, to be taken with considerable latitude. We did not, on the late expeditions, meet with it to the north of the Great Slave Lake (latitude 62° N.), although it is common, in the summer, in the country extending from thence to Lake Superior, and its breeding places in the latter district are numerous. But in the month of October, when the rivers from which it draws its principal supply of food are frozen over, it entirely quits the Hudson's Bay lands; and if after that period it is to be seen in the northern regions, it can only be on the sea-coast, and for a limited time while the sea continues unfrozen. It resides all the year in the United States, frequenting their whole extent of sea-coast and the shores of the large lakes and rivers; and it is known to breed as far south as Virginia, but its nests do not appear to be so common within any part of the United States, as they are in the fur countries.

' The favourite food of this bird is fish, caught alive; but it preys also on birds and the smaller quadrupeds; nor does it disdain at times to feed on carrion; and it has been known to attack a Vulture in the air, and, having caused it to disgorge the nauseous contents of its craw, to snatch them up before they could reach the ground.* Like many of the vultures, it has the custom, after a full meal, of sitting on its perch with its wings drooping down past its feet; and it often keeps its wings half open, with its breast turned to the breeze, as if to cool its skin heated by an abundant and stimulating repast. It takes the scaly objects of its pursuit by pouncing on them with its claws; and for this purpose it haunts rapids and cascades, where the fish, in the efforts they make to ascend the stream in the spawning season, are more exposed to its attacks. Its superior strength also enables it to turn the industry of the osprey to account, by robbing it of its prey. The assaults it makes on this active bird are described with peculiar animation and a strong feeling of the beauties of nature in the following extracts from Wilson.

' " This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted *emblem* of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has long been known to naturalists, being common to both continents and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish. In procuring these he displays in a singular manner the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical,—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snow-white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringæ*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature.

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* ' Wilson, iv., p. 89.'

' " High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the *fish-hawk*, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the object of his attention; the roar of its wings, reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

' This vivid and highly poetical passage may be contrasted with the prosaic, though didactic notice of the same bird, by a great political sage.

' " For my own part," says Franklin, " I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of a bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly: you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the king-birds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights whom the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie.* I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as the bald eagle, but looks more like a Turkey."'—pp. 15—17.

Another kind of eagle well known in the Fur Countries, is the Osprey; it lives almost exclusively on fish, which it takes alive, and so delicate is its sense on this point, that it will not even take up again a fish which it happens to drop either on land or water. It may be seen at a considerable distance above the lake, when looking out for its prey, sailing in undulating lines with great facility and elegance. The moment its destined victim is in sight, it precipitates itself upon it, and bears it off in its claws. Sometimes the fish darts off to too great a depth for the Osprey to follow it: when this happens, the bird stops suddenly in its descent, and hovering like a kite in the air, watches for the return of its quarry to the surface, when it seizes it with unerring force; if the fish do not return, the Osprey then regains its former altitude by an elegant spiral flight.

Dr. Richardson informs us, that he saw frequently in the arctic regions, that beautiful falcon called the Jerfalcon. He was attacked by a pair of these birds as he was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake. Their plumage was quite snowy. But perhaps the most beautiful of all the falcon tribe is the little "rusty-crowned falcon," which is a very common bird in every part of North America. It flies rather irregularly, says Wilson, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree, or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, shuts its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear. It sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitering the ground below in every direction for mice and lizards. It approaches the farm-house, particularly in the morning, skulking about the farm-yard for mice or young chickens, and frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular, and generally a fatal, aim. The want of a gun prevented the Doctor from procuring a specimen of the pigeon hawk—a fierce little falcon, which makes its appearance on the coast of Hudson's Bay in the month of May. The *naturalist* threw stones at it, but it merely made two or three circles round his head with much clamour, and then returned to its former perch! Is it not ludicrous to read of a *state naturalist* thus provided for his duties?

'VIRGINIAN HORNED OWL.

'This large night-bird is peculiar to America, and most probably inhabits that continent from one end to the other; Cuvier being of opinion that the *Strix Magellanica* of the *Planches Enluminées*, (585) 'differs from it merely in having browner tints of colour; neither is it uncommon on the Table Land of Mexico. Specimens that were sent to John Taylor, Esq., F.R.S., from the vicinity of Real del Monte, have been compared, by Mr. Swainson, with those procured in the northern regions. They presented no other difference than what might be expected in regard to the colour of individuals from localities so widely different. In those from Mexico the rufous tints of the plumage were more general and much brighter. The Virginian horned owl is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur countries where the timber is of a large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occurred within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl fell on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed, by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot.'—pp. 82, 83.

Our naturalist, after exciting the curiosity of his reader as to another kind of this species, the white-horned owl, which, he says, is very beautiful, concludes with this pleasant piece of information, 'I obtained no information respecting its habits!'

'THE RED-BREASTED THRUSH.

'None of the feathered tribe are better known in America than this, which, from its red breast and familiar habits, has obtained the name of the "Robin." It winters, in immense numbers, in the Atlantic States, from New Hampshire to the Gulf of Mexico, deserting at that season, the tracts to the westward of the Alleghany range. Notwithstanding the havoc made in its flocks for the supply of the markets, it affects the neighbourhood of towns, and is observed to feed much on the fruit of the sour-gum (*Nyssa sylvatica*), and on poke-berries (*Phylotacca decandra.*) Sometimes it disappears from a district for a week or two, and returns again in larger flocks than before. In March it begins to sing, and pairs early in April. Many pairs breed in the United States, but great numbers spread themselves over every part of the fur countries, extending almost to the northern extremity of the continent. Its nests were observed by the expedition as high as the sixty-seventh parallel of latitude; and, from the reports of various travellers, it is known to visit the north-west coast of America. It arrives in the Missouri, (in lat. 41½°), from the eastward, on the 11th of April; and in the course of its northerly movement, reaches Severn River in Hudson's Bay, about a fortnight later. Its first appearance at Carlton House, lat. 53°, in the year 1827, was on the 22d of April. In the same season it reached Fort Chepewyan, in latitude 58¾°, on the 7th of May, and Fort Franklin, in lat. 63°, on the 20th of that month. Those that build their nests in the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude, begin to hatch in the end of May; but, eleven degrees farther to the north, that event is deferred till the 11th of June. The snow even then partially covers the ground; but there are, in those high latitudes, abundance of the berries of the *Vaccinium uliginosum*, and *Vitis idæa*, *Arbutus alpina*, *Empetrum nigrum*, and of some other plants, which, after having been frozen up all the winter, are exposed, on the first melting of the snow, full of juice, and in high flavour. Shortly afterwards, when the callow young require food, the parents obtain abundance of grubs.

'The Red-breasted Thrush builds its nest on the branch of a spruce-fir-tree, generally about five or six feet from the ground, taking no particular pains to conceal it, and frequently selecting a tree in the immediate vicinity of a house. Its nest is formed like that of the European thrush, of grass and moss, neatly interwoven, and lined with a compact coating of dung and clay. The male and female labour in concert in constructing it; and when the young are hatched, they jointly undertake the task of feeding them. The eggs, five in number, are about fourteen lines long, and have a bluish-green colour, like those of the common thrush. The male is one of the loudest and most assiduous of the songsters that frequent the fur countries, beginning his chaunt immediately on his arrival. His notes resemble those of the common thrush, but are not so loud. Within the arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence of an arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus—their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep-green forests of tropical climes, that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator.'—pp. 176—178.

We are delighted with this little burst of enthusiasm. It seems to tell us that the Doctor has a soul, and we can only regret that he has not manifested it more frequently. We fall back, however, into the old track on turning a few pages. Speaking of the little tawny thrush, which appears in May on the banks of the Saskatchewan, he observes, 'whether it breeds there, or proceeds farther north, I am unable to say!' This is perhaps, under the circumstances, not very surprising. There is, however, another bird of the same tribe, called Wilson's thrush, which undoubtedly breeds on the banks of the Saskatchewan; and with respect to which he immediately adds, 'but I had not an opportunity of seeing its nest, nor can I speak of the extent of its range northward.' We almost think that the Doctor might just as well have staid at home.

'THE CAT-BIRD.

'The Cat-bird, so named from the strong resemblance which its voice bears to the plaintive mewing of a kitten, is common throughout the United States in summer, but does not appear to wander very far north. We did not observe it higher than the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude; and as it is a very familiar bird, it is not probable that more than stray individuals could have visited the districts through which we travelled, without having attracted our notice. It winters on the confines of the Gulf of Mexico, arrives in Georgia towards the end of February, in the second week of April reaches Pennsylvania, and in the beginning of May it is seen in New England. It does not reach the banks of the Saskatchewan until the end of May, later than most of the other summer visitors. Wilson informs us, on the authority of the first settlers in the Genesee country, that the cat-bird, in its migrations, keeps pace with the progress of agriculture, and that they had been several years in their new settlements, before he made his appearance amongst them. The want of cultivation may probably be the barrier to his migrations northwards, and not the severity of the season; for the summer in the fur countries is fine and warm. The country is more open about Carlton House, and cultivation is carried to a greater extent there than in any other part north of Lake Superior which we visited, and there only did we see the cat-bird. We should expect to find it, however, in still greater numbers, at the colony of Osnaboyna, on the Red River, where the ground is now cultivated by several hundred settlers; and it would be highly interesting were any resident there to note the arrival of birds known to have a predilection for the vicinity of man, and previously strangers in that quarter.

The cat-bird builds its nest in a bush or low thicket, forming the outside with small twigs, grass, and dry leaves, and lining it with black fibrous roots. The eggs are a little more than an inch long, and have a peculiar deep tint, intermediate between bluish-green and verdigris-green. In Pennsylvania two or three broods are raised in a season. Wilson, with his usual felicity, has drawn a vivid picture of the anxiety which this bird displays for the safety of its young. Its distress, when it supposes them to be in danger, is evinced by the most expressive gestures and loud cries. The same author tells us, that the male is one of the earliest of the Pennsylvanian songsters, beginning generally before the break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness, when there is scarcely light to distinguish him. His notes are more remarkable for singularity than for melody, and consist of short imitations of other birds and other sounds; but, his pipe being deficient in clearness and strength of tone, his imitations fail where these are requisite. He feeds principally on fruits.' —pp. 192, 193.

We ought to have remarked, that we have in this volume a great number of coloured plates of the birds described, and that they are in general very well executed. Having been much struck by the singular beauty of the arctic blue bird, as it is represented in plate 39, we immediately turned to the letter-press for the description of it, and we had the mortification to find just two lines and a half to the following effect: 'The only specimen that we procured of this beautiful bird, was shot at Fort Franklin, in July, 1825. It is merely a summer visitor to the fur countries; and *we obtained no information respecting its habits!*'

'THE WHISKEY-JACK.

'This inelegant but familiar jay inhabits the woody districts from latitude 65° to Canada, and in the winter time makes its appearance in the northern sections of the United States. Scarcely has the winter traveller in the fur-countries chosen a suitable place of repose in the forest, cleared away the snow, lighted his fire, and prepared his bivouac, when the whiskey-jack pays him a visit, and boldly descends into the circle to pick up any crumbs of frozen fish or morsels of pemmican that have escaped the mouths of the hungry and weary sledge-dogs. This confidence compensates for the want of many of those qualities which endear others of the feathered tribes to man. There is nothing pleasing in the voice, plumage, form, or attitudes of the whiskey-jack; but it is the only inhabitant of those silent and pathless forests which, trusting in the generosity of man, fearlessly approaches him; and its visits were, therefore, always hailed by us with satisfaction. It is a constant attendant at the fur-posts and fishing stations, and becomes so tame in the winter as to eat from the hand; yet it is impatient of confinement, and soon pines away if deprived of liberty. It hops actively from branch to branch, but, when at rest, sits with its head retracted, and the plumage of the body very loose. Its voice is plaintive and squeaking; though it occasionally makes a low chattering, especially when agitated by the prospect of a supply of food. It hoards berries, pieces of meat, &c. in hollow trees or between layers of the bark of decaying birches, by which it is enabled to pass the winter in comfort, and to rear its young before the snow is off the ground, and indeed earlier than any other bird in the fur countries. Its nest is concealed with such care, that none of the Indians with whom I spoke on the subject had seen it; but both Hutchins and Hearne inform us, " that it is generally built in a fir-tree, of sticks and grass; the eggs are blue; and the young brood, which are quite black, take to flight by the middle of May.' —pp. 295, 296.

The migration of birds is a mystery which none of our naturalists have yet successfully investigated. There are few birds whose plumage is apparently more delicate than the humming bird of America. Nevertheless, in winter it may be seen to the southward of the United States, and in summer it is found ranging as high as the fifty-seventh parallel, and perhaps even still farther north.

'THE CILFF SWALLOW.

' This species was discovered in 1820, by Major Long, near the Rocky Mountains, where it abounds. In the same year it was seen in great numbers by Sir John Franklin's party, on the journey from Cumberland House to Fort Enterprise, and on the banks of Point Lake, in latitude 65°, where its earliest arrival was noted, in the following year, to be the 12th of June. Its clustered nests are of frequent occurrence on the faces of the rocky cliffs of the Barren Grounds, and they are not uncommon throughout the whole course of the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. On the 25th of June, in the year 1825, a number of them made their first appearance at Fort Chepewyan, and built their nests under the eaves of the dwelling-house, which are about six feet above a balcony, that extends the whole length of the building, and is a frequented promenade. They had thus to graze the heads of the passengers on entering their nests, and were moreover exposed to the curiosity and depredations of the children, to whom they were novelties; yet they preferred the dwelling-house to the more lofty eaves of the storehouses, and in the following season returned with augmented numbers to the same spot. Fort Chepewyan has existed for many years, and trading-posts, though far distant from each other, have been established in the fur countries for a century and a half; yet this, as far as I could learn, is the first instance of this species of swallow placing itself under the protection of man within the widely extended lands north of the great lakes. What cause could have thus suddenly called into action that confidence in the human race with which the Framer of the universe has endowed this species, in common with others of the swallow tribe? It has been supposed that birds frequenting desert countries, and unaccustomed to annoyance from man, would approach him fearlessly, or at least be less shy than those inhabiting thickly peopled districts, where they are daily exposed to the attacks of the great destroyer of their tribes. But although this may be true of some families of birds, it is far from being generally the case. On the contrary, the small birds of the fur-countries, which are never objects of pursuit, and scarcely even of notice to the Indian hunter, are shy, retiring, and distrustful, their habits contrasting strongly with the boldness and familarity of the sparrows, that are persecuted to death by every idle boy in Europe. Nay, some species, which are bold enough during their winter residence in the United States, evince great timidity in the northern regions, where the raising their progeny occupies their whole time. In like manner, the redbreast of Europe, familiar as it is in winter, sequesters itself with the greatest care in the breeding season. The question, however, recurs,—what is the peculiarity of economy which leads one species of bird to conceal its nest with the most extraordinary care and address, and another to place its offspring in the most exposed situation it can select?

' At Fort Chepewyan the young came abroad on the 14th of July, and at the end of the month the whole took their departure. The nest is hemispherical, composed externally of small pellets of tempered mud, and lined with soft hay, and a few feathers. When attached to cliffs, the nests are clustered together, and each has an irregular tubular entrance at the top, an inch or two long, aptly compared, by Mr. James, to the broken neck of a retort. Under the eaves of a house, the nests are in a single line, not clustered; their form is adapted to the situation, and the tubular entrance is either entirely wanting or reduced to a mere ledge. The nests are easily destroyed by rain; and as they generally face the south-west, a gale from that quarter, which is of comparatively rare occurrence in the month of July in the fur-countries, destroys great numbers of them. The labour of building is performed chiefly in the morning, and three or four days suffice to complete the shell of the dwelling. The eggs, usually four, are oblong, of a white colour, with dusky spots. The note of this species is a gentle twittering, like that of the *H. urbica* of Europe, which it strongly resembles in its mode of building. When the bird is angry or alarmed, it utters a feeble, but harsh and acute scream. It preys on musquitoes and other small winged insects.'—pp. 331—333.

There are few birds which range higher in the arctic regions than the pisk; it utters a peculiar sound, which is heard chiefly in the evening, and seems to be quite close to the listener, whereas at the moment the bird is so high in the air as to be almost imperceptible. Plenty of grouse of various kinds were observed by Dr. Richardson. He is indebted to Mr. Douglas for the following description of the 'cock of the plains,' which, if we may judge from the plate, is a most magnificent creature.

'COCK OF THE PLAINS.

'This bird, which was first mentioned by Lewis and Clark, has since become well known to the fur traders that frequent the banks of the Columbia. Several specimens have been sent to England by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company: a male and female are mounted in their museum; —and others having come into Mr. Leadbeater's hands, one of them has been figured by the Prince of Musignano. Mr. David Douglas also brought home specimens, from one of which Mr. Wilson's figure was taken. It is to Mr. Douglas that we owe the following account of the manners of the species, the only one hitherto published:

' "The flight of these birds is slow, unsteady, and affords but little amusement to the sportsman. From the disproportionately small, convex, thin-quilled wing,—so thin, that a vacant space half as broad as a quill appears between each,—the flight may be said to be a sort of fluttering, more than anything else; the bird giving two or three claps of the wings in quick succession, at the same time hurriedly rising: then shooting or floating, swinging from side to side, gradually falling, and thus producing a clapping, whirring sound. When started the voice is '*cuck, cuck, cuck*,' like the common pheasant. They pair in March and April. Small eminences on the banks of streams are the places usually selected for celebrating the weddings, the time generally about sunrise. The wings of the male are lowered, buzzing on the ground; the tail, spread like a fan, somewhat erect; the bare yellow œsophagus inflated to a prodigious size—fully half as large as his body, and, from its soft, membranous substance, being well contrasted with the scale-like feathers below it on the breast, and the flexile, silky feathers on the neck, which on these occasions stand erect. In this grotesque form he displays, in the presence of his intended mate, a variety of attitudes. His love-song is a confused, grating, but not offensively disagreeable tone,—something that we can imitate, but have a difficulty in expressing,—' *Hurr-hurr-hurr-r-r-r-hoo,*' ending in a deep, hollow tone, not unlike the sound produced by blowing into a large reed. Nest on the ground, under the shade of *Purshia* and *Artemisia*, or near streams, among *Phalaris arundinacea*, carefully constructed of dry grass and slender twigs. Eggs, from thirteen to seventeen, about the size of those of a common fowl, of a wood-brown colour, with irregular chocolate blotches on the thick end. Period of incubation twenty-one to twenty-two days. The young leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched." "In the summer and autumn months these birds are seen in small troops, and in winter and spring in flocks of several hundreds. Plentiful throughout the barren, arid plains of the river Columbia; also in the interior of North California. They do not exist on the banks of the river Missouri; nor have they been seen in any place east of the Rocky Mountains." '—pp. 358, 359.

Among the other birds described by Dr. Richardson, are the sanderling, the ring-plover, the lapwing, the bittern, the curlew, the sandpiper, the coot, the gull, the kittiwake, and a variety of ducks and swans, which are all well known in Europe.

ART. VIII.—*Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Russia and Sweden, in the years* 1830 *and* 1831. By Captain C. Colville Frankland, R. N. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co. 1832.

THE principal features of this book—the cholera in Russia, and the Polish war—are both in that condition to which men generally consign an object of curiosity, when some more attractive substitute offers itself to their attention. Besides, Dr. Granville has been recently at St. Petersburgh, and Captain Jones has likewise been over the same ground, so that the powers of originality in our author, happen to be severely taxed on this occasion.

Captain Frankland undertook this travelling expedition for no other reason, than to indulge the locomotive propensity so universal amongst his countrymen. At Hamburgh, one of the first of the northern "lions" which he speaks of, he seems mightily pleased with the fair sex, but was uncommonly struck with the deformity of the dwarfs, which are to be seen in such numbers in the streets of Hamburgh. He calls on the government to interfere and keep such monsters from the public view, lest 'they should act with fatal influence upon the conformation of generations yet unborn.'

Passing into Denmark, the Captain visited Copenhagen; thence, passing across the Sound, he entered the territory of the King of Sweden. The Swedes, he says, do not understand German or French, it is best to talk broken English to them. The houses of the peasantry are made of wood, painted red, and are very Turkish, excepting that the windows are well glazed. The inhospitality of the Swedes quite astonished our traveller. They keep aloof, and are wrapped up in stupidity, pride, poverty, and indolence. Upon the whole he thinks Sweden is next after Turkey in being the most inconvenient country for travelling. The scenery, however, is calculated by its beauty to make one forget the moral imperfections that are chargeable on its population. At Stockholm, the Captain was as much enchanted with the elegance of the city, as he was disgusted with the ugliness of the inhabitants, particula ly the female part. The following memorandum is made under date of the 7th September.

'We promenaded the city until dinner-time. I have refrained hitherto from endeavouring to pronounce or to write the name of the street in which we lodge; it is a perfect Brobdignag:—" Nya Kungsholmsbrogatan, Gotha Löen Quartier, No. 7;" which, being interpreted, signifies, " New Street, in the King's Island, at the sign of the Golden Lion." The weather is cold, but fine and frosty; the wind still east, which will not do for Abo at all. We dined at the *Société* with Mr. Stapleton; and, at seven o'clock, went in full uniform to be presented to his Majesty, who received us most graciously, and talked a great deal with me respecting the state of Sweden. His Majesty seems to be a very unaffected, modest man, speaking of himself with the greatest possible humility. He seemed to be much pleased with the observations which I made respecting the country through which I had passsd, and appeared to seize my idea of colonizing the waste lands from England and Ireland.

'He told me that he had the greatest possible difficulty in preventing the farmers from setting fire to the forests, for the purpose of clearing the land. He observed, that the prejudices of the people with respect to agriculture were such, that he almost despaired of effecting much reform in this science among them.

'He said that in many places, particularly in Scania, the soil was excellent, but that such was the imperfection of the agricultural implements, that the plough only turned up about four inches of soil, instead of four feet, to which depth a fine loam ran. That although nature locked up the resources of the earth during eight months, yet such was the vigour of the fertilizing principle, that no sooner had the snow disappeared, than the corn sprung up, and ripened in an inconceivably short space of time. He said, that in an estate of his in the Talberg country, such was the quantity of iron and the facility of getting at it, that without sinking any shafts beneath the level of the horizon, 600,000 quintals of excellent iron might be exported from thence every year for 1,600 years.

'The King told me that the great canal was excavated under the inspection of English engineers, and that the first set of locks and flood-gates were made in England.

'He conversed very animatedly with Lord Bloomfield and ourselves for at least half-an-hour, when he retired to a sofa with his lordship, and begged us to be seated with the chamberlains. Charles John is sixty-eight years old, but he does not appear to be more than forty-five. He is very vigorous, and rides and walks more actively than most of the young men of the court. We saw his favourite, Count Brähe.

'There was no party at court excepting the few who dined with the King. The Queen and the ladies did not appear.'—vol. i. pp. 70—73.

Captain Frankland appears to entertain a very favourable impression of Bernadotte, and says of him, that he has not yet been spoiled by good fortune. The author left Stockholm in a packet, on his voyage to St. Petersburgh. The vessel was obliged to beat about for some time, in consequence of foul weather. One night, during a tedious anchorage off a sort of custom-house, or island, the Captain adopted a curious method of beguiling the languid hours.

'Meanwhile for pastime, Oakes and myself after dinner instituted an order of Knighthood, that of the Corkscrew: into which most royal, loyal, and distinguished order we inducted Jonas Rosenberg, alias Leporello, who, kneeling gracefully on one knee, received a stroke across the shoulder from a Meerschaum pipe, had a red handkerchief thrown scarf-fashion over his right shoulder, and a small steel corkscrew suspended by a narrow blue riband to his button-hole. He was then sworn never to break a cork in drawing it, never to refuse to drink, love or fight, upon being lawfully commanded so to do; to defend all distressed damsels, &c. &c.; this done, he was desired to arise more noble by the style of Jonas Von Rosenberg Von Leporello, principal Commander of the noble order of the Corkscrew; and while in the act of rising, he was invested with the mantle of the order, being white, lined with blue, and having a collar of Chinchilla fur. (This mantle is my old cloak, which has served for many a merry and agreeable purpose before now.) When Jonas's investiture was all over, the chapter was closed: but it was re-opened for the purpose of creating a Chanoinesse, (for what is a knight without his lady?) One of the ladies of the ship, (by the bye, a comely wench enough,) was invested with the decoration of the order, to be worn on the left breast; while Jonas, with corked moustache, imperial, and eyebrows, gallanted and saluted the fair Stiftsdammer, Chanoinesse, styling her the most noble and beautiful lady, Countess Julia Von Stockholm. During the ceremony, sundry glasses of claret, schnapps and punch were quaffed by the grand crosses, Commander, Stiftsdammer, and spectators, to the great edification of the latter and jollification of the former; after which we all repaired, as well as we could, to our balmy couches.'—vol. i. p. 83—85.

At length, arrived at St. Petersburgh, our author lost no time in gratifying his curiosity, by a walk over the city.

The ample and graphic descriptions which have been so frequently of late placed before the public, of the capital of Russia, prevent us from bestowing that attention to the account given of it by Captain Frankland, which it might otherwise deserve. Some of his general observations, however, are worthy of being quoted. The state of Russian society is thus noticed by him:

'I have often been struck by the want of sociability which exists between the youth of both sexes in the societies of Petersburgh. I have frequently asked the reason, both from ladies and gentlemen, of this *éloignement*. The ladies naturally reply, "We cannot make the advances to the gentlemen, and they will not make them to us. Were it not for you strangers, we should never exchange a word with the male sex." Again, they say, "The gentlemen are ungallant and illiterate; their conversation consists in nothing, even if you chance to elicit it. They spend their time in the bureaux of the different establishments, or else on guard—What can they know? What can they say to amuse a gentlewoman?"* The men justify themselves in a somewhat similar manner: they accuse the women of too great partiality to foreigners, with whom, they say, they cannot compete with any chance of success. They say, the ladies are absolute negations, and have not a word of conversation beyond the French play and the last ball. But I think I have discovered another motive for this extraordinary distance; it is, that there are too many *grosses épaulettes* (or as we should say big wigs,) in society, who, as they always wear their uniforms, keep the young men too much in awe.

'No man has any grade in society in Russia other than his military or corresponding civil rank. A subaltern, or captain, dares not put himself very forward in society, for fear of incurring a rebuke, and a severe one too, from his superior; and of this I have lately heard a remakable instance, in the person of a young officer of good family, but of low military grade, who was warned by his superior, that he was too intimate with a certain beautiful lady, and that he had better take heed and not thrust himself too far out of his sphere, lest the consequences might be painful to him,

'Conceive the spirit of martinettism, and of the camp, being carried into the heart of civilized society, and into the privacy of our tenderest passions, and most intimate and dear enjoyments!'—vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

The description of the Emperor is, we believe, exceedingly faithful.

'His Imperial Majesty is a remarkably fine-looking man, of upwards of six feet in height. His countenance is open and ingenuous, his manner frank, but a little inclining to *brusque*. If I were to see such a man in a crowd, I should say, "That man is born to be an Emperor."

'He is thirty-six years of age, and is represented by all those who have access to his person, and who are well acquainted with his character, to be a model of a prince and of a man. His fine physiognomy is expressive of benignity, magnanimity, and intelligence.

'He received us in private audience, and as we stood in a sort of semicircle, he went round and addressed something kind and pertinent to our professions and nation, to each of us.

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'We were next ushered, by the Count Modéne, into the Empress's apartments, and had not waited long, before her Imperial Majesty appeared, attended by Count Litten, the grand chamberlain, and Mademoiselle la Comtesse Sophia de Modéne, the lady in waiting.

'Her Majesty is tall, fair, and beautiful. She was very gracious, and said, that she recommended me to go from Moscow to Odessa, and so on to Constantinople, by sea; but when I told her Majesty that I had already been at Constantinople, she replied, "that the English were such great travellers, that it was not easy to point out any new route to them."

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* 'I confess that I think this sentence severe and unjust; but I am not responsible for it.'

'We had the honour of kissing her Majesty's hand; and at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, she withdrew, and so finished our presentation at court.'—(vol. i. pp. 191—194.)

A great deal of space is devoted to the examination of the military system of Russia. The subject has its interest and its importance; but it would scarcely have any attraction for general readers.

'To quit my military hobby, let me say how and where I passed the evening. It was at a very agreeable family party at the Prince Paul Gallitzin's.

'Here were masks; and a party of male and female dwarfs; these droll little urchins were all very well made and good-looking; they frisked and frolicked about with the children of the house as if they themselves were not (as in reality they were) men and women, but children likewise. One of these poor little mortals, equipped as an officer of hussars, danced a mazurka with great grace and activity, and selected for his partner the *Gouvernante*, a fine fat bouncing woman of twenty-five. He likewise, at my request, sang a Russian romance, which he accompanied on the pianoforte: his voice was a very plaintive, but weak barytone.

'The kindness of the Russian nobles to these unfortunate beings does infinite honour to the national character. Indeed, I believe the Russian gentry to be universally kind, benevolent, and charitable; generous to prodigality, they often ruin themselves, and will share their last peck with a friend in distress.

'Their vices are those of a nation *superficially civilized*, but retaining still many of the defects of their Oriental and barbarous origin. Want of order in their money affairs is their besetting sin; gambling their prevalent vice. With these two great defects, who can wonder that other faults follow in the train? They have many virtues; among which are conspicuous—generosity, patriotism, kindness of heart, loyalty, and (I am told, in the provinces) hospitality unbounded.'—vol. i. pp. 305, 306.

In perusing the following passage, the reader will discover, no doubt, not a little discrepancy from that opinion which the Captain had already expressed of the Russian ladies.

'The Russian ladies dance and dress remarkably well, and are extremely well educated and accomplished persons; there is, however, among the younger ones a good deal of *conventual formality* towards our sex, most probably arising from their *secluded education* in the *Communauté de St. Katharine*. Most of them speak English and German fluently; the French spoken at Petersburgh is excellent, as good as that of Paris, and certainly much better than that of the provinces.

'The young men are accomplished, gentlemanly, and agreeable persons, as much as (or more so than) the youth of any nation with which I am acquainted. They are accused of being superficial, but so are all young men of rank in all countries; every body cannot be profound. It seems to me that the education they receive is a more profitable one, as far as concerns *la vie de societé*, than that given by certain antiquated, high church and state establishments nearer home.'—vol. i. pp. 315, 316.

The remarks of Captain Frankland, on the manners and usages of the Russian people, are highly curious. He thinks that the national features of certain classes are rapidly wearing away, for most of the shopkeepers and small merchants are beginning to cut off their beards. His visits to the various royal establishments for manufactures, enables the author to report very favourably of the mechanical proficiency of the Russians. Amongst those which he particularly inspected, were the plate-glass manufactory—that for porcelain, cotton, and hemp, and lastly the iron foundry. In the latter are some beautiful specimens of art, as cast-iron vases, a salver representing, in bas relief, the Battles of Hercules with the Centaurs and the Amazons; also a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, and another of the Warwick vase in iron.

The cotton and hemp manufactory is under the superintendance of an Englishman, of the name of Wilson, who has the anomalous rank of civil general.

'Here we inspected all the various processes of dressing, carding, winding, twisting, &c. &c. (no cotton cloth being here manufactured); the pressure into bales by means of a hydraulic press; the machines, and machine-making department, (for this wonderful establishment does every thing for itself;) the tanning and leather-dressing department, the canvass and sail-cloth, the linen and damask table-linen department, the card manufactory, the dormitories, the kitchens, the school of architectural designs, the church, the model-room and library, and in short every thing. The perfection of mechanical invention in the shape of an engine for making the cotton-carders, pleased me extremely; little slender steel wires are run in rows in a long strap of leather, and riveted behind by this wonderful contrivance, in a manner so simple, and so beautifully symmetrical, as to enchant the eye of the observer: this is the invention of an American.

'There are fourteen English engineers belonging to this establishment, who superintend the construction of all the steam engines and machines necessary for the manufactory.

'The spindle department is occupied exclusively by girls, all of whom, as well as the boys who work in other parts of the establishment, are from the Foundling Hospital of Petersburgh.

'We attended at twelve o'clock the dinner of the whole factory, in an immense long hall divided in the middle lengthways by a screen, to separate the adult males from the boys and girls, who dined at two distinct tables. Previous to sitting down, a long hymn was sung by the whole thousand voices, among whom were some fine *basse tailles*.

'The dinner consisted of excellent pea-soup, which we tasted, and gruel, being Lent; but the convalescents, who sat at the lower end of their respective tables, had meat in their "stchy," or cabbage-soup; rye bread, and quass in abundance, completed the repast.

'General Wilson came into the hall during dinner, and so did Madame Bartolozzi, the gouvernante of the young people. The girls were in general small and plain; out of five hundred I did not observe above five or six that could be called pretty. The boys were likewise generally stunted in growth, and plain, chiefly of Calmuck and Finnish physiognomy. All were well and uniformly clad and clean.

'*General* Wilson reported favourably of the general health of these children; he observed fewer ophthalmic cases, and less of scrophulous habit among them than in Petersburgh; he said that the cotton and hemp dust did not in any manner injure the eyes or lungs; indeed I only observed one instance of inflamed eyes in the person of one of the lads, who seemed to be suffering very acutely, but from a recent cause.

'I never saw any thing equal to the order, regularity, and luxurious cleanliness of the whole establishment, which shows what can be done by system and attention.

'The sail cloth manufactured here is beautiful, and supplies the Russian fleets, as well as the vessels of individuals who may purchase it here. It is also exported in great quantities to America. The playing card manufactory is a monopoly of the Crown, the profits of which, about 600,000 roubles annually, go toward the maintenance of the Foundling Hospital. This is one of the many acts of benevolence of that high-minded and excellent personage the late Empress-Mother; indeed the whole institution was created and fostered by her. The unfortunate, (or rather who would otherwise have been unfortunate,) foundlings are allowed to remain in this noble establishment until they have attained the age of twenty-one years, when they are manumitted and placed in various trades and occupations.

'Besides the thousand foundlings who perform the lighter duties of the establishment, there are eight hundred free labourers, who work at the more arduous parts of the hemp and flax, and machine departments. The whole of the buildings are lighted by gas, made on the spot.'—vol. ii. pp. 67—70.

The campaign against the Poles under Diebitsch is criticized with the greatest severity by the author! But since the days of Peter, they have never lost so much by the blunders of their generals, as they have gained by their own physical numbers and energy in the field. Napoleon used to say, "*Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons,*" and the result has been, that though Diebitsch was outgeneralled, the Poles are now extinguished.

From Petersburgh, Captain Frankland proceeded to Moscow, about the ancient and modern history of which city he seems to be altogether very superfluously interested. Captain Jones has described this city too well to allow of our dwelling on that of his successor. From the general observations of Captain Frankland, whilst in this part of the country, we select his curious account of the recruiting system.

'The Crown orders a levy of so many recruits upon every two hundred serfs, and the ukaz is despatched by the proper authorities to the great seigneurs, who in their turn forward a copy of it to their starosts.

'These men assemble the peasants of their respective starosties, and inform them of the orders of the Czar; the youth then draw lots, and upon whomsoever the fatal lot devolves, he becomes from that moment the property of the Crown.

'The poor fellow is entered for twenty-five years into the army. He takes leave of all his friends, of all his family, of his native village, and is mourned for as one gone down to the grave. He is marched almost heart-broken to the nearest depôt, with a sum of sixty roubles (collected by the sarost from the other villagers) in his pocket, to pay for his arms and uniform clothing. Alas! he never expects again to see his native village, his wife, his child, or perhaps his aged parents, or the dear mistress of his heart, (for he has a heart, and one as susceptible of the softer feelings as yours or mine). He marches, as I said before, broken-hearted, to the depôt, where he is stripped of his sheep-skins, his thick and long boots, his Turkish-looking shalwas or trowsers; his shock head of hair is shorn close to the crown, leaving but one little lock on the forehead: he is buttoned up in a tight green uniform with a black leather stock to keep up his head, and he is again marched off in company with hundreds of others to join his regiment in Georgia, in Circassia, in Siberia, in Poland, or in Finland, from the frozen shores of the Polar seas, to the pestiferous plains of Asia Minor, or the blood-stained banks of the Vistula.

'Nevertheless, he soon acquires a taste for a military life; he is docile, he is ingenious, he is an artizan by nature, he is a fatalist, and he soon reconciles himself to his change of state: and the rough-looking savage mujick, in the course of six months, becomes the fine-looking model of a soldier.

'Any thing can be done with such a people as this. I have often been told by Russian officers, both of the navy and army, that when recruits join their ship or their regiment they are told by their respective officers what they are to be without any reference to their previous habits. "Thou wilt be a tailor," "Thou a shoemaker," "Thou a grenadier," "Thou a musician," "Thou a cordwainer," "Thou a smith," "Thou a painter," "Thou a sculptor," and as if there were magic in the sound, the man is metamorphosed according to the desire of the officer.'—vol. ii. pp. 242—245.

Moscow seems to be the rallying point of all the discontented spirits of Russia. Ministers out of place, cashiered officers, and disappointed politicians, are found here in abundance; and hence it is the place where the political condition of Russia may be studied with the greatest advantage. Whilst here, the captain had the opportunity of witnessing the punishment of the *knout*, a barbarous practice, which still betokens the slow progress of Russia in civilization.

'I visited the Haymarket, to see (not the hay, but) the whipping-post, to which criminals condemned to the knout are attached during their punishment. It is a large solid piece of wood, about seven feet in height, thrust end-ways into the ground in an inclining posture. At the top is a groove cut for the reception of the neck of the sufferer; at the two sides are two other grooves for the arms. On the part fronting the spectators, opposite to the side upon which the sufferer is placed, are three iron rings, to which the hands, neck, and feet of the criminal are made fast by thongs. He is hoisted off the ground, and laid with his belly upon the whipping-post. The knout is a whip terminated by a flat and thick thong of leather about eight inches in length. The executioner retires several paces from his victim, and then running forwards inflicts a blow which cuts out long strips of skin and flesh at every stroke. No later than yesterday a man received twenty-one blows of the knout, for poisoning his whole family, whereof his father alone died — the rest were saved by anti-poisons administered in time. The criminal was a merchant; he was sent after his punishment into Siberia. Formerly one hundred and fifty blows were frequently inflicted — at present never more than twenty-one. It is said that the executioner can always, if he choose it, inflict death at one blow. (I do not understand this.) Such is the severity of the blow, that it cuts pieces out of the wooden post. Many of the people, lounging about the Haymarket, had witnessed yesterday's infliction; they talked of it with utter indifference, but said that the sufferer was so strong, and struggled so violently, as nearly to tear the post down. I do not wonder at this, for the post was so loose in the ground, that I almost kicked it down; it was also quite rotten, and one of the arm-holes (on the right side) was completely broken away, leaving hardly any curvature to receive the arm of the criminal.'—vol. ii. pp. 280—282.

The remainder of the last volume is occupied with interesting sketches of the places through which the captain passed on his return, *viâ* Hamburgh, to his native country. Extended observations on the deaths of Constantine, Diebitsch, and on the progress of cholera, contribute to vary the interest of the concluding portion of the work. Captain Frankland, on the whole, has contributed to our literature a very pleasant and amusing production, written with liberality, and very well calculated to instruct us in a branch of the most interesting of all sciences, that of our own species.

ART. IX.—*Saturday Evening.* By the Author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." 8vo. pp. 491. London: Holdsworth & Ball. 1832.

WE remember that we received a good deal of gratification from the perusal of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," written by this author. There was a quiet, fervid train of thought, of religious thought too, not tinctured to any considerable extent either by cant or bigotry, which appeared to us to be highly amiable and interesting. In truth, religion has been made too much of a vehicle for party, as well as for sectarian, feeling, in this country. Having been unfortunately incorporated, at an early date, amongst the laws and state institutions of the country, it has been, for centuries we may say, treated as a political instrument for the depression of one set of the community, and the exaltation of another. Hence all our controversies upon religious points have been conducted with so much rancour on every side, (we make no exception,) that Christianity, in its essential characteristics, has been, we fear, much injured by the conflict.

We therefore hail, with unaffected pleasure, a publication like that now before us, which eliciting, as it were, the beauties of the Christian system, makes us forget, for the moment, the differences —shades they are, after all—which prevail amongst the professors of the Gospel. These differences, which, by controversialists, have been magnified greatly beyond the necessity of the case, are here softened down, or, rather, not dwelt upon. Those links which ought to unite all believers in the new law, are here pointed out, and recommended to contemplation. Those topics upon which all are agreed, are dwelt upon, rather than those of an opposite character; and it is impossible not to see, that the author is actuated throughout, by sentiments highly honourable to his head and to his heart.

Nor let it be said that these are subjects unfit for the profane to discuss. When an argument in the House of Commons is taken hold of by the legal members, it has been often found extremely convenient to the public interests, that unlearned men should interrupt the thread of their discourse, and give it a popular turn. The unlearned members of the community out of doors are then better able to understand the true bearings of the case, and the mass of the gentlemen within doors are also better enabled to form a proper decision upon the question at issue. In the same manner, it is eminently useful to the general interests, that laymen should occasionally publish their ideas upon matters of a religious nature. They relieve us from the routine of mere authority, and treat the subject in a point of view that renders it intelligible to the most moderate capacity, and attractive even to those who are too apt to look upon all such subjects with antipathy.

We have heard lately a good deal about the approaching Millenium. The author does not expressly use that phrase, but he gives us very clearly to understand that he has written this volume with a double intention, and that it is one of his objects 'to refer to the expectation, now so generally entertained among Christians, that our own times are precursive of the era of REST, which has been promised to the church, and to the world.' Little of this object, however, appears throughout the tenor of the work, although the author does not deny that an allusion of this sort has been present to his mind; and he grants, moreover, that his belief on this head has furnished no small part of the motive of his undertaking, and given direction, often to his thoughts!

The earlier chapters of his work are dedicated to subjects which he has entitled 'The hour of hope and diffidence,' 'The expectation of Christians,' 'The courage peculiar to times and places,' 'Laxity and decision,' 'The means of mercy,' 'The church and the world,' 'The state of sacred science,' a particularly well-written and useful chapter, 'The hidden world,' 'The state of seclusion,' 'The limits of revelation,' and 'The vastness of the material universe.' This last is, undoubtedly, one of the most inspiring of all topics to which the human mind can be directed. Even in the savage state of man, the spectacle of the universe, as he sees it spread around him, is calculated to teach him piety. Apparently the heavens are infinite; they teach him that equally infinite is the God who created them. They bear in them, as it were, the shadow of the Almighty, and they teach us, in a language which cannot be resisted, to adore Him as the fountain of all things, visible and invisible. To what exalting contemplations do not the following reflections give rise?

'Boldly we affirm that the earth is not too small a globe to be thought worthy of giving birth to the heirs of immortality. Nor is man too diminutive to hold converse with his Creator, or to be amenable to the divine government. He does not therefore arrogate to himself too much importance, when he speaks and acts as one who stands in immediate relationship to God. Nevertheless there are principles which should impose upon him a modesty and restraint in the range of his religious speculations. These are plainly such truths as—That the destinies of man have *some bearing* upon the welfare of the universe; or are related to its general laws; and that the universe (being so vast as it is) and governed unquestionably by rules which draw their reason not from a part of the system, but from the whole of it, they must always, and especially in the present state, surpass the comprehension of man. In other words, it must be believed, that in the fate and fortunes of the human race, scope is given to the operation of laws which man must always fail to discern the reason of, since it embraces, or has respect to the immeasurable realm of the Universal King. He alone, whose thought grasps all worlds and all orders of being, and all duration, can digest or comprehend the canons by which all must be governed.

'It may be well to pursue in meditation these truths; and to rest upon them awhile, and at leisure; and it must be remembered that the inference we have in view will be equally valid, whether it be assumed *as certain* that the destinies of mankind are related to the universe, or whether it be only granted *as possible*, or in some degree probable, that such a dependency exists. For it is one and the same thing to say—"Such and such inexplicable facts *have* a relation to certain unknown principles; or merely that *they may*, for aught we know, have some such relation." In either case the inference stands firm—that we should suspend our judgment of matters which, perhaps, are only to a small extent exposed to our view.

'On these premises let the immeasurable extent of the material system be, for a moment, steadily contemplated; and though vague conceptions may generate emotions of sublimity, the solid fruits of thought will always best spring from the most distinct ideas: but these, on a field so arduous, are not to be obtained without some labour.

'That degree of power and facility in conceiving of distance which the mind acquires by its acquaintance with the surface of the earth, may, without any extreme effort, or at least such an effort as tortures and paralyses the mental faculty, be extended to the distances of the planets of our own system. Not indeed as if ever the shortest of these distances could be held before the mind, in its component parts, or correctly reckoned; for if compelled to divide a hundred millions of miles into such portions as we can distinctly think of separately; and then to add part to part, until all were numbered; still retaining hold of our starting point, we should find ourselves utterly exhausted, and breathless, long before one of those millions had been completed. Nevertheless *a mental traject* from world to world, may, in some sort, be accomplished.—The glass brings, for example, the disk of Jupiter before us; so that we may fix the eye on this side, or on the other, of his cloud-belted surface:—we clearly distinguish the forms of these wreaths of lurid vapour; or we catch the transit of one of his moons—follow the speck of shadow in its hasty course along the equator of the stupendous planet, very much in the same way in which we watch the shadow of a cloud, as it moves across the bosom of a distant sunny hill. Although the road thither baffles us in the attempt to mete it out into portions, we can just imagine ourselves to have achieved the passage, and to set foot upon that vast rotund: and can faintly conceive of the scene that would there present itself, where, athwart prodigious valleys (each capacious enough to receive an Atlantic, or through which the waves of all our oceans might quietly flow, as the Ganges glides in its bed) the deep shadows of the overhanging mountains are flitting with giddy haste from side to side; while the sun rushes through the ample skies to accomplish his five hours of day, as we remain at our post of observation through the brief moments of night; and are dizzy while we gaze upon the shining multitude of moons and stars, that bursting up from the horizon, chase each other *with visible celerity*, from east to west, like a routed host, hotly followed by the foe.

'Thus, and with these aids which the telescope affords us, or which the imagination (authentically informed by facts) supplies, may we make a stage outward through the skies: nor are such efforts of the mind to be accounted vain and fantastic, like those waking dreams wherein we combine extravagant images of things no where existing, and in themselves preposterous; for we are now endeavouring to fix the faculty of conception upon objects that are palpable, and real, and which, (remote as they may be) are as truly cognizable by the sight, as are the cliffs of an adjacent continent. There is no extravagance in this attempt, but a real utility, inasmuch as an important lesson is obtained from the vivid impression of the extent of God's visible dominion. The same force of conception which has carried the mind to the orbit of Jupiter, will transport it to that of Saturn, where is seen a sombre splendour, suffused on all sides, less, apparently, from the distant and diminished sun, than from the broad surfaces of the adjacent rings, which almost blend night and day, by over shadowing the one, and illuminating the other. On taking once again an adventurous flight, further than before, we reach the outermost limit of our system, and stand upon that vast and solitary planet, which, as if guardian of the whole, slowly walks the rounds of the solar skies, while it fulfils its term of four score years and more. The sun has now shrunk almost to a comparison with the stars; or looks only like the chiefest and most resplendent of them: so that the mild twilight of that noon does not quite exclude their rival radiance.

'Here indeed, the power of distinct conception of space and distance falters. But if we remain a while at the remote stage we have reached, and pass along the circuit of that farthest planet of the solar system, we may gain, obscurely, an idea of the solitariness of our system, in the starry heavens. It is possible that the diameter of that orbit, which is scarcely traversed within the longest term of human life, affords just a sensible parallax, for the measurement of the distances of the nearest stars, so that an intelligible means is afforded for computing the breadth of that fearful gulph which divides the sun and his planets from the coasts of other systems. Thus, instead of the ignorance or uncertain conjecture which here on earth oblige us to rest satisfied (or dissatisfied) with a vague conception of the distance of system from system; there, in that Georgian planet, perhaps, the astonishing reality is reduced to figures; and it is authentically shown, that this outer circle of our system, vast as it is, circumscribes a space that would be not discernible otherwise than as a point, from even the nearest of the neighbouring stars: so that though our sun would be seen thence, as those stars are seen by us, the apparent disk of his little sparkling light, would include sun and planets together, as one blended radiance. It is thus, where facts are greater far than imagination, that in proportion as we ascertain those facts, or exchange imagination for knowledge, the mind is so much the more filled with amazement or awe.

'From the extreme boundary of the solar system, could we join that outpost of observation, we should look with more distinctness of perception into the abyss, in the centre of which the sun, with his planets, is suspended. And there, it is probable, a much brighter lustre may shed itself from the starry heavens, and perhaps, (yes, it must be believed) innumerable stars, which from earth are not at all perceptible or discerned, only by the highest powers of art, are individually seen: and those luminous streams too, and many nebulous splendours, which hang as wreaths or folded curtains of light, across our skies, shew themselves to be—what they are—crowded hosts of worlds, thick and numberless as the sparks that rush up from a fiercely blown furnace. Perhaps, at the verge of our system, the hours of day may seem dull and sombre; while the night flames out with a radiance that darts from every span and interstice of the sky, like the fretted roof of a palace, which the ostentation of the artist has overloaded with sparkling ornaments of gold. Nay, sober truth and calculation oblige us to believe that, if we could reach a spot nearer to the confines of the more densely occupied fields of space, and be exempt from all atmospheric observations, the entire surface of heaven would seem to be evenly and thickly studded with the stellar glory, in its many gradations of magnitude; for though the nearer suns would appear distant, one from the other, the spaces between would be filled up by those more remote; and these again, by the still more distant, until nothing were discerned but a luminous ether;—and yet this ether is luminous, only by its innumerable suns!

'After the mind has lost itself, and become fatigued by the labour of attempting to traverse the distances of the visible universe, it may return (not for rest, but for change,) to the still more astounding conception of the numbers of the heavenly bodies. The telescope has put these numbers quite beyond calculation, and then it fails to give any account of the many luminous clusters that bedeck the sky; much less of the spaces that may be not less replete with creation, on all sides beyond the passage of light. And these numbers, could they be actually expressed, must be multiplied—who shall say how often, to include the bodies, not natively luminous, that are circulating around each sun. Our own system, it is conjectured, may comprise many planets, either too diminutive, or too obscure, (from the quality of their elements) to be discerned at all from the earth. The *invisible* material creation, therefore, it is probable, vastly outnumbers the *visible*; and it may justly be thought that the worlds made known to us by their inherent splendour, are, to the unseen, only in the proportion of the chiefs of an army to the thousands that fill rank and file: it is as if from the summit of a tower we were looking, by night, upon a boundless plain, filled with the array of war; and could discern nothing but the gemmed crests of the captains, gleaming amid the countless and unseen multitudes they are leading on.'—pp. 186—193.

Immense as all this system is, we are aware, after all, that it is but the immensity of matter, and we cannot for a moment suppose that it exists for itself alone.

'Sober reason, in looking abroad upon space and matter, will surely believe that this universe of solid and luminous globes does not stand merely for itself; but rather that it is the inert means of a higher end; and moreover, that this end, or ultimate purpose, must transcend immensely the means. Although, therefore, we have *ocular* demonstration only of that which is material, we have *rational* demonstration of far more than that; and we may well conjecture, that if the immaterial or intellectual universe, with its destinies, were laid open, the material would shrink and fade, and scarcely again claim our notice.

'We have only to add to this reasonable supposition the belief of immortality, or of ENDLESS EXISTENCE, in the most absolute sense of the words; and having placed in combination ideas so vast, it may be enquired whether the rules or principles upon which a machine so stupendous as the material and intellectual universe can be supposed to fall within our knowledge, or to lie in the compass of our minds? In other words, whether our actual qualifications for judging of the destinies of our own species, or of the procedures of the Divine government, are in any degree commensurate with the magnitude of the subject.

'Every reflecting mind entertains at times difficulties concerning the condition and destinies of man, which all the ingenuity of philosophy fails to solve. To avoid the stress of such perplexities, on the one side, we are fain to shift our ground; but find that, though we have changed the position of our burden, we have not at all lessened its weight. We run for relief, perhaps, to scepticism, and some run to atheism. But greater and more formidable doubts meet us there; and forbid our progress. Revelation grapples not with any such antagonists; but it speaks in a tone firm and calm, which *implies* that they are, or that they may be, readily disposed of. Now we need wish, if rightly minded, for nothing more (when once convinced that the Bible is from God,) than to rest quietly upon its implicit disregard of the doubts which so much disturb our peace. For we may very safely infer, from the manifest ease and tranquillity of the messengers of Heaven, that *all is well,* if looked upon from a point sufficiently high. Just as when a father, stationed on an eminence, is watching the progress of his sons through a labyrinth, they may confidently presume that their course is the right one, so long as they see that a cheerful smile is on his face.

'This kind of humble acquiescence is, we say, both safe and reasonable. But let it be granted that it is lawful to seek some independent confirmations of our passive faith. Then surely we may find that we need, as often as we look to the starry heavens. And is there indeed no motive of modesty—is there no reason for suspension of judgment—is there no awe justly to be derived from the spectacle of the universe? Must not even the most audacious mind confess a reverence while standing thus in the open presence of all worlds? Or let the scenery be somewhat changed, and instead of seeing, at a distance, these innumerable habitations, let us imagine that all the rational orders that fill them (not a race excepted) were, by a sovereign summons, gathered from their several homes, and brought down to fill our nearer skies, and to come (were that conceivable) within a circle to which articulate sounds might reach. Who is there then, that, in the presence and hearing of such an assembly, would choose to utter aloud the petulance and the impiety of his secret meditations? Who would not be conscious, that those complaints against the principles of universal government which he harbours while actually acquainted with only some few of its acts, must, if uttered, bring upon himself the just resentment and scorn of all? But whatever it is that we should not have courage to utter in presence of the assembled rational universe, we ought to expel from the concealed recesses of our hearts. For it is an absurd presumption even to *think* that, which we should ourselves feel it to be both presumptuous and absurd to utter aloud. The reason of the modesty demanded of us remains always the same; and it is this—That we are members of a government which extends over a surface inconceivably greater than any finite mind can measure, and of which we are acquainted only with a single spot.'—pp. 196—199.

The author has given us an admirable chapter on what he calls 'Licentious religionism.' We all have met, in our progress through life, numbers of persons who have actually believed, and unfortunately lived in the belief, that, provided they had faith, they might shape their conduct as their passions dictated. Even these persons, however, the author would have brought back from the errors of their ways by gentle means, by kind and considerate reasoning, and not by harsh rebuke. In considering this subject, the author refers, with much justice, to the mode in which the authority of the Sacred Writings has been dealt with amongst the English people. He very truly observes, that 'none of the ancient whims or enormities of superstition, is more truly amazing than what we have seen take place during the last seventy years, among ourselves.' It is very true that we pride ourselves for the vigour of our understanding, and for our practical deference to truth. Nor are we, in general, fond of mere speculations. Whatever may be said with respect to the Scriptures, as to their mode of revealing certain articles of faith, certainly it must be admitted by every reasonable man that, in whatever relates either to the great principles whence virtue should emanate, or to the detail of the virtues and the vices, the inspired writers leave nothing to be desired as to the great leading rules of morality. As a mere book of morality, the Bible may be said to be a popular manual of duty, temper, and social behaviour. 'And yet,' justly observes the author, 'this is the volume which a portion of the most sober people in Europe has actually transmuted into a collection of sacred riddles; and has robbed, in the most absolute manner, of the whole of its force or application, as a divine directory of the conscience and conduct of man! The Bible, say they, affirms nothing, or nothing which is significant to Christians, on points of justice, temperance, purity, charity, meekness. Whatever it *seems* to say on these subjects, is in truth (under the guise of a divine trope or apologue) addressed to those who have become spiritually wise to discern the *mystery* beneath the *letter* of the written word.'

In this representation of the spirit that has long prevailed in this country upon this subject, we most fully concur. We fully agree, also, with the benevolent author of this work, that the numberless persons who have been governed by this kind of unhappy feeling, are not to be brought back by coarse rebuke, insolent criticism, or crafty casuistry. Intrepid honesty of purpose, simplicity of mind, and kindness of manner, will go farther than the most elaborate eloquence, when not accompanied by these qualifications.

In a chapter entitled 'The Recluse,' the author has given us a fascinating portrait of a mind given up to secluded meditative piety :

> 'The man who tastes, in a high degree, the pleasures of abstracted thought, may perhaps owe to *circumstances* something of the perfection of enjoyment he attains : but he must have received his primary qualifications from nature. There is a serenity—might we say a *lentitude* of the physical temperament ;—there is a native translucency of mind ;—there is a correct *keeping of time*—a rhythm and melody in the movements of the passions ;—there is a steady, tranquil flight of the fancy ; and there is a habit of abstraction (not philosophical but imaginative) which, altogether, supply to the mind that combines them a far higher and more constant happiness than is ever, even under the most favourable circumstances, to be drawn from the ordinary external sources of pleasure. The man of meditation is happy, not for an hour, or a day, but quite round the circle of his years.
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> 'As there are powers in human nature—faculties, rational and imaginative, which lie dormant while man continues in a savage state ; so is there much in the circle of the tranquil emotions which does not come at all into play, and is absolutely latent, in the bosoms of the mass of mankind. The turbulent and turbid passions, and the urgent solicitudes of the multitude, allow nothing that is not vivid and importunate to gain their attention. And it is so, that the hidden treasures of the soul—the secret delights of the heart, become the unenvied portion of a few meditative spirits. In these, the intellectual life is quick in all its parts. It is as when the waters of a lake are suffered to deposit their feculence, and to become as pure as the ether itself ; so that they not only reflect from their surface the splendours of heaven, but allow the curious eye to gaze delighted upon the decorated grottoes and sparkling caverns of the depth beneath.
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> Or might we say, that the ground of the human heart is thickly fraught with seeds which never germinate under either a wintry, or a too fervent sky : but let the dew come gently on the ground, and let mild suns warm it, and let it be guarded against external rudeness, and we shall see spring up a garden of gaiety and fragrance. The Eden of human nature has indeed long ago been trampled down, and desolated : storms waste it continually :—nevertheless the soil is rich with the germs of its pristine beauty ;—all the colours of Paradise are sleeping in the clods: And a little favour, a little protection, a little culture, shall show what once was there. Or if we look at the human spirit in its relation to futurity, we shall have to acknowledge that, as an immortality of joy is its proper destiny, so is it moved by instincts which are the prognostics of eternal life. But earthly passions quench these fore-scents of happiness : meditation fosters them ; and the life of the religious recluse is a delicious anticipation of those pleasures that shall have no end.

'Yet may the course of life adopted by the solitary religionist be partially excused on more solid ground.—Self-knowledge is the chief or initial part of true wisdom. But self-knowledge is the result of an analysis that never absolutely reaches simple elements. Let human motives be examined with as much precision as may be, it is natural to them to coalesce, and form new combinations; and this without end:—the work of analysis has always to be renewed, and is never achieved. Moreover there is a high sensibility of conscience attending the diligent inspection of the heart, which becomes continually more and more exquisite, the more it is exercised: the perception of good and evil acquires a fineness of apprehension—a power of discrimination, such as incites it always to advance and to apply itself anew to every circumstance of the moral life. This vivid and ever-growing sensitiveness therefore, and this power of scrutiny, find full occupation for the meditative spirit, and seem to deny it time or liberty to be engaged with the interests of the common world.'—pp. 269—272.

This is a good defence of the anchorites of the olden time. The author goes farther, and shews that the devotional part of religion is nothing else but the communion of the soul with God, and that, therefore, it is of necessity seclusive. Hence, in a great measure, arises the habit of the recluse in meditating upon the scenes of nature, and in seeking, for this purpose, wild and desolate regions. 'There is a purity, or abstinence, in the tastes of the man of meditation. He by no means desires to be placed in the midst of the gaudy magnificence of nature, before he can fill his soul with the pious ravishments he delights in. He would not, even if he might choose, walk through groves of luscious and spicy pleasure, where every colour and every fragrance satiates the sense. He does not covet as his home a valley of the east, where the sun seems to linger and shed all his favours. On the contrary, he would much rather draw his devout inferences from the slenderest or most modest examples: he chooses to dwell upon instances wherein the parsimony of nature gives the larger space to the diligence of reflection; and where the premises are always less obtrusive than the conclusion. Yes, it is most true, that the pious contemplatist finds, in the seas, the herbage of the wilderness, or the rugged and scorched surface of granite rocks, symbols enough of God; and he thinks himself richly furnished with book, and lesson, and teacher, when he descries, on his solitary way, only a blade of grass.' This is the true language of an enthusiastic mind, bent upon the contemplation of divine objects. He pursues the topic farther, in a manner that deserves all our praise.

'A sensibility too highly excited, and which has become too much the habit of the mind, distinguishes the recluse: and this again impels him, with an inconsistency he cannot justify, to hide himself from the crowd of men, and even to get absolution from the ties of private affection: for it is thus only that he can be exempt from the pains of excessive sympathy. Hence it happens that the very man whose firm persuasion of things invisible might well give him serenity amid the vicissitudes of the present life, exhibits far less composure than those often do who, when they lose wealth, and friends, and reputation, lose absolutely all which they have ever thought of, or desired.

'But perhaps there is nothing which so much determines the man of meditation in his purpose of hiding himself in solitude, as that spirit of rude intrusiveness, of intolerance, and of dogmatism, which prevails in the world, and which, moreover, seems often to draw around the inoffensive and the modest, and to make such their sport and victim. It is the peculiar delight of vulgar arrogance, not merely to violate the substantial rights of those who are feeble and unarmed; but to carry their practice of invasion—if it be possible, into the very souls of men. To rule in the visible and tangible world is not enough:—the despot must sway the private sentiments, and disturb the meditations of all who dare not repel his usurpations. The most innocent tastes are regarded as matters of personal quarrel, by the obstreperous tyrant—" While you cloak your thoughts, I assume that you are harbouring the purpose of resistance to my will.—When you express them, you openly defy my power." This is the real meaning of the language of arrogant and overbearing tempers. What wonder is it if the meek and the modest should escape, when they can, from the circle of such tyranny; or that when so escaped, their hearts should passionately cleave to the freedom of the monastic life?

'A feeling very similar to this is common even to men of far more intellectual vigour than we attribute to the Recluse; and actually exerts a great influence over the manners and habits of some of the most superior minds. Such are compelled to confess that it is only within the sanctuary of their own bosoms they can enjoy free converse with Truth and Reason. The open world is too impatient, too wilful, too capricious, and too intolerant, to give place to the liberty in which Truth and Reason delight. In the very choicest society there is not enough of simplicity, not enough of integrity, not candour, not knowledge, not perspicuity enough, to allow scope for an unanxious expression and copious interchange of thought. There are truths, or we should say there are indications of truth, which are not to be entertained without much delicacy of handling.—Bring them into dispute—haul them forth upon the arena of controversy, and they vanish from the sight. It is far from being an axiom that, whatever is true or important, or in a degree intelligible, may be brought out and submitted to the judgment of any sort of minds. The very reverse is often the fact. Beyond the bounded circle of things which may be measured on all sides, and categorically spoken of, and which form the homestead of minds of little leisure or comprehension; there is a wide and uncircumscribed sphere, wherein spirits excursive, and philosophically modest, take their range; and whence they bring home, if not certain and irrefragable conclusions, at least scattered particles of wisdom, which they more highly esteem than all the stamped coinage whereof dogmatism makes its boast. It is precisely *to save* these elements of imperfect knowlege, that the man of comprehensive mind often hides himself in silence, or withdraws altogether from society.

'If the characteristic difference between strong and feeble minds were asked for, it might be replied—It is found in the habit (in the former case) of adhering firmly to truths which have once been settled on satisfactory evidence; and (in the other) in that of calling such principles into question, ever and again. But if it were required to distinguish *great minds* from *strong ones*, we must say, that the latter so hold their system of established truths, as to shut out their prospect of what may lie beyond it; while the former, without quitting the ground of demonstration—without confounding the known with the hypothetical, never lose sight of that more distant range of things, which the human eye is permitted dimly to discern, though not distinctly to explore.'—pp. 278—281.

Very few indeed are the examples of seclusion in the sense here conveyed, of which modern times can boast. There is another kind of anchoretic piety, which shews itself in a repulsive system of religion, and induces the individual actuated by it to estrange himself from his fellow-beings, as if they were unworthy to associate with him. To such a recluse as this we would wish to hold up the portrait of himself, which is exhibited in the following picture:

'But though our religious sophist is thus shut out from free and ingenuous converse with mankind at large, and is condemned to look in disdain upon the movements and sympathies of the wide world: may he not, at least, find scope for his benevolence within the pale of the church? If the bulk of mankind are to him estranged; what forbids him to—"love the brotherhood?" Alas! he is as much beset with difficulties in this narrower cirle, as he was in the wider one. The cause of these new embarrassments may readily be found.—There is an important difference between a *perfect science*, which admits nothing but what is demonstrable; and that sort of general, or loosely compacted knowledge, of the same subject, which may float at large among men. For while the latter allows of much variety and diversity of opinion, and admits many degrees of proficiency or advancement, the former is absolute and peremptory: it must be received entire, or rejected: it can no more grant indulgence to difference of opinion, than the elliptic arch can allow of a broken irregularity of line.

'Now while the generality of Christians, as they modestly pursue their different paths of Scriptural inquiry, are conscious, and are ready to confess, that it is but a portion of divine knowledge which they severally attain; and that therefore it is most reasonable to exercise toward each other the indulgence of which each has need in his turn—the professor of abstract or philosophical theology, challenges for his system the prerogatives of *a finished science.* It truth it were preposterous, on his part, to take any lower ground. If fatalism of any kind is to be admitted, it must be yielded to because it is impossible to resist it. Seeing that the entire evidence of common experience, and the irresistible consciousness of men turns directly against any such doctrine, it can, of course, maintain its ground only *by force of logic.* Fatalism must needs be dogmatic and intolerant; if it would exist at all.

'In perfect consistency with his claim of infallibility, the theologue professes to have come into possession of his scheme of religion, not in the slow, painful, and uncertain method of an induction of principles from Scripture; but by climbing the height of the Eternal throne—by looking into the records of universal government—and by having gained the climax, or apex, of divine science, whence he can look down on all sides, and contemplate at leisure, the great movements of the sentient system. In fact, sophists of this class are perpetually ascending to universals;—are always reaching the infinite; are taking position at the centre of truth. Their method is that of synthesis and comprehension; not of analysis and induction. Hence results, by a natural consequence, the paucity and uniformity of their themes, and the monotony of their discourses. The highest circle of abstraction can never admit of copiousness or variety.

'But the special consequence we have now to do with is that *intolerance* which, by an unavoidable necessity, attends hyper-theology. In the reason of things it can admit of no freedom, no internal play of parts: it is iron-bound on every side. You must receive it as it is; or reject it; there can be no middle course. It were folly to talk of diversities of opinion, or shades of difference, in relation to that which, if it be absolutely true, is utterly false.

'And then, because no two human minds can be brought into perfect unison; and because language, which is the vehicle of metaphysical dogmas, is a very faulty organ of conveyance; and moreover, because there will arise a thousand discordancies of opinion when a system of abstract theology comes to be adjusted to the various and unanxious language of the inspired writers, therefore it happens, that the metaphysical theologue never finds one whom he can deem to have reached the very line of truth that trembles on perfection. There can be no space for brotherhood, in this region of points that have no extension.

'An appearance of exaggeration unavoidably attaches to every attempt to define and describe an abstract error like the one in question; because, in fixing and exposing *the secret principle* of such errors, and in marking them so distinctly as not to be afterwards confounded, we must affirm somewhat more than is perhaps actually to be found in any single example of the sort. But the fair question returns—Have we, or not, detained and held in our grasp a real existence?—Have we so gone about it as to fix its relative position, and to give it truly a name, and place, in our circle of ideas? And is it true, or not, that there is found among us a religious system that is characteristically sullen, arrogant, intolerant, exclusive; a system that impels its adherents to frown upon mankind at large, to refuse aid and fellowship in all labours of evangelical benevolence, and to denounce, as heretical, every form of doctrine that does not reach a certain point of abstract perfection? Is there, we ask, among us, a doctrine which, beyond any other, is *anti-social* and *uncharitable?* If not, we have been beating the air: or if hyper-calvinism be not that doctrine, we are chargeable with calumny.'—pp. 289—293.

From this subject, it is delightful to us to turn to the charming picture which the author has drawn of 'the family affection of Christianity.' How few of us, we regret to say, are actuated by a feeling of Christian sentiment and affection towards those whom we believe to be sharers with us in the hope of eternal life! Nevertheless, it is a feeling that ought to bind us all together by the closest ties:

'It is *only in religion* that we can find the true philosophy of love: for love, apart from the belief of an after-state, has neither substance, nor purity. It will be found, as a matter of fact, that the faith of immortality, and the feeling of Christian love, are always in direct relation, one to the other, as to their intensity: if the one be in great force, the other is so: if the first languishes, in any age, the second disappears. And, at any moment, if the belief of eternal life could be suddenly invigorated, the spirit of faction and jealousy would instantly be exhaled from the church; and of Christians it would once more be said—" See how they love one another."

'In this primary element of Christian affection, we readily find a reason sufficient to explain its comprehensiveness, and its universality, and its power of rising above those checks that might spring from the imperfection of individual character. The greater motive overpowers the less, in all the exercises of true love; and in Christian love, when simple and sincere, it is much more so. The brightness of immortality obliterates fainter impressions; and when any one is indeed believed to be a Christian, the idea of dignity that connects itself with that persuasion, outweighs every other feeling. In each heir of heaven we see—heaven itself, more than the qualities or merits of him who is on the road thither: much in the same way as when some extraordinary occasion kindles the enthusiasm of an assembled nation, and the multitude, with joyous shouts is moving on, in procession; the high-wrought patriotism that floats in the air, binds heart to heart, even among those who are personally strangers: every man, without question or scrutiny, grasps the hand of his neighbour, in frank and cordial good-will.

'No other principle can generate an emotion comparable to Christian love, for the plain reason that no other principle has at command so vast an idea as that of endless existence. It is by the means of this great idea that the brotherly kindness taught by the Gospel arms itself against the disgusts and disappointments that will belong to whatever is human. Be it so, that the objects of our regard are ignorant (like ourselves) of much which it would well befit them to know: and be it also that the better and purer motives that work within them are (as with ourselves) much disturbed and thwarted by the unextinguished propensities of an evil nature. All this, or more, may be granted; and though human virtue, in its best specimens, is infirm, and much sullied, it is nevertheless true that every Christian, because he is such, and whatever may be his relative excellence, is treading the ascent of wisdom and goodness; and shall at length, notwithstanding many delays and repulses, reach an elevation on that upward path where he shall fairly challenge all our esteem. Yes, and it is true, that an era in his course shall arrive when supernal beings—themselves ancient proficients in virtue, shall count him their worthy companion, and delight in his converse. If it were only on the strength of such anticipations, he might well now command our regard, who are subject to precisely the same conditions, and have need of the same indulgence.

'Christian love has its most obvious analogy with the domestic affections in its sense of relationship, as brethren, through one who is related equally to all, as Head. But the emotion we are treating of draws a peculiarity from the absence and invisibility of the Head of the family. There is a sense in which the members so represent the head, that He whom the mortal eye cannot discern, is brought, by their means, under the cognizance of the eye. So far as Christians truly exhibit the characteristics of their Lord, in spirit and conduct, a vivid emotion is enkindled in other Christian bosoms, as if the bright Original of all perfection stood dimly revealed. This emotion, perhaps, would hardly be generated by a single instance, or by a very few instances of the temper and behaviour that become the Gospel: for the divine image, in any single example, is too faint, or too much blemished, to bring with it forcibly the idea of Supreme Excellence to which it is related. But in the multitude of instances there may clearly be seen a concurrence—a harmony—a convergence of evidence, such as leaves no doubt of the truth, that all are copies after the same pattern. The conclusion comes upon the mind with accumulated power, that we are not entertaining an illusion, while we believe that this *family resemblance*, this homogeneity of character, springs from a common centre; and that there exists, as its archetype, an invisible Personage, of whose glory all have in a measure partaken. The Christian brotherhood is therefore to each individual of the community (τεκμήριον) a sensible proof of the reality of his faith; and each embraces all, not merely with affection; but with that peculiar solicitude and satisfaction wherewith the soul, at all times, grasps an assurance of the substantiality of its dearest hopes.

Christian love and the domestic affections may very appropriately be compared on the ground of that enhancement which both receive from the assured and familiar knowledge that prevails within their respective circles, of the character and dispositions of each. It is not perhaps commonly considered how much the strength, permanence, and vivacity of love depend upon the simple circumstance of an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of its object—its habits, purposes, infirmities, burdens, sorrows. The very reverse of this might have been imagined, as more probable; for it would have been natural to suppose that mankind being such as they are, mutual esteem and affection would have borne proportion directly to our ignorance one of another. But it is not so; on the contrary, ignorance of each other's character, more than any other cause, represses the social sentiments, and checks every benign emotion. It does so, first, by giving room to suspicion, and to the chilling fear (a fear which pride enhances) of becoming the dupes of hypocrisy; and next, by depriving the imagination of its means of vividly conceiving of the actual feelings or sorrows of those around us: and this lively impression is, by the laws of the human mind, indispensable to the vigorous movements of sympathy. That which the imagination does not realize, the heart does not heed. It is this principle that explains much of the apparent insensibility and indifference to the sufferings of others, which is shown by the mass of mankind.

But the intensity and tranquil permanence of love most of all depend upon the exclusion of all lurking doubts concerning the secret dispositions or real sentiments of the objects of our regard. Now human nature is so mystical a thing, its external characteristics are so variable, or at least so intricate in their combinations, and the outward and ordinary symbols of inward emotion are so fine, or so fallacious, that nothing can give us the certain assurance we need, except the close and intimate familiarity of domestic life: and it is an admirable provision of the divine wisdom which affords us the opportunity of knowing best those whom we ought most to love and succour. The unlooked for incidents of family history, and its sudden excitements, and its arduous occasions, bring the individuals of the home circle within the sanctuary of each other's bosoms. And then, there is always going on in each mind an unobserved process of induction, wherein the listless actions, and trivial expressions of every hour, go to form an estimate, in the mind of each, of the worth and quality of the others; until each feels that he has almost as perfect a knowledge of the heart of brother, sister, parent, child, husband, wife, as of his own. It is on the solid ground of this *familiar knowledge* that the domestic affections take their tranquil standing; and unless the companions of our lives are absolutely unworthy of our love, or ourselves are incapable of pure and generous emotions, we shall love them with more vivacity, and with more steadiness, when the depth of their faults has been sounded, than we could while ignorance (mother of jealousy and fear) stood in the way between heart and heart. To harbour the thought that there is yet at all in the soul of one near to us a concealment we have not explored, is the same thing as to hold the whole of our affection in abeyance."—pp. 295—301.

Although we praise much of the spirit by which this publication has been dictated, yet it is not therefore to be assumed that we agree with the author in all his religious tenets. Very far from it. But, at the same time, we cannot but see that he means well; that he is thoroughly possessed of, and actuated by, many truly Christian precepts, which give his sentiments an air of benevolence too seldom perceptible in persons who treat of such subjects. We know not how he can have all the hopes which he expresses elsewhere, of seeing that much-expected Millenium, when he is so fully aware that the 'English feeling of absolute personal independence, both in opinions and conduct, has so thoroughly dislodged from the minds and hearts of many, the Christian feeling of submission, for the sake of love and peace; much more of submission in deference to pastoral authority, that the greatest imaginable revolution must take place in the religious community, before it can be hoped that the capital and simple principles of church communion will be generally recognised and bowed to. Nothing seems at present to indicate the approach of any such favourable change amongst us.'

One of the great beauties of Christianity is, that it has no aristocracy, it is meant for all mankind.

'The adventitious advantages of personal dignity, bodily strength, and equable health, must not be spoken of in the same absolute terms, as conditions of greatness of soul; any more than nobility of birth; or the habits that belong to high station and affluence. Nevertheless, it were an equal error to affirm of these advantages, on the one hand, that they are indispensable to magnanimous sentiments; or, on the other, that they have no affinity therewith; or no influence in enhancing generous emotions. Nature and history contradict both suppositions. In many signal instances that might be named, MIND, as if purposely to disparage, or put contempt upon its humble companion—MATTER, has burst through the restraints and humiliations of a feeble, diseased, or distorted form, by force of a plenitude of the highest qualities: or again, as if to make mockery of exterior graces, it has withheld every virtue and every gift from those whose symmetry and dignity of person seemed to fit them for thrones. And yet the uneasiness or painful sense of *unfitness* of which every one is conscious while such instances are before the eye, is itself a proof that nature teaches us to look for some correspondence between the interior and the exterior man; or that it is her general rule to make the *visible* a true symbol of the *invisible*.

'Actual concernment with important affairs—a real conflict with difficulties, as well as some achieved enterprises of danger or labour, though not of course to be enumerated among the *elements* of magnanimity, must be peremptorily affirmed as indispensable to its existence otherwise than as a mere rudiment, or germ. The collision of the mind with the perils and toils of real life, may fairly be assumed as a test of true greatness; because our definition of it includes both power, and the propensity to exert it; for without this ingredient we retain nothing that might serve to distinguish between the idle contemplatist, or the mere poet, or the retired man of abstraction, and him whom we deem magnanimous. Energy that achieves nothing, is a febrile restlessness;—not the power of health. Greatness that can establish its pretensions by no ostensible and commensurate performances, is hardly to be known from imbecile ambition.

'Yet is there always a counterpoise in great minds between the desire of action—the vigorous passion for achievement, on the one part, and that tendency, on the other, to repose, that taste for peace, that calm residence of the soul upon its centre, which impels it (with an apparent inconsistency) now to stand forth, and now to recede from the noise and confusion of the world. We might find plenty of great minds, if we could but relinquish, in our definition, this special characteristic—a tranquil taste, and *the capability of repose*. In every circle one may meet with men of prodigious energy, and of indefatigable zeal; but they are such as can exist only exteriorly, or in action: rest, when it must be taken, is with them an abrupt cessation of their intellectual life; it is not another and a graceful mode of it. Will it seem romantic to affirm, that the characteristic serenity of minds truly great is an instinct of the soul, indicating its destiny to a future and endless life?—for even though that life were believed to consist of a perpetuity of action, nevertheless the anticipation of it, fraught as it is with the notion of infinity, and of absolute perfection, must always be attended with the idea of peace and stillness.

'If it yet seems as if some one infallible characteristic of genuine magnanimity were wanting, we should at once name unalterable modesty, as that mark. That it is so might be argued, not merely from the evidence of facts, establishing the point that great men have always shone with this grace, as assume it *à priori*, inasmuch as elevation and grandeur of soul consists in, or is derived from, an habitual contemplation of universal principles. This habit of the mind contains a tacit comparison which is of the very essence of humility. The spirit that has no modesty, manifestly has no sense of abstract excellence; and therefore can have no greatness; or, at least, is not holding converse with things greater than itself; hence it grasps nothing that might aid it to spring up, or to rise above its actual level.

'The modesty of great minds, like their tendency to rest, generates an apparent inconsistency at which vulgar observers are amazed: it is a dissonance, full of sweetness and power; but pleasing to well-taught ears. For just as there is (as we have already said) an alternation between the love of repose and the desire of action; so is there also in noble spirits a counterpoise between the consciousness of superior power and native high quality, and this characteristic humility or meekness. Such are the changes of a spring day, when the sun, returning to our hemisphere, and about to put forth anew the generative fervour of summer, is seen contending with the heavy exhalations of earth. For awhile these vapours gather over the heavens and darken the landscape; but at length they divide, and even while tepid showers are falling, the source of light is revealed in all his effulgence: and yet only to be soon again veiled in the mists his own rays have drawn into the sky.

'False or affected greatness, which consists in the tumid expansion of a meagre substance, may assume all appearances of the true sooner than this of modesty; which either it will not attempt, or attempting, will utterly fail to reach. Or while acting the part of modesty, will so exhibit its restlessness and impatience, as to forfeit the praise of serenity. Thus the two inseparable characteristics of genuine magnanimity are denied to all pretenders.

'In nothing are great and inferior minds more certainly distinguished, than in that peculiar composite sentiment with which the former habitually contemplate mankind at large. We say *composite* sentiment; because it brings together, with singular harmony, all the separate ingredients of magnanimity which we have just enumerated. In the analogous feeling of pretenders to greatness, some one or more of these ingredients is wanting. The man of enormous ambition, splendid as his qualities may seem, can make out no valid claim to the *affection* of his fellow-men, even if he may compel their admiration; for he looks upon them simply as the means or materials by which to effect, or upon which to build the spacious edifice of his pride. Or if beneficence takes its turn in his emotions, it is taught to give way instantly when it might embarrass the dominant passion. The vague theorist too, whose schemes are as large as continents, and who, one would say, has built his nest high as the clouds, so that he looks down upon empires as a man does upon a colony of ants; he is great only in his closet: he legislates for nations not a few: schools senates; rebukes kings; revises all that is faulty in the institutions of all lands; throws the blame of every human woe upon statutes. Yes, his pen is quite a paternal sceptre, wielded for the benefit of the species! Alas, all this sovereign philanthropy is bottled in his inkhorn! look for it elsewhere; in his conduct or his self-denials; you find it not. This huge good-will to men is nothing better than the *mode* of an immeasurable vanity; and if you want a proof that it is so, see how cunningly the sage avails himself of the slender knowledge of the men of his country or age, so as to make himself appear the author and inventor of that which he has just known how to steal from foreign quarters.

'The philanthrophy that is genuine and *great* yearns to act, and must spend itself in some effort, effectual or not, to diffuse benefits. The habit of abstraction, which is the primary rudiment of his character, informed by the bright conceptions, and animated by the emotions which his imagination furnishes, leads him to meditate, as his favourite theme, upon the welfare of communities; or of his species at large. And he is enough of the philosopher to look with indulgence upon the errors and faults of man; but not so much a philosopher as to make these errors and faults the subject of caustic merriment. He is poet enough to feel a kindling sympathy with whatever is beautiful or gracious in the social system; but not so much a poet as to turn away his eye from the unpleasing realities of human degradation. He is the man of action, energy, courage, fortitude; but his velocity is not that of a machine, which is serviceable or destructive blindly, for he has long pondered whatever he attempts, and his motive is always so sound and so admirable, that even his failures or defeats are brighter than other men's successes: and when thwarted in his endeavours, men see in his serenity that it was good-will to his species, not ambition, that moved the attempt.

'Nothing can be less like arrogance or conceit than the feeling with which a great mind inwardly confesses its unquestioned superiority.—Such is that *respect for humanity* which the man of magnanimous sentiments entertains, that it is with sincere pain he recognises at any time in other men those deficiencies, or that meanness, or baseness, or frivolity, whence he might draw a comparison in his own favour. As often as any such comparison obtrudes itself, gratulation gives way to shame, or compassion for others. It is to him a heavy grievance that men should be blinded by prejudice, perverted by passion, corrupted by interest;—that they should be ignorant;—infirm in judgment;—sordid in conduct. The levity of mankind, and their corruption, alike distress him, for they controvert that feeling he would fain always cherish, of complacency towards all things, and of esteem for all. Tell him to think with pleasure of his own expansion of mind and nobility of temper:—this is but in another manner to enumerate the dishonours of his fellow-men!

'Conceptions and emotions of this order are justly deemed *romantic* when not found in combination with energy and consistency of conduct:—that is to say, when they are *mere* conceptions, and *mere* emotions. But the man who thinks them so, however recommended by the active virtues;—the man who secretly contemns the humility and humanity of great minds as if it were a *weakness*, may be sure that there is humility and a region of thought of which he has no more knowledge than the mole has of the vastness and splendour of the upper skies, where the eagle soars.—pp. 349—356.

Yet, with all this, the greatness of man is in itself nothing—he is a fallen angel at best. When he dies, the elements of his human nature are separated, and it is only then that, in the Christian sense of the word, he begins to live; death is in truth but a process in the natural history of man—a season of germination in which he puts forth new flowers of existence. He is disencumbered of his earthly materials, in order that his soul may rise above all the obstructions which had previously clogged its operations, and may bring to maturity the most brilliant powers with which it is endowed. The author has some pleasing speculation on the state which souls thus emancipated will enjoy in another world. It would appear, from numerous passages of Scripture, that the pure souls will pass to a region of perpetual worship, in which the devout affections will be exercised to their fullest extent. These will be their sole employment. They will no longer be agitated by doubts as to the existence of the living God, for they will see him face to face. To assert any thing beyond this, would be mere imagination. We cannot follow the author, therefore, in his raptures about the third

heavens; in treating of which he has left himself open, we thin
more than in any other part of his work, to the charge of being
visionary.

In a chapter upon the perpetuity of human nature, the authc
contends that man will still be man when he lays down tl
vestments of this life, and puts on immortality. Of course, wha
ever belongs to the economy of this life, will then cease to influen
his feelings; he will still think, and reason, and feel as man, but
man improved and exalted to a higher degree in the scale of tl
creation.

‘The Supreme Nature, which includes all perfections and elements
bliss, need not be conceived of as certainly affording to *any* beings a f
manifestation of its own constitution. Nor perhaps would do so at all
it were not that this constitution has, in a special manner, been involved
the destinies of some members of the intelligent creation. May it distan
be conjectured, or vaguely surmised, that the occurrence of evil, and
DIVINE ACTS consequent upon it, have served to bring forth from
Eternal Bosom the long-hidden mystery of the Divine Existence? Sh
it be lawful to think that, in suddenly coming forth to the rescue of a fal
race, God became manifest to the eyes of all intelligent orders, as here
fore He had not been; and that they then beheld the Infinite Nature, in
essential distinction?

‘With more certainty it may be affirmed that the economy of hum
salvation has, *to the human family*, so signalized the distinction of
Triune Nature, that it will not again be lost sight of; but rather will
more and more evolved in the view of the redeemed race. This at le
may readily be supposed, that human minds shall find all their sense
safety, and all the calmness of their joy, to spring from their knowledge
the Great Mystery, of which on earth they had received the rudiments, a
which heaven shall much more develope.

‘The greatest object must command the attention of all who have it
prospect. And where the Supreme Being is sensibly present, He must
upon himself every eye.—But shall it be so for ever? Shall active a
intelligent natures, always advancing (and perhaps rapidly) in knowlec
and in power of comprehension, at length attain to such a maturity a
completeness of conception, as to leave nothing unfathomed, even in
Infinite Nature? It seems at first sight almost difficult to believe the cc
trary;—for the faculties of knowledge are open to what may be termec
law of geometrical progression; every augment is pregnant, and multipl
itself by combination with others. Our first thoughts might lead us th
to suppose that the accumulations both of knowledge and of the power
comprehension, might at length (or must) reach a climax and a pause. E
more deliberate consideration brings us to a different conclusion, which,
it must be summarily expressed in abstruse terms, nevertheless may
expanded by whoever will fix his mind upon the subject.—Although
Divine Nature be not in any sense mutable or *progressive*, its perfectio
do, as we see, come into relation with that which is both mutable and pı
gressive. In other words, there is going on now (and we should belie
always will be going on) an interaction between the power, wisdom, a
moral attributes of God, on the one hand, and the finite and created sy

tem on the other. It is by the fruits or products of this interaction that the Divine Nature becomes cognizable; and it might be affirmed, almost as a demonstrable verity, that The Infinite Perfections shall never have exhausted those combinations of which the finite and created system is susceptible.—If the works and dispensations of God are the book in which intelligent beings are to read the character of the author, we may certainly aver, that the Commentary shall never reach a close. And not merely is it true that there shall be no end to the series of facts and events—of products, persons, revolutions; and these always various, so that there shall be an incessant stream of novelties; but (which is of far more consequence) all such new products—actors and destinies, shall be *fresh manifestations* of the principles whence they proceed—further interpretations of the Divine Nature.

'The intelligent and immortal nations, continually accumulating their knowledge, and by means of these accessions gaining more and more power of grasping the principles of celestial wisdom, shall find, that the effect of such advancement is only to give them a still more enlarged conception of the immeasurable distance between the creature and the Creator. It is so that the traveller who ascends slowly the steep sides of the Andes, when, stage after stage, he looks beneath and around him, and gazes at each advance upon a wider horizon than before, convinces himself that he is actually attaining a great elevation above the common level of earth, whence he started.—And yet, when he looks upward to the starry vault, and sees it now in all its amplitude, and through a more translucent medium, so as that more distinctly than before he is conscious of the vastness and distance of the heavenly system, his *impression* is not that he is getting nearer to the stars; but rather that, though actually he rises, they are drawing back to a greater remoteness, and are contemning his feeble efforts to climb on high.

'But how shall we at all conceive of that strange commixture of sentiments, apparently incompatible, the one with the other, which shall result, after the lapse of extended periods, from this vastly-augmented sense of infinitude of God, on the one hand; and from that sense, on the other, of the lessening of the distance between the created and the uncreated spirit, which (as before we have observed) belongs to the full play of the devout affections? This inconceivable conflict or counterpoise, well deserves to be thought of.—And we *may* think of it, though imperfectly; because it just makes itself felt in the present state. Does there not sometimes arise a sort of pleasurable agony in the heart, when intimate and affectionate, and even tender emotions of gratitude, and love, and complacency (such as the Scriptures authenticate) are vividly combined with ideas of the power, majesty, and incomprehensible attributes of Him with whom thus we are conversing? How do these emotions enhance one the other, until the frailty of the mind compels it to fall back to earth. And shall it be, that both this affectionate approximation, and this augmented sense of the remoteness of the Supreme Being, are to go on together through the eras of eternity,—each more and more intense continually, and each working upon its antagonist with greater force! The thought of a counterpoise like this, does it not well exclude from our anticipation of endless life, all idea of stagnation or decay'?—pp. 469—474.

The author concludes his volume with a chapter on the unison of the heavenly hierarchy, a subject on which, we suppose, he indulges his imagination, merely for the purpose of shewing the extent to which it may range in such a boundless field. It is almost the necessary error of a mind constituted like his, filled with thoughts of an elevated and contemplative nature, rather to go too far occasionally in its excursive flights. This is an imperfection, however, for which we may well excuse him, seeing how many sources of captivating thought he has opened to us upon other topics. His book we recommend most cordially, not to the public, for it is not a work in which the mass of the community can feel any great interest, but to those comparatively few members of society, who love religion for its own sake, and keep themselves far removed from those busy and ambitious sectarians, who think that religion is to be made an object of traffic, or of policy. The man who pursues through this life the even tenor of his way, acting conscientiously by every body whom his conduct may affect, sweetening the relations of life by his mildness and beneficence, and worshipping constantly in the interior of his soul the divine Being, whom he sees present everywhere, will be delighted with this volume. It will on some points expand, as it were, the field of his vision, and render him more intimate with the beautiful system of the creation, which must so frequently become an object of his most affectionate attention.

ART. X.—1. *The Member: an Autobiography.* By the author of "The Ayrshire Legatees." 12mo. pp. 272. London: Fraser. 1832.

2. *The Cabal. A Tale of the Reign of William the Fourth.* In two volumes, 8vo. London: Cochrane and Co. 1831.

3. *Sir Ralph Esher: or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.* In three volumes, 8vo. Vol. i. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1832.

4. *Chantilly.* In three volumes, 8vo. London: Bull. 1832.

OUR list of novels for the last month is, as the reader may perceive, upon a very reduced scale. In fact there have been scarcely any new works at all published since our last number, compared with the masses of all kinds of literature which the press poured forth some time ago. There was then what we may truly call a glut of the market: now the market is almost completely empty, and the public, strange to say, seem to feel little regret at the circumstance. The truth is, that literature has been for the last twenty years made so much a matter of trade amongst us, and the parties dealing in it have paid so much more of their attention to its quantity than its quality, that a new book has been of late looked upon by many persons rather as a new bottle of medicine from the apothecary's, than as a treat for the intellectual appetite. Perhaps we ought not to have said "amongst us" alone, for undoubtedly the same vice has prevailed among the booksellers of France, and especially of Germany. In the latter country, they have long had their literary fairs, where books have been sold just as sheep and cattle are sold at fairs of a different description. We have not as yet introduced this wholesale mode of dealing, nor do we fear that we shall hereafter be compelled to adopt it, as the trade of bookselling in England has undoubtedly received a check, which must of necessity bring about an effectual reform. Men must accept manuscripts with infinitely greater caution than they have yet made use of: they must publish with more vigilant reference to the probable amount of consumption: they must lower the prices of all their new works to those of the "family libraries," and conduct their trade upon principles of greater moderation and security. This lesson may be lost upon them at present, but the period is certainly coming when they must act upon it.

With respect to the novels now before us, taking a summary view of the whole, we cannot say much in their favour. They are perhaps as good as most works of the kind which have been given lately to the public. 'The Member' is a lively and just satire upon parliamentary life, such as it was in the days when reform was little thought of. There is a humorous dedication to Mr. Holmes, "Billy Holmes," as he is familiarly called, in which the author affects to lament the dangers which threaten the church and constitution in these times; suggests the possibility that even "Billy's" well known office may be no longer necessary when the "schedules" come into operation, and inviting him, in that case, to the retirement in which the author has found refuge, since the toils of his parliamentary career have terminated.

The narrator represents himself as a Scotch gentleman, who having made his fortune in India, found, upon his return to England, that the time hung heavily upon his hands. He was advised by one of his friends, a Mr. Curry, to get immediately into parliament, where he would have plenty of occupation. A seat would cost him no more than a few thousands, which he could not miss. Having acceded to this advice, the difficulty was to find a confidential acquaintance in the line, that is to say, a person conversant with the secrets of the traffic for seats in the House of Commons. He had gone out to India a bare lad, with scarcely a shoe upon his foot, and of course knew nobody who could promote his purpose. Upon this subject his friend at once made his mind easy, by assuring him that he had only to make it known that he had a wish for a quiet easy seat, and was not unwilling to pay a certain price for it. Some needy peer would be soon heard of that would be sure to find him out, and have the requisite negotiations brought to a favourable conclusion. Of course the retired Scotchman from India was for "the powers that be." We have rarely heard of one that was otherwise. The ruling powers were then *the tories,* but he cared nothing about party. Whoever was in the government he would be its auxiliary, and he justified his principles upon this sufficiently plausible ground, that whigs were tories in office, and tories, whigs in opposition. Mr. Curry happened to know a solicitor who dealt in boroughs, and had at this time one at his disposal; and it was accordingly agreed that a meeting should take place between the parties, the shrewd Scotchman passing off, not as the principal, but as the principal's friend. The conference is capitally managed upon both sides.

'The waiter, being an expert young man, ordered all things in a very perfect manner; and I had just finished my dinner when in came Mr. Probe; a smaller sort of man, with a costive and crimson countenance, sharp eyes, and cheeks smooth and well-stuffed: but one thing I remarked about him which I did not greatly admire, and yet could not say wherefore, namely, he had a black fore-tooth, as if addicted to the tobacco pipe; and, moreover, although it could not be said that he was a corpulent man, he certainly was in a degree one of the fatties; but he was very polite and introductory, told me his name, how Mr. Curry had requested him to call, and was, in every respect, as couthy and pleasant as an evil spirit.

'I desired the waiter to shew us up into the private room that was ordered, and bade him bring a bottle of Carbonnell's claret—all which he soon did: and when Mr. Probe and I were comfortably seated, he opened the business.

'"Mr. Jobbry," said he, "our mutual friend, and my client, has told me that you might have some business in my way."

'"My client!" quo' I to myself,—"mum," and then I continued—"He is an old friend of mine, and I was telling him that the time hung heavy upon my hands in the country—oh! but that is not what I wished to speak to you about. I have a particular friend lately come from India, who is in the same condition; it's far from my fortune, Mr. Probe, to think of going into parliament; but my friend, who has a turn for public speaking, requested me, as I was coming to London, to see if a seat could be obtained on reasonable terms; and speaking on this subject to our mutual friend, Mr. Curry, (I took care to say nothing of his client,) he told me that you had a seat to dispose of, and that he would send you to me."

'"Very correct," replied Mr. Probe; "but he made a little mistake—I have not a seat to dispose of; but a particular friend told me that he knew of one; and now I recollect of having once mentioned the subject to Mr. Curry."

'"It's very right to be guarded, Mr. Probe," said I, "especially since the sale of seats in parliament are as plain as the sun at noon-day, and would make the bones of our ancestors rattle in their coffins to hear of it: but although a seat may be come at by good handling, what would you, just in common parlance, think a fair"—

'"Oh, Mr. Jobbry, we need not condescend on particulars; but my friend has certainly a capital sporting manor, and will either let it on lease for the remainder of his term, or for an annual rent."

'I patted the side of my nose with my fore-finger, and said, in the jocular words of Burns,

'"But Tam kent what was what fu' brauly;"

and added, "Very well, Mr. Probe, that's a very judicious alternative; but what's——I'll not say what. Would it be expected that my friend would have to sit on the right or left hand of a man in a wig; or, in other words, to come to the point, would he have to be a sheep or a goat, for at present he's an innocent lambkin, and unless there be a reason for it, he would naturally be a sheep. I'll not say that he'll ever be a battering-ram; but you understand, Mr. Probe?"

'"Your candour," was the reply, "is exceedingly satisfactory; but have you any notion of what your friend would give for the manor?"

"I doubt," said I, "if he will come up to what our friend Curry said was the price."

'"What did he say," enquired Mr. Probe.

'"Really I can't tell,—I don't recollect exactly, whether it was three or four thousand pounds."

'"Not possible," exclaimed the solicitor, falling back in his chair with astonishment.

'"Oh," replied I, "it's very probable that I am in the wrong, now when I recollect that parliament has only two sessions to run: you are very right, he could never have said so much as three or four thousand pounds—he must have been speaking of the price of a whole parliament."

'"Excuse me, Mr. Jobbry, you misunderstood him,—either three or four thousand pounds was quite ridiculous to mention in the same breath with a whole parliament: no, Sir, the price that I am instructed to arrange is for the two remaining sessions."

'"Pray, Mr. Probe, is the gentleman in the house?"

'"He is, but he does not find it suit; and, between ourselves, although money is no object to him, he sometimes has not felt himself at home, and so he has a mind to retire."

'"Ay, he has, eh? did he ever say why, because that is a subject that my friend should consider?"

'"No, not particularly; but every man who thinks himself qualified does not find himself so, I imagine, when he once gets in."

'"Then, if I understand you, Mr. Probe, your client ——"

'"Not my client!"

'"Well, well; he wants, as I understand you, to dispose of the shooting for two years at an annual rent."

'"Just so."

'"And what may he expect, to make few words about it?"

'"A couple of thousand."

'"What! for two years?"

'"No, not so; two thousand for the first year, and two thousand for the next;—four thousand in all, if the humbug lasts so long."

'"Is that the name of the manor, Mr. Probe?"

'"Ah! you're a wag, Mr. Jobbry."

'"But one serious word, Mr. Probe; I am sure my friend will give no such price as two thousand pounds per session,—he only wants the seat for recreation; some people like horses, some hounds, some carriages, some one thing, and some another; and my friend's taste is a seat in the senate; but he is a prudent man—he looks to both sides of the shilling before he spends it."

'"I don't know, Mr. Jobbry, but seats in the House of Commons are seats now;—I mean, the stalls in Smithfield are every year more valuable."

'"Well, Mr. Probe, I can make you an offer for my friend, taking the risk of pleasing him upon myself: I can give, I mean for him, a thousand pounds; hear what your client says, and let me know the result: I would say guineas—for I really count on guineas; I wish, however, to have the fifty pounds for a margin—you understand."'—pp. 15—21.

It turns out that the real seller is his friend Mr. Curry: the Scotchman turns the tables upon him with enviable adroitness.

'"When Mr. Probe had departed, I had a rumination with myself on what had passed, and I could not but think of his expression, "my client." It was very clear to me that Mr. Curry was the gentleman himself, and therefore I resolved to be on my guard towards him, and to take care not to let him know my suspicion: I also thought, it was very probable if he were the client spoken of, that he would let his man of business know that I was the true Simon Pure; all which put me on my mettle; and thus it happened, that when he called in the morning I was prepared; indeed his calling was to me as a proof from Holy Writ that he was the man himself, for he had no particular occasion to call, nor were we on a footing of such intimacy as to make the civility at all necessary.

'"But Mr. Curry was a pawkie man, and had a reason ready; for he said,

'"I just met in the street, as I was coming along, with Mr. Probe, and he told me that he had been with you last night."

'"He was," replied I, "and seems to be a civil and purpose-like character; but I doubt, Mr. Curry, if his client and my friend, you understand, will be able to close."

'"Indeed! why so?"

'"Because he expects a greater price than I have made up my mind to give."

'"Oh, there may be some modification. He told me that you had offered only a thousand pounds per session: now, Mr. Jobbry, that is rather too little; but you will hear from him what his client says."

'I saw by this that there was a desire on the part of Mr. Curry, to let me have the seat for what he called a fair price; but having some knowledge of his repute as a man of business, I said briskly, "I believe, Mr. Curry, after all, that this is a very foolish notion of mine. What have I to do with parliament? it is just an idle longing—the green sickness of idleness. Really, my conversation with Mr. Probe has changed my mind in a material degree. What am I to get for a thousand pounds, but two or three franks for letters, and be under an obligation to hear as much nonsense talked across a drinkless table, in the small hours of the night, as ever jolly man heard over a jolly bowl. Besides, Mr. Curry, if I am to pay money, I have got an inkling that a much better bargain may be had elsewhere."

'I saw that Mr. Curry was inoculated with the apprehensions when I said this,' for he looked bamboozled; so I followed up the blow with another masterly stroke, adding: "Indeed, Mr. Curry, it would be very foolish extravagance for me to give any such sum as a thousand pounds per session for the vain bauble of a seat; and when ye consider that a whole parliament can be got, as ye said yourself, for about five thousand pounds, divide that by seven sessions, and ye'll then come nearer what the mark should be."

'"There may be some truth in that, Mr. Jobbry," was the reply; "but I understand from Mr. Probe that you had offered a thousand pounds."

'"Oh! that was in words, of course."

'"In parliamentary affairs," said he, very seriously, "the strictest honour is to be observed."

'"No doubt; but an agent, you know, cannot pledge himself for his principal; all is subject to approbation."

'"Yes; but Mr. Jobbry, you are yourself the principal."

'"In a sense, I'll never deny that to you; but Mr. Probe only knows me as the friend of a gentleman who has a turn for public speaking, which I have not, and who may turn a penny out of his talent: in short, Mr. Curry, something between five hundred and seven hundred is more like a rational price: I'll give no more."

'"But you have made an offer, sir."

'"Oh! that was in a preliminary way."

'"Mr. Probe, however, may insist upon the offer being fulfilled."

'"You must not speak that way to me, or may be I may, by petition, accuse him to the Honourable House of trafficking in seats, and call you by name as a witness. What would either he or his client say to that?"

'I saw that he changed colour, and that his nether lip quivered; so I said to him,

'"Between ourselves, Mr. Curry, I cannot see the use of shilly-shallying about this: I'll only give five hundred guineas per session, which, you will allow, is very liberal for a man of honour, who has it in his power, if not well used, to make his complaint to the House."

'"I can only say, Mr. Jobbry, that from all I know of the subject, Mr. Probe's client will never accept your offer."

'"Very well; that's in his option; but I have an option likewise."

'"What is that?"

'"Didn't I hint about petitioning?"

'"Mr. Jobbry, such a proceeding would be most unparliamentary."

'"No, no, my friend; don't let us put our heads in the grass, like the foolish ostriches, and think because we do so, that our hinder ends are not seen: the matter in hand is contrary to law, and therefore we must not apply the rules of law to any thing so nefarious; howsomever, I'll so far conform to a corrupt practice, that I'll give the five hundred guineas, as I have said."

'"You will never get the seat for that."

"That may be true; but the Honourable House, like a Spartan judge, is desperate in punishing a detected delinquent: in short, Mr. Curry, if ye have anything to say anent this negotiation, ye'll advise a compliance with my proposition."

'"I could discern that Mr. Curry was in a frying condition; but he was a man of experience, and it was not in my power to draw out of him that he was at all art or part in the business; so, not to waste time with more talk, I passed into the news of the day, and Mr. Curry presently took his leave; while I very much wondered at my own instinct in acquiring the art of parliamenting so readily; and I had soon good cause, as I shall presently shew, for the address with which I was on that occasion gifted.' "—pp. 22—27.

The bargain is eventually struck for 600*l.* per session, and forthwith Mr. Curry having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, he was succeeded in his seat for Frailtown by Mr. Jobbry. He of course adhered to the line of conduct which he had determined to adopt, but as the ministry were just then in a rather unsettled position, he kept veering about the benches for some time. The ministry were changed, when he was seen more regularly at the Treasury side of the House, a circumstance which, however, cost him some trouble at the next election for Frailtown, of which a certain Lord Dilldam was the patron. His interview with this nobleman is characteristic.

'I had an apprehension that my abiding on the Treasury side of the House, at the change of ministry, was not agreeable to Lord Dilldam, and was therefore none surprised when informed of his determination to throw the weight of his influence against me in the election; insomuch that I had begun to have some conversation with Sir Abimelech Burgos, who was proprietor of three boroughs in the west; but the suddenness of the dissolution broke off the negotiation, and, upon the advice of Mr. Tough, a real clever man at an election job, I resolved to try my own luck again at Frailtown.

'When we reached the borough—and I took care on this occasion not to slumber nor sleep by the way—we drove at once to the Royal Oak; and Mr. Tough, with most excellent dexterity, agreed with the landlord that we should have the use of the whole house for a certain sum of money.

'This was a capital stroke of policy; for as all other public-houses in the town were of a mean order, he considered that Mr. Gales, my lord's new candidate and kinsman, would make his head quarters at the grand hotel in Physickspring; because he was a beau that dressed nicely, and was in all things dainty and delicate. But the main reason that Mr. Tough had in driving Mr. Gales to that hotel was, a dislike which the inhabitants of Frailtown bore to the upsetting garish pride of every thing about Physickspring.

'"It may seem," said Mr. Tough, "that this is a trifling matter, considering the close corporation and singular constitution of the borough; but the generality of mankind, unconsciously to themselves, are governed by public opinion; and we may rest assured, that the populace will not be satisfied with Mr. Gales, and that their dissatisfaction will more or less tell on the town council.

'I thought his remark very shrewd, but we had both great fears of my success; for that inveteracy Mr. Spicer, was mayor a second time; and old Pawkey Isaac Gleaning was in an ailing way, and could not give the effectual assistance that I received from him, for a consideration, at the former election; so, after we had paid a few visits together, I came home to the Royal Oak, rather in a subsiding mood, and had just said to Mr. Tough, in meditative sobriety, that

"The troubles which afflict the just
In number many be,"

when who should come into the room, to pay me his respect, but that ramplor young fellow, Tom Brag, that I had got the post so cleverly for.

'His office was not in Frialtown, but in the neighbouring more considerable place of Beverington: no sooner, however, had the thankful lad heard of my arrival, than he came over in his gratitude to offer me his services. He was a prize; for although he had no great weight with the town-council, he had a supple hand at a trick. It was not however my business to be seen in any thing of the sort; so I left Mr. Tough and him to concoct their own stratagems; and, in the meantime, being perfectly independent, I did not think it necessary to show myself under any particular reverence for my Lord Dilldam. Accordingly, just as a matter of course, I threw myself into a post-chaise, and drove over to pay my respects in an ordinary civil manner at the castle. His lordship at the sight of me, was in the greatest consternation, especially when I said to him, "My lord, although me and Mr. Gales are likely to have a rough tussle in the oncoming election, there can be no reason why I should not continue to behave with decorum and respect to your lordship."

'"In truth, Mr. Jobbry," was his reply, "I never thought from the ease with which I allowed you to carry the election last time, that you would have made so light of that favour."

'By this short speech I got some insight into his lordship's character, and could see that, although he was a most respectable nobleman, consistent in his principles and moderate in his public temper, yet he had not an ill conceit of himself;—so I said, touching my lips as it were with honey, that "it was a great pity I did not rightly understand the potentiality of his lordship in the borough; and that I was not a politician, but a sober domestic member, attending chiefly to the local improvements of the kingdom, only voting on occasional political questions with ministers; and, really, that I had thought his lordship's great experience of business in Parliament would, without any explanation, have satisfied him that changes in the heads of the Government were but secondary matters with the like of me; my great end and purpose being to get my own obligations to the public righteously performed, which could not be done if I veered about from side to side like a party man."

'On hearing this, his lordship looked most well pleased; and said, "that my principles did me honour as a man, and that it was to be regretted we did not understand each other better; for," continued he, "it was not so much because you gave in your adherence to the new ministers that I objected, as it was because you were supposed to act independent of me."

'"My lord," said I, feeling the full force of what he said, 'misunderstandings will arise between the best of friends; and I am very sorry to say that, to all appearance, I am likely soon to repent I was not so conjunct with your lordship."

'"Yes, Mr. Jobbry, you may have cause to repent: for now you will feel the force of my influence; and you may be assured that I shall leave no means untried to secure the borough for my young relation, Mr. Gales. At the same time, Mr. Jobbry, I will do you the justice to acknowledge, that had a better understanding existed between us, I would not have allowed Mr. Gales to oppose you; for, although he made some figure at college,—he's an excellent classical scholar, and can compose and deliver speeches of great promise,—he is not exactly the sort of man that I would have chosen; for I want a man of business among those whom I make the depositaries of my influence."

'In short his lordship and me became very couthy, and he said "he would return my visit next day; for that in all things he thought that we should act as honourable rivals for the love of that fair damsel, the borough of Frailtown, (an unproductive old maid, or rather unmarried lady,) and seek to win her smiles and favour by our chivalry, maintaining a mutual courtesy towards each other."

'So far my visit to the castle was auspicious; and when I returned to the borough, I told Mr. Tough what had passed; upon which he laughed, and said,—"In the desperation of our circumstances, you cannot do better than to continue the war in the enemy's territory; for, to tell the truth, your *protegée*, Tom Brag, is not very sanguine in his opinion of our success; but the fellow has great tact, and he tells me that our only chance lies in annoying Mr. Gales personally, so as to disgust him with the borough; for he is morbidly sensitive, and is easily molested by a small trifle. Now, your tactics are to concilitate my lord, and I have settled with Tom Brag that his are to annoy Mr. Gales, which we are in the better condition to do by having the commonalty on our side, and by taking up our residence in this plain homely manner in the town."

'I agreed that the view which Mr. Tough had taken of the state of my case was very judicious; and accordingly we arranged to act upon what I called the double-dealing principle,—for really it was so, both in its morality and practice. But men have a licence in the time of a general election, and I availed myself of no more than the common privileges of the saturnalia.'—*The Member*, pp. 148—155.

Eventually, Mr. Jobbry is again duly elected for Frailtown, when he resumes his course of policy in the House, jobbing on every possible occasion upon a small or large scale, just as the opportunity offered. We shall not go farther into his career. It is precisely that which most Scotchmen have passed through in the course of their parliamentary lives, and the description of it by the author will be read with unabating interest from the first to the last page, by every person who knows any thing of public life.

'The Cabal' is another political novel, having more immediate reference to the passing events of the day. We cannot trace in it any indications of striking talent, nor any thing like that acquaintance with what we may call life behind the scenery, which is so fully displayed in 'The Member.' We may, however, refer the reader to one passage in it of distinguished merit, containing the advice which a high Tory lord gives to his son, with whose conduct in Parliament he has every reason to be satisfied. It is a precious exposition of the leading principles by which that party is, and ever has been, actuated.

It would have afforded us the greatest pleasure to have been enabled, with any degree of justice, to recommend to public attention the novel intitled 'Sir Ralph Esher.' It comes from the pen of Mr. Leigh Hunt, a gentleman who has, on many occasions, yielded productions well worthy of the patronage which they have received. In dramatic criticism he is, or at least was, unrivalled. He catches, also, with great felicity, the discriminating shades of character, and touches them off with an aptitude of expression quite peculiar to himself. His poetry, too, though not of the highest class, either as to thought or imagery, and though absolutely rude as to its metre, is yet not without its redeeming points. There is a contemplative strain in his verses which sometimes rises to the picturesque in scenery, and to great tenderness in point of feeling. We understand that a collection of his poems is about to be published, and as there is a more than ordinary reason, derivable from his private circumstances, why we should wish it every possible degree of success, we beg leave to call the attention of the *gentle* reader to the circumstance.

The work now before us has some well-drawn portraits, and a few good sketches of what we may suppose society to have been in the days of Charles II. But it wants connection and *vraisemblance.* We meet with many names which must be familiar to every body who has read the history of that period, but we look in vain for a likeness in the persons so named, to those whom they are intended to represent. We apprehend that a single sketch from this novel, affording a slight peep, if we may say so, at the court of the king, will satisfy the reader as to its general character.

'The bells awoke me in the morning, ringing a merry peal. When the wind died, they seemed to be calling towards London; when it rose again, they poured their merriment through the town, as if telling us that the king was coming. I got up, and went into the street, where the people were having their breakfasts under the trees, as the gentry do in the time of the races. It was a very animated scene. The morning was brilliant. A fine air tempered the coming warmth. The tables set out with creams and cakes under the trees, had a pretty country look, though the place was crowded. Every body was laughing, chattering, and expecting; and the lasses in their bodices and white sleeves, reminded me of Miss Warmestre.

'The king, who was an early riser, was expected accordingly: it was not known at what hour; but every body was resolved not to miss him. One of our servants had been posted at Ewell, to give us the first intelligence. I returned to breakfast where I found my new mistress and the family assembled. They were talking of Restoration Poems; an awkward subject, I thought, for the host, but he discussed it not only with ease, but with satisfaction. He was now hastening to be a royalist, and was glad to have the countenance of those who had openly committed themselves on both sides. Waller and Mr. Dryden had gone further than he the other way: they now could not go too far for the new one. Not a word therefore was said of their panegyrics on Cromwell; but much good will expressed towards their more enlightened effusions. It was the more necessary to put a good face on the matter, because our host's old connections had latterly been quarrelling with the court; and he took all opportunities of insinuating that their grounds of complaint were new; totally distinct from those points on which he formerly agreed with them. With all my admiration of wit, I could not exactly understand how the Protector's and the king's eulogists could write so well on both subjects, and with so short an interval between; and I marvelled to think, what my poor mother and Mr. Saunders would have said, could they have forseen us all quoting the new pamphlets, and some of us hardly able to eat for the pleasure of expecting the royal visit. But this touched my own conscience. I therefore swallowed the reflection; and persuaded myself that a variety of new and unheard-of blessings were coming upon us, of which the very chocolate I was drinking was an earnest. The queen had introduced it from Portugal; and that morning we had been treated with it in her majesty's honour.

'It was not so easy to get over her majesty's situation at court, which was by this time much talked of. Divers things were said of it among us, in a tone of mysteriousness and regret. The queen was pitied; my friends shook their heads; but lady Castlemain was very beautiful—extremely beautiful. The ladies, nay the gentlemen, and some very grave ones, manifested an interest respecting the clothes she wore, and the length of her petticoats. Would she come that day?—Hardly. Undoubtedly—she was of the queen's bed-chamber! "Lord bless us!" exclaimed an old lady, "she must be very beautiful to make the king so wicked." It was agreed that every body must get a sight of her face, if only to behold a sorceress.

'I listened and was edified. Things cannot be so bad, thought I, in which every one takes such an interest. Besides, has not love, by universal consent, and from the earliest periods of antiquity, been a licensed intruder upon the gravest? I found myself, that day, thinking more of Miss Warmestre than my new mistress; and as I thought of her pretty lips and her shape, and then of my own natural conscientiousness, I concluded that King Charles was a very good man, a great lover of chastity, but somehow....The excuse was to be found in Ovid: nay, Mr. Cowley had excused it. He too had written a coronation-poem, which came with good grace from his pen, because he had been no trimmer. I did not mention it. It contained passages not so easy to be quoted as those of the accommodating wits above mentioned. Perhaps the author would not have been very well satisfied to have them quoted to himself. But his Majesty had not been so long in England, that his visit to any part of his dominions did not look like a new return; and the people were still willing to be intoxicated.

'"There is no stoic sure who would not now
Ev'n some excess allow;
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly
Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy."

'The fit had lasted a good while; but who was to say what bounds there ought to be to cheerfulness, if our melancholy had been all in the wrong?

'While the ladies were dressing, I went out again to reconnoitre. There was a false alarm of the King's coming, which set them all in a hurry, and which had deceived our outpost at Ewell. It was owing to some carriages with the royal arms, which had arrived in the neighbourhood, and put up at Nonsuch. This turned out to be lucky for us, because it drove us to take our stand in a good place, sooner than we should have done; for as our house was in a bye-lane, we should have seen nothing, and so had resolved, with others of the gentry thereabouts, to get as near as possible to the gate of Durdans. We found ourselves disappointed by a vast crowd, that seemed to have dropped from the skies; but here again our misfortunes proved an advantage, for our visitor from Leatherhead being known to Mr. Evelyn, and that gentleman arriving among the first with some other gentry, he contrived to get us inside the gates, and near to the house-door; so that we should see the visitors alight at the foot of the terrace, and pass by us. Application had been made to the King, to know if his Majesty had any objection to this admission within the gates. "Not I," said he, merrily; "admit all within the gates, cattle and stranger, man-servant and maid-servant." This joke was much enjoyed by some, who would have thought it a profanation two years back.

'A great noise from the town made us all settle ourselves in our places, but it was another false alarm. My Lord Carlisle's coach had occasioned it, being all over velvet and gold. This we learnt afterwards, for his Lordship had only come soon, that he might be among the last. We had not waited however above an hour, when the continued cries announced the real coming, though still there were several noblemen in advance, the arrival of whose equipages occasioned a series of pleasing disappointments. Among them were Lords Oxford and Peterborough, and many others, whom I knew so well afterwards, Buckhurst, Bellasyse, Sir George Horton, &c. The Prince de Tarente was there; noble old Hollis, (whom a rough voice behind me, in a low tone, called "the ungodly traitor";) and Lord and Lady Sandwich, his Lordship passing without a comment from this interloper among the gay, though he was a turncoat and a man of the world, and Hollis was a man of principle. Sir Kenelm Digby came upon a horse which seemed no bigger than himself, so grand was he of stature, and so remarkably bestrode it. Already appeared some beautiful women, and others who grievously disappointed us; for we had made up our minds that we were to see nothing but Lady Castlemains.

'Enter Mr. Cowley, with my Lord Orrery. I was pleased at having seen him before, and could not but look with reverence on his good-natured, paternal face, shewing so great a man to be a good one. Mr. Waller was there, but nobody pointed him out.

'The Earl of Lauderdale, with his Countess: he as awkward as a whale, she as ugly as the devil.

'The Chancellor, exciting great curiosity, on account of the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York; an important looking man, something puffing and blowing, with a heavy person. Yet so impressive is name, and alliance, and great office, that in that first sight of him, especially as he was not without magnificence in his nature, I could not help thinking that his very corpulence added to his dignity.

'Trumpets at a distance, after the French fashion: enter the carriage of my Lord Carlisle, as if, and yet as if not, belonging to them: but at least within the wind of their glory. He issued out upon us, like a vision of blue and silver, so magnificent was his habit.

'The Duke of Buckingham, with his Duchess; and his sister, the Duchess of Richmond. Not so handsome as I had expected to find them, but elegant and courteous. Little did I think of the pranks I should see him play. He was playing them then, for he said something to the ladies, without moving the expression of his face, which forced them to laugh behind their fans, and then made a very elegant bow to somebody, in passing. The Duchess afterwards told me that he said, " Look at that man to the left, with his chin up in the air, who means to make me a bow." As soon as the ladies entered the door, he returned to the gate to attend on his Majesty, whose arrival was hailed with repeated shouts.

'The King! The silence now seemed to become more silent; and in spite of the opinions in which I had been brought up, I felt what it was to be in the presence of one who inherited sovereign power. His Majesty himself alighted first, and, together with Buckingham, presented his hand to assist the Queen. Then came a handsome boy, Mr. Crofts, (afterwards Duke of Monmouth,) and last, assisted by her cousin, the Duke, the long looked for beauty, beautiful indeed, triumphantly beautiful. She looked around, and the spectators could hardly refrain from another shout.

'The dress at that time was well calculated to set off a woman to advantage. Lady Castlemain was dressed in white and green, with an open boddice of pink, looped with diamonds. Her sleeves were green, looped up full on the shoulders with jewellery, and shewing the white shift beneath, richly trimmed with lace. The boddice was long and close, with a very low tucker. The petticoat fell in ample folds, but not so long as to keep the ankles unexposed, and it was relieved from an appearance of too much weight by the very weightiness of the hanging sleeves, which, counterpoising its magnitude, and looking flowery with lace and ribbons, left the arms free at the elbows, and fell down behind on either side. The hair was dressed wide, with ringlets at the cheeks; and the fair vision held a fan in one hand, while the Duke led her by the other. When she had ascended the steps, and came walking up the terrace, the lowness of her dress in the bosom, the visibility of her trim ankles, and the flourishing massiness of the rest of her apparel, produced the effect, not of a woman overdressed, but of a dress displaying a woman; and she came on, breathing rosy perfection, like the queen of the gardens.

'I did not see all this at the time; there was not leisure for it; but I had the general impression, which I reduced into detail afterwards. The spectators forgot every thing but the King and her. His Majesty at that period of his life (he was little more than thirty) looked at his best, and I thought I never saw a manlier face, or a more graceful figure. He was in mulberry coloured velvet and gold. He not only took off his hat in return to our salutations, but persisted in keeping it so, as if in the presence of the whole people of England. This fairly transported us. The royal features were strong, somewhat grim even, and he had a black brow and a swarthy complexion, reminding us of the southern part of his stock; but there was a good temper in the smile of his wide, though not unhandsome mouth; and his carriage was eminently that of the gentleman. Lady Castlemain at that time was little more than twenty. The Queen, though short of stature, was young also, and looked handsomer than we expected; and as all parties seemed pleased, and his Majesty's little son came on the other side of the lady of the bedchamber, we pretended to ourselves that things were not so bad as report made them; though never more convinced that every thing which had been related was true.

'Some other ladies followed; then the Duke and Duchess,* with more;

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* 'Of York.'

and then Prince Rupert; the Duke, a stiff, dry looking man, very different from his brother; the Prince harsh and plain featured, but with a keen eye; neither of them graceful or princely. The Duchess had her father's tendency to the robust; and as we did not hear her talk, I did not think her so good-looking as she appeared to me afterwards.

'When the doors closed, and the spectators moved away, I felt dull, in spite of the presence of Miss Randolph (the name of my new mistress). I thought this an injustice, and she talked so sweetly during our return, that I found myself more in love with her than before, and behaved accordingly. Lady Castlemain had eclipsed Miss Warmestre. She had, at the same time, made all womankind still more delightful in my eyes; and I began to dress Miss Randolph after her fashion, which mightily improved her.

'In the afternoon, as nothing was to be thought of but the royal visitors, we strolled again to Durdans, and were unexpectedly gratified with the sight of them, the windows being open. The house seemed full of music, which was constantly going on; and now and then a party would issue from the trees, and cross over the lawn. Miss Randolph entered so well into the pleasure of the scene, though with perfect propriety, that I was charmed with her; I did my best to please her, like a ready-made coxcomb as I was, not allowing myself to reflect how I might engage her to think too well of me; and in the innocence and tenderness of her heart, she ventured to say, when I asked her if she should not miss the gay nobles and cavaliers, "Not if I see you."

'A circumstance which occurred the same afternoon, destined me to see her but a few times again 'till long afterwards. Her father, after we had gratified our curiosity, returned with her to Leatherhead. I was restless, and after accompanying them as far as I was permitted on horseback, returned to the scene of interest. His majesty loved to see his court and the ladies on horseback. Lord Berkeley had proposed to show them a hawkery of his in the neighbourhood, and, as I was carelessly riding along, I met the whole court coming out of Chalk Lane upon the downs. The ladies were in riding habits, with hats and feathers, the hats large and looped up on one side, the feathers of various hue; which, with the stirring sound of the horses, the gallant look of the cavaliers, and the talk and laughter prevailing as they came forth, made a beautiful show. The wind was higher than the day before, and brought the sound towards me. I turned out of the way; and from an impulse of respect, got off my horse, and stood waiting uncovered.'—*Sir Ralph Esher*, pp. 55—66.

Something like the fire of genius now and then breaks out in 'Chantilly.' It is composed of three tales, 'D'Espignac,' 'The Page,' and 'Ash-Wednesday.' The period of the first tale, which is perhaps the best of the whole, is laid in the reign of Henry III. of France, who conducted himself with so much indiscretion while upon the throne, that he disgusted his subjects generally, and ultimately fell by the hand of an assassin. His greatest rival and enemy was De Guise, and so predominant was the power of the opposition of that day, that the young king was obliged frequently to take refuge, as it were, from the public hatred, in one of his country palaces. D'Espignac, a brave and chivalrous nobleman was one of the most zealous partizans of De Guise; hence the court soon discovered some pretext upon which he was accused of high treason, and his estates were confiscated to the use of the state. His son also became an object of the tyrant's persecution; a reward was offered for his apprehension; and emissaries were sent in pursuit of him everywhere. Their paternal seat, Avilly, which was situated at a short distance from Chantilly, a well-known palace belonging to the sovereigns of France, was given away to one of the minions of the court, the Count de la Vallée. The daughter of this nobleman, Estelle de la Vallée, is the heroine of the tale. She is, of course, according to the usual prescription for ladies in her character, one of the most beautiful, amiable, and interesting of her sex. When she first appears on the scene, she is said to be affianced to a young duke, high in the king's esteem. Her father being much engaged in state affairs, and her mother being attached to the enjoyments, if any there be, of indolent repose, Estelle was allowed to ramble where she pleased through the forests of Avilly. Her favourite haunt was the cottage of an old woman, named Jacqueline, in whose humble style of life and racy remarks she found delight, although those remarks were sometimes pointed with sufficient boldness against the new family. She had lived with the Countess D'Espignac, from her marriage to her death, and how could she bear to see a stranger tread those halls, which that young and beautiful lady had once graced with her presence? She had nursed and fondled the young Adhemar; through years of absence and sorrow, she still retained for him all a mother's love.

In the course of her wanderings Estelle seldom failed to visit, at the time of the vesper hymn, the family chapel, situated in a solitary and romantic glen, at which three friars from the chapter of Benedictines, at Beauvais, officiated in turn. One evening as she approached the chapel, she was startled by observing standing against the wall, outside the door, a rifle magnificently decorated, according to the fashion of the period, with golden studs, and massive silver ornaments. On entering the chapel, she looked about in vain for the owner of the rifle, whom she at length discovered kneeling in the shadow of one of the stone pillars, and deeply absorbed in prayer. He was clad in the garb of a forest hunter, a cloth of bright emerald green fitting tight to his figure, without any ornament, except a large buckle of massive gold by which his waist was clasped. A large slouched hat, with drooping feathers, which lay on the ground near him, shewed that he was one of the *Liguurs* of De Guise. Estelle lingered as long as she decently could in the chapel, without being able to gratify her desire to know who the stranger was. As she returned home, a favourite martin, whose nest was established in the roof of the chapel, followed her in quest of food, which she had never failed to give him, until this evening, when her thoughts were otherwise occupied. A hawk observed the favourite, and was ready to pounce upon it, when he himself fell the victim of the rifle which Estelle had seen. The accident introduces to her acquaintance young Adhemar; she warns him of the danger he runs by exposing himself to the emissaries who were in pursuit of him. In short, the scion of the exile, and the daughter of the court-favourite, were already charmed with each other.

Estelle, upon her arrival at home, suddenly learns that the king is about to visit Avilly, and that in his train would come the Duke of Montbel, whom her father wishes she should marry. These tidings were sufficiently distressing. But her father reminding her of the personal influence which she had already obtained amongst the inhabitants of Avilly, requests that she would use it for the purpose of discovering the abode of Adhemar, who was known to be concealed in that neighbourhood. This request places her in a condition which enables her to cultivate the acquaintance thus accidentally commenced: the natural consequence follows; they are deeply enamoured of each other. Estelle, however, yields to her father's commands, marries the Duke de Montbel, and pines to death in splendid misery. Some parts of the tale are wrought with considerable power, which gives promise of still better things, from the pen of the fair author.

NOTICES.

Art. XI.—*The Ladies' Cabinet of Fashion, Music, and Romance.* 18mo. No. 3. London: G. Henderson. 1832.

It gives us much gratification to understand that this little work has had prodigious success. It is addressed chiefly to the female mind, and without being ever didactic, it is well calculated to spread through society the seeds of rational improvement, a taste for intellectual entertainment, as well as for music and the fine arts. It has nothing of a feeble or juvenile character in its various compositions, whether in prose or poetry. They are all evidently framed with the view of engaging the attention of women of sense and education; and an idea seems to pervade them, that the female mind is just as capable of relishing well written tales, good poetry, and essays upon useful subjects, as the mind of the stronger sex. Its embellishments rival those of some of the annuals, while in its literary department it would not suffer by a comparison with the best of them. The number for March, now before us, contains a great variety of original and amusing matter. The following song, written expressly for this work, is set to sprightly music, which is given at the end of the number.

'THE BRIDE.

I.

'Strike ye the cymbals, tune the lyre,
Let all that music can inspire,
Of hope and joy, resound to-day—
She comes—the star that guides my way:—
She comes with laughter in her eye,
Dimpling her cheek—with extacy,

In her proud mien;—and health's bright glow
Shines like a glory round her brow.

II.

'She comes, the genius of the place,
The soul of beauty wit and grace,
Of blushing faith that knows no guile,
Nor falsehood masques beneath a smile.
Mark, while with myrtle crowned along
She dances to some sprightly song,
In her all elements combine
That raise from human to divine!

III.

'Blest!—oh, supremely blest, is he,
Destined to spend his life near thee!—
To breathe the fragrance of the rose
Affection bids thy lip disclose;
To hear thee speak, to see thee move,
The angel-type of wedded love,
Making with innocence and mirth,
Thy home a paradise on earth!'—
p. 168.

A beautiful engraving, from a painting by Claude Lorraine, embellishes this Number. The name here assigned to it is "The Convent of the Apennines," and a story is given in illustration of it, which we shall extract for the amusement of our readers.

'Whoever has been at Florence can hardly fail to recollect the Arno, with its numerous bridges, its waters shining in the mid-day sun, the crowds of churches and palaces rich in all the most precious works of art, which meet the eye on every side; the trsnsparent sky above, and the gay scenery which, like a panorama, spreads over the earth below, converting every street, I might say every particular edifice, into a brilliant picture. Florence, in the light of the day, is, indeed, a glorious object of contemplation; but to be seen in its most beguiling aspect, you must traverse it, as I have frequently done, during the hour of midnight. The heat of the day is excessive, there is scarcely any twilight, and it is only in the serene and silent watches of the night that the air is cooled by a fresh and balmy breeze which breathes along the Arno. It is then, too, that the beautiful, the poetic river, is beheld surrounded by all those divine associations which have given it celebrity throughout the world,—the moonbeams casting their radiance upon its ever-flowing waters, touching with silver the tops of the towers along its banks, and shewing its bridges in a softened and dreamy perspective; while the huge masses of ancient buildings which fill the city, lie in full deep shadow, apparently sunk in profound repose.

'The loveliness of the night, in this fine climate, must be felt, in order to be understood; it cannot be described. The sun dips below the horizon, the evening suddenly falls, and before we can discern the first star twinkling in the azure concave of the sky, the day has departed. In a moment the firmament is glowing with its innumerable lights; the milky way is so luminous and so clearly defined, that it looks like a path of diamonds spread out in the heavens. Perhaps, from a few thin clouds in the distance, an electric flash now and then breaks forth, and adds to the splendour of the scene above, while below it quickens the movements of the fire-fly, which, as it springs from every spot deepened by foliage, flings its sparkles on the bosom of the night.

'The stillness of the atmosphere is occasionally broken by sounds of merriment, or the hum of assembled crowds, arising in various quarters of the city; or, perhaps, by the voice of the nightingale, which comes from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the walls of Florence. Somebody has well compared the soothing influence of its little song, consisting of a lengthened and oft-repeated note, to that of a light sleep, so softly does it steal upon the senses, as it floats through the midnight air.

'Affected deeply by these enchanting sources of delight, I was once traversing the principal street of Florence, when it seemed to me as if no person was stirring except myself. I was wrapt in a reverie, full of the most absorbing reflections, when suddenly the tower bell of the prison sounded with, as I thought, more than its usual solemnity. It seemed to fill the whole city. I walked on still occupied with my own thoughts, when my attention was attracted by a number of figures dressed in black, and bearing torches, issuing from the portal of a large edifice. They still increased in numbers for some moments, and as they emerged from the building, and advanced with slow and noiseless steps in regular procession, I could have almost deemed them the spirits of another world. Presently, when the whole line was formed, the tones of the *requiem* for the dead fell upon my ear. I could now perceive that they partly preceded, partly followed, a bier, over which a rich pall was hung, studded by massive gold ornaments, which shone in the glare of the torches. I soon overtook the procession, and found that it was composed of the "Brethren of the Misericordia," an institution which had its origin in the time of the great plague, celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. When the pestilence was at its height, and the nearest relatives abandoned each other through fear of its influence, a few truly charitable persons were found still remaining by the beds of the dying, administering to them all the assistance which they were capable of receiving, and, when they expired, bearing them to the grave. The survivors of these Christian heroes assumed the monastic habit when the plague subsided, and the order still exists at Florence. The members are clothed in a black dress, which completely conceals the person from head to foot. Princes, cardinals, and noblemen, often enter the order for a time, and join in the performance of all its offices, which are principally to attend the sick poor, to convey them to the hospitals, and from thence, when dead, to the tomb; to visit the prisons, to prepare the condemned for their last home, and to take charge of them after the sentence of the law has been carried into execution.

'As I followed the pageant at some few paces distance, I saw a female tottering along close by the houses, apparently anxious to keep up with the procession; now and then her strength seemed to fail her, when she would stop, and leaning against a pillar, endeavour to recover her energies. She would then move on again for a while, but no sound, not even a sigh, escaped her. Her form was covered by a large thick black veil, and though anxious not to lose sight of the bier, she seemed particularly desirous of avoiding observation. I concluded that she must be some near relative of the dead, and finding that she was in so helpless a condition, I lingered near her, and at length begged leave to offer her my assistance. The moment I spoke, she turned away, and stretching out her hand, made a sign that she wished to be left to herself. Under other circumstances I should have at once obeyed so sacred a command; but

as I was strongly impressed with the fear that, if she attempted to go much farther, she must fail, I still kept in the shade behind her. My apprehensions were soon realized. After walking onward a few steps she could no longer support herself, and she sunk to the earth. I hastened to the spot, and lifting her head, I raised her veil, in order that the air might reach her more freely. She lay quite senseless for nearly an hour, during which I was exceedingly perplexed as to the course I should take. The last sounds of the *requiem* had long since died away. The funeral service must have been, I thought, over, and I expected that some of the brethren of the Misericordia might return by that street, and assist me to bear the lady, for such she evidently was, to her home. Fortunately I was not disappointed. Two of them soon made their appearance, and immediately attended to my summons. I informed them of what I had observed, and expressed a belief that the lady was some connexion of the dead whom they had just borne to the tomb. One of the brothers passed his torch over her face. "It is, indeed, Isidora," he exclaimed, "the unhappy Isidora!" At these words she awoke, as if from a trance. "The unhappy Isidora, truly, may you say," she said, in a low, melancholy voice; unhappy beyond the most wretched of human beings! Alas! where am I?" "You are in safe hands, Signora," replied the same brother; "we shall shew you every care, every kindness, of which you seem to stand so much in need. May heaven look down with pity on your forlorn and unfortunate situation!" "Forlorn, unfortunate, every thing that is miserable, you may now behold in the once happy Isidora! Oh, repeat those words of heavenly charity
again, they are new to my ear
some time since I have me
kindness from any body. Oh
for me, pray for me; you a
brothers of mercy; you have
him to the grave, in mercy pla
by his side; but no, no, I a
worthy to be near him; los
Isidora!" "Not lost, Signor
joined the benevolent man,
lost; there is still time for p
and there is no more limit
mercy of God, than there is t
blue sky above us." Saying
he took from his pocket a
phial, filled with some strong
matic liquid, which he appl
her temples. She grew stron
degrees, when being asked
her hotel was, she said that sh
no place of abode at Florence
she had only just come from
by a public conveyance, from
she alighted the moment she
the tower bell of the priso
knowing well the occasion
drew forth that melancholy
I immediately offered my
ments, until others should
gaged for the lady's use; b
brothers said that it would be
cessary to trouble me, as the
a convent hard by, in whic
had no doubt they could obt
her a temporary asylum. W
turned into a narrow street,
one of the brothers, stopping
a large house, pulled a heav
that hung at the portal. We
the sound of a bell, and imme
a lay sister, having satisfied
as to our object before she
the small wicket, allowed t
to pass in. My new acquai
then thanking me for my at
to the object of our commo
pathy, accompanied me part
way to my residence, and
they wished me good nigh
me leave to call upon them
hospital, in order to make e

as to the health of the unhappy invalid, whom I had assisted to preserve.

'The next morning, before I sought their cells, I went to the small church of the order, which is near the Duomo, or house of God. Every thing here wears a solemn and even gloomy aspect. The edifice was built shortly after the great plague, on the verge of the abyss which was excavated for the reception of the dead. A silver lamp, which is suspended at the shrine of the virgin, yields a dim light to the aisle. There are six of the brethren always watching in the church, prepared for any calls that may be made for their attendance. Medicine of every kind is at hand, and on the floor are arranged biers, palls, torches, and dresses. If there should be occasion for their services at night, they are summoned to their duties by the solemn tolling of their deep toned bell, which, when heard in that dead and silent hour, falls upon the ear with an appalling sound.

'Just as I was coming out from the church, one of the brethren followed me, and asked whether I was not the English gentleman who had rendered assistance to the lady Isidora the night before. Upon my answering in the affirmative, he led the way into the hospital, and knocking at the door of a small apartment, was desired to enter. He, however, merely opened the door, and shewed me in; when I found myself in the presence of a middle-aged, gentlemanly person, dressed in a close silk cassock, who was sitting at a table writing. The cell was hung with beautifully-executed engravings of scriptural subjects. A silver crucifix was enshrined in a niche of the wall, and in the window were carelessly thrown a few books, apparently of very modern date. An iron bedstead and mattress, without any hangings, filled up a small recess. The occupant of this humble habitation struck me at once as a man who had seen a good deal of the world. He received me in a frank and cordial manner, and having concluded the page which he was writing, laid down his pen, and opened at once with the subject upon which I was most interested.

'"I am happy to inform you," he said, "that the lady Isidora is somewhat recovered this morning from the painful agonies which she had to endure last night. It was no common suffering, for it was that of bitter remorse; she was in a great measure the cause of that funeral which she partly witnessed, as you shall hear.

'"Isidora was at one time the pride of Florence; her family ranks among the highest of its nobility: and as she was an only daughter, the utmost attention was paid to her education. Her fortune was equal to her distinguished birth and beauty; and before she arrived at woman's age, her hand was sought by several suitors; among the rest, by the Count Vicente, one of the most sensible and deserving men it has ever been my lot to know. He was my intimate friend, and now that he is no more, I lament him as a brother." Here the narrator's voice failed him, and he was for some minutes unable to proceed. "Well, Vicente's suit having been supported by a great majority of Isidora's friends, and having been urged by himself in a manner that left no doubt of the truth and constancy of his affection, he prevailed on her to share the fortunes of his life. I believe that the heart of Isidora was not at first much interested in this union. She had been so much flattered and caressed by the flower of our Florentine nobility, that my own impression then was, and still continues to be, that she was persuaded into her marriage with Vicente, as the most eligible person amongst all her real or professed admirers.

' " They were married, and after spending some time in travelling over various parts of the continent, they retired to the Count's seat, which is charmingly situated among the lower mountains of the Apennines. It is approached by an ancient Roman bridge, which stretches across a magnificent river, composed of several tributary streams, which unite a league or two above the bridge, and form one of the finest waterfalls in that part of Italy. The mansion is built in the castellated style, but some modern additions had been made to it, which rendered it a residence worthy of a nobleman. The prospect which it commands of the lower hills, and of the fertile plains at their feet, is enchanting. Among the various interesting objects which it embraced, was a convent of the order of the Virgin, called *the Convent of the Apennines*, seated on the declivity of a mountain, which rises abruptly to a considerable height behind it, and protects it from the north wind. I have occasionally visited my friend at his Apennine residence, and envied him the enjoyment of such a scene, which looked to me like a terrestrial paradise. Our Claude has left a picture of it, which he painted for one of Vicente's ancestor's; you may see it in the Gallery of Fine Arts—I think, on the right hand as you enter.

' " If woman could be happy, as one would think she might, in the enjoyment of such a residence as this, attended by the most affectionate of husbands, and surrounded by three or four of the most engaging children I ever saw, Isidora ought to have deemed herself the most fortunate of her sex. For a time she did appear to be in
sion of the most unqualified
was delightful to me, who r
hearing of the happiness o
my fellow-creatures, espec
my immediate friends, to
letters occasionally from
in which he described their
habits and amusements.
times they walked up the m
and loitered about the bank
stream, listening to the n
that fine waterfall, with w
bells of the distant conven
sionally mingled their sound
times Isidora would spend
the convent, for the sake of
verse of the nuns, whom sh
found as cheerful as the m
Having no wishes that went
the precincts of their moun
sidence, their world was
themselves, and their h
sprang from the rigid perf
of the duties which they ha
taken. Upon these occasi
dora would have her childr
to her, and their presence
ways a kind of jubilee at
vent. Vicente went for
the evening before sunset;
rode down the mountain u
keys, and their journey h
these occasions was a c
flow of juvenile laughter
light.

' " But their greatest enj
as Vicente has often told
to wander out in the a
through the fields among
deer and sheep, to recline
shady tree upon the margin
beautiful river, and to ske
matchless scenery by whi
were surrounded. Such
impression which those
days, as he called them, ma
his fancy, that he had his
and that of Isidora, added to
painting, he being represe
holding a shepherd's crook,

sitting on a bank, with a young fawn at her feet, and both apparently listening to those mystic hummings which, without any apparent cause, sometimes are heard in the summer sky. The murmur of the bee, the chirp of the grasshopper, and the distant song of the woodman, they could easily trace to their natural sources; for those other sounds, however, above their heads, in which they found infinite delight, they could not so well account.

‘“Thus ten or twelve years passed on, and during my more recent visits, it was with the most unaffected pleasure that I beheld their union crowned with so many blessings. The heart of Isidora was, as well as I could observe, completely won by the tender assiduities of her husband, and it seemed as if their happiness were destined to have no end, save with their existence. Unfortunately, however, for their welfare, it entered into Isidora's plans for the education of her eldest daughter, to have her taught French, by one of the most eminent masters whom Paris could produce. A gentleman was accordingly found, who agreed, for a liberal stipend, to bury himself, as he represented it, for a year or two among the Apennines. His name was De Moray, a smart little man, very much marked from the effect of the small-pock, but possessed of uncommon confidence, or, as indeed I might call it, effrontery of manners. You will, perhaps, be much surprised to hear, that this person, though destitute of every external attraction which could fix the attention of a woman, was scarcely six months in the house of my friend, when he succeeded in seducing Isidora from the duty which she owed to her God, her husband, her children, her relations!

‘“*You will,* I know, excuse these tears, which involuntarily burst from my heart. I know not whether they are a tribute to indignation or pity. I was overwhelmed with the fatal intelligence, when Vicente came to inform me of what had occurred—the mother of his children had fled; the innocent ones deprived of her who best knew how to minister to their wants; the honour of his family tarnished beyond all human power of redemption; and the prospects of his children clouded by the example of their parent. I feared that he would not survive the day he came to Florence to tell me of this terrible disaster; but after he had unburthened his mind of the fatal tidings, he seemed to put on a new character. He expelled from his bosom every sentiment of tenderness with which he was once familiar, and kneeling down upon this floor, swore that he would be revenged. I endeavoured to appease his feelings, to direct his mind to more noble views of the duties which had devolved upon him, to induce him to forget a woman who had so treacherously requited his love; but all to no purpose. He wrung his hands in agony, reminded me again and again of the happy days I had seen them spend together, reasoned upon the improbability that she would ever have voluntarily abandoned him, and imputed her conduct to violence practised by the base spoiler upon her inclinations. I of course was obliged to be silent, as I could not bring myself to think for a moment that the mistress of a family could be drawn from her allegiance to home, unless she was herself a consenting party. But Vicente was obstinate, and resolved on pursuing the fugitives.

‘“He followed them to Switzerland, traced them to Lausanne and Geneva, and then to Lyons, where he lost all clue to their further movements. He returned to Florence a broken-hearted man. I scarcely knew him, he was so altered in every respect. This was about twelve months ago. However, he was indefatigable in his researches and inquiries, and at length heard that the guilty pair were at Padua, Isidora passing for the wife of the Frenchman, who still continued to earn a scanty pittance by teaching his native language.

‘ “ Vicente was preparing to proceed to that city, but before he set out he went, by my advice, to see his little family, and to provide for their future welfare in case any untoward accident should occur to him in the course of his journey. On his arrival at home, he was astonished that he was not welcomed as usual by his children. They were no where to be found. He called all his servants. They could give no account of the young ladies, and were much surprised at their absence. Vicente rushed instinctively to the garden, and had not advanced far, when he heard all their voices clattering at once in the harbour, in which he and Isidora had spent many a happy hour. Entering this scene of their past felicity, whom should he see before him, with the children clinging in a cluster round her neck, but that same Isidora!—no, not the same, indeed, for much was she changed from her former self: she was dressed in a travelling habit, and appeared to have just come off a journey.

‘ “ ‘ Here is Mamma come back,’ exclaimed all the children together, in a breath. ‘ Oh, we are all so happy, Papa!’ Vicente's tongue adhered to the roof of his mouth; words were denied him, so unexpected, so overwhelming to his heart was a meeting of this description. His first impulse was to return to his stables, take his horses, and return to Florence. Would that he had done so! Isidora fell upon her knees, and looked up at him with those well known, though now harassed features, bathed in tears. His heart rose to his throat, and almost suffocated him. He could hardly believe his senses, that she who had so irreparably wronged him, was now before him suing for his mercy. At length, he found utterance enough to ask were was her paramour? I am here, said the French ruffian, carelessly sauntering down the path that led to the arbour. Vicente turned round, and seizing him with the fury of a lion, felled him to the earth. Guided by some demoniac feeling, he then twisted his hand in the back part of the ruffian's neckcloth, and tightened it with irresistible force until he strangled him to death. The children fled, shrieking, alarmed by the frenzy which maddened their father. Isidora was borne away by the servants to the home which she had dishonoured, whence one of them, who was much attached to her, had her secretly conveyed to Milan. Vicente disdained to fly from the scene of his crime. He exulted in it, and cheerfully surrendered his person to the officers of justice, who charged him with the murder of the foreigner. He did not deny, or attempt to extenuate the deed he had done, and accompanied them to the prison of Florence. His trial was fixed for next week, when, doubtless, he would have been acquitted, as the facts of the seduction would be proved by several witnesses, and allowance would doubtless be made by the tribunal for the feelings of a husband and a parent, which had been outraged in the most cruel manner. But he constantly said, that he had now nothing more to live for: he had avenged his insulted honour, and he cared little what was to become of him. The agitation of his feelings, the remembrance of his sufferings, and, above all, that agonizing scene, which presented to him his guilty wife, surrounded by his innocent and injured children, brought on a violent fever, which terminated, a few days ago, in his death. You know the rset. Isidora, it seems, was apprised of his death, and came too late to pay the tribute of her repentance at his tomb! May Heaven forgive her! May her example be a warning to her sex!

'"It has been intimated to me, that her sole remaining desire now is to be permitted to retire for the remainder of her life to the convent of the Apennines—not, indeed, to take the veil, for of that she deems herself unworthy, but to clothe herself in sackcloth and ashes, and wash away her crimes in her tears. She promises that she would never step beyond the walls, nor even look towards the mansion where her children reside—the mansion that was to her so many years the abode of all that can be attained of earthly felicity. This is a subject for the consideration of the lady abbess. I can hardly think of pressing it. My inclination rather is that she should remain for the present in Florence."

'I was much affected with this narrative, told as it was in a tone of manly emotion, not unmixed with pity for the ill-fated woman. During the time I sojourned in that part of Italy, I occasionally enquired as to her fate, but as my friend was absent from Florence, I could gain no certain intelligence concerning her for many months. My curiosity prompted me to visit the residence of Vicente among the Apennines, and also to pay my respects at the convent, my friends having obtained for me letters of introduction to the lady abbess. When I presented myself at the door, and delivered my letters, I was requested to walk into the chapel, the way to which was pointed out to me. As no service was at the moment going on, I felt myself at liberty to admire the pictures and monuments which ornamented the lower aisle. A small marble tablet, which had been just put up, happened to attract my attention. The only inscription upon it was '*Isidora.*' The explanations of the lady abbess rendered further enquiry unnecessary. Isidora was, indeed, in her tomb, and when I passed it again, I own that I could not repress the tear that fell upon the spot where she lay.'—pp. 175—186.

Matter of this description may well bear a comparison with any periodical of the day; and when we add that the number, containing seventy-two pages of letter-press, and music, a steel engraving, four plates of fashions of the month, beautifully printed and coloured, (explained, too, by a first-rate *artiste,*) and a wood-cut, is sold for the price of *sixpence,* we can hardly be surprised at the great circulation to which the work is reported to have already attained.

ART. XII.—*The Georgian Era: Memoirs of the most Eminent Persons who have flourished in Great Britain, from the Accession of George the First, to the Demise of George the Fourth.* pp. 582. Vol. I. London: Vizetelly & Co. 1832.

THIS is the first volume of a series of four, which it is the intention of the compilers to devote to what they call the Georgian era; that is to say, that interesting interval of the history of this country, during which it has been under the sway of the Georges. Luckily for the convenience of the compilers, the period selected has admitted of no interruption, and they have, therefore, a clear, well-defined, and well-marked era, as a groundwork for their proceeding. Perhaps there are few epochs of our history, which possesses greater interest for living persons than that interval which is contemplated in the plan of the present work. The principal actors in the scenes of public life at this day are most of them more or less connected by relationship with the eminent men of the latter part of the last, and of the beginning of the present century. Some of the biographical subjects of the volume are still happily spared to us; and on the whole there is an interest thrown round this work which will be responded to in every part of the country.

We should likewise bear in mind that the men whose lives are treated of in this volume, have been intimately associated with some of the most important transactions in which this country has been engaged. It was during the Georgian era that the events of the last catastrophe of the Stuart family took place — that America vindicated her right to independence — that the revolution of France, (that anomalous chapter in the book of time), occurred — that Napoleon rose, fought, conquered, and died; and that a striking improvement in sound knowledge and in practical liberty, was experienced.

The lives of the royal family down to its most obscure member, very properly form the contents of the earlier pages. Those of the Pretenders, and their adherents, follow. The eminent persons belonging to the church, the senate, and the dissenting party are then noticed in succession. The utmost impartiality prevails generally through the work; and its value is considerably enhanced by the beauty of the printing, but especially by the large number of portraits with which it is adorned.

ART. XIII.—*The Shakespearian Dictionary, forming a general Index to all the popular Expressions, &c.* By Thomas Dolby. 8vo. pp. 367. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1832.

WELCOME!—thrice welcome! ever glorious Shakspeare, even maimed and utterly deprived of thy fair proportions as thou art—still welcome. As Sheridan once enquired, when Dodd's Beauties of the great bard were put into his hands, so do we entreat of Mr. Dolby, to say where are the remaining volumes of the works—the exquisite beauties of Shakspeare? This book contains nothing but extracts from the prince of the dramatic world—need we say that we recommend it? A far better key to a knowledge of Shakespeare than Ayscough's wordy Index; much more ample than Dodd's ridiculous selection; and altogether a contrast to the laughable, and, for the credit of the country, we hope totally extinct, "Aphorisms," which happily were sent into the world, accompanied with the powerful septic of Capel Lofft's name, Mr. Dolby's volume is entitled to the praise of being the best, because it is the most ample of the smaller selections from Shakespeare. It is on this account well worthy the attention of the public. Those who do not possess the whole of the works of the illustrious bard, or whose minds are so singularly constituted as not to have the whole of their contents by heart, after a few months' acquaintance with his pages, would do well to peruse this book, where they will find some of the most striking of his inspired effusions, classified for the purpose of easy and convenient reference. The work is, however, far from being complete, even in respect of its avowed plan. We would mention, in proof of this statement, that under the title of "Age" there is no mention of, or even allusion to, the celebrated Seven Ages of Jacques, in "As You Like it;" and, still worse, the mournfully beautiful reflection of "Macbeth," respecting his fall into "the sear, the yellow leaf," is altogether omitted. We regret to say, that many of the most exquisite passages of Shakespeare have been wholly excluded from this volume.

ART. XIV.—*Essays, Moral and Political.* By Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. Now first collected. 2 vols. 12mo. London: Murray. 1832.

WITH nearly the whole of this collection the public are already acquainted, since the very same materials, without any considerable alteration, have already appeared in the Quarterly Review. The ingenuity, skill, and influence of Mr. Murray, the bookseller, in conjunction with the deservedly high character of the Review, have given to Dr. Southey's anonymous lucubrations an extent of circulation, which their own intrinsic merits, with Dr. Southey's name to boot, never would have commanded.

It is quite out of the question, under these circumstances, to specify the contents of the present volumes, much less to examine or criticize them in detail. It will be sufficient for us to observe, that the collection embraces the principal articles which Dr. Southey contributed to the Quarterly Review during the last twenty-two years.

The work is dedicated to Sir Robert Inglis, a man well worthy of being the patron of the nearly obsolete bigotry and intolerant fanaticism of the doctor. "Most of these papers," observes the author in his dedication, "were written in times of public excitement." "In revising them," he says in another paragraph, "for republication, there were few opinions which I have found reason to modify, and none to retract." This sort of determination is at all events quite new in Dr. Southey's practice, for it did so happen, once upon a time, that five and twenty years effected a very considerable revolution in the sentiments of the Doctor. As the author of "Wat Tyler," Dr. Southey preached sedition with a degree of power which the wretched Carlisle, with all his malignity against the peaceful organization of society, never could parallel; and yet the Doctor lived to see the day when his notions became altogether changed, and when he was glad to be able to suppress every evidence of his early opinion. That no similar emotions of compunction should assail him for the second time after the lapse of an equal interval, is to be attributed, we think, not to the absence of a just reason for doing so, but altogether to the circumstance that old age has fastened upon his mind all those vices which lead to obstinacy and an unvarying tenacity of purpose, right or wrong. The plain truth is, that Dr. Southey has written himself to a sort of theatrical death — his demise as a literary man is recorded, and the world is apprised of the event. He is quite superannuated: he has come to his sixth age, that of the lean and slippered pantaloon; a fanatic in his youth, he has lived to be the officious persecutor of the very opinions which he was the foremost to diffuse, and now, in the decline of a life rendered useless from its inconsistency, and made contemptible by the excessive exhibition of a partizan spirit, this writer deserves the reproach which Shakespeare has applied to another of these silly old

u should'st not have
fore thou had'st been

ting of Dr. Southey's

trash relating to the Catholic question, is a proof of the fatal accession of the very last stage of servile dotage.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

worth.—Lord Byron's
Miss Chaworth, after-
Musters, died recently
Iall, in consequence, it
cold which she caught
ations, where she took
g the riots that took
tingham and its neigh-
October last. She was
suffering under severe
, and yet from terror
d out exposed to cold
or some hours. It was
alluded in Don Juan,
ys:—
assion for the name of
',
e it had a magic sound
e,
t half calls up the realms
ery,
I beheld what never was
:
; changed, but this was
o vary—
from which e'en yet I
ot free."
r Scott, according to
unts from him, was still
where he has had the
eing presented to the

f Jerusalem.—We had
the ancient order of St.
salem, so well known in
ith the history of the
d been altogether extin-
understand, neverthe-
still exists, and that it
ter a few days ago at

nt.—It has been pro-
friends of Mr. Leigh
Hunt, to publish his poetical works, (including a new poem in two cantos), by subscription. They are to be comprised in one volume, the price of which is to be a guinea. We regret to learn that this step is necessary to be taken, in order to place Mr. Hunt *in advance* of his pecuniary difficulties, which at present combine with indifferent health and severe literary application, to give him a peculiar claim upon the patronage of the public. We hope that our friends will do all they can to assist this enterprise, to which we most cordially wish success.

Charitable Lottery.—The ladies in France assist the poor occasionally by lotteries. The Countess of Bondy, lady of the Prefect of the Seine, had a lottery a week or two ago at her hotel, by means of which several works of fancy were disposed of amongst the contributors, which were wrought by some of the most lovely hands in Paris, including those of the Queen, and of the Princesses, her daughters. The contributions on the whole amounted to about 160*l.*, and every subscriber won something of more or less value.

The Drama.—The dramatists of France seem once more to have got into the vein for German *horribilism*, if we may be permitted to coin a word. "Robert the Devil" was thought to have been matchless in this way; but it has been exceeded by "Teresa," from the pen of M. Dumas, which has excited an immense sensation. The plot turns upon a double adultery ; nothing so enormously romantic has been seen before in Paris. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear that Lewis's "Monk" is about to be brought forward again, under the title of *Ambrosio.*

Theatres.—If this be not the age of play-goers, it is at all events fertile of new theatres, upon a small scale, eight or ten of which have recently started up in different parts of the metropolis. Another *minor*, it is said, will be shortly erected within the precincts of the Savoy, under the immediate patronage of Lord Holland, who, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has the exclusive power of granting a license in that district.

Garrick.—The Garrick club (at Probatt's hotel, King-street, Covent-garden) was opened under the most favourable auspices on the 15th of last month. The object of this institution is to revive the glory of the English drama, an object which it might attain, if it could substitute for the two large theatres one of half the size of either, get a Garrick or a John Kemble, or a Mrs. Siddons, to act in it, and a Shakespeare and a Sheridan to write for it. Without some such *aids* as these, the club may meet and talk, and dine, and drink wine for a century, without recalling one beam of the glory that formerly surrounded the drama of England.

Spenser.—Autographs of Spenser are very rare. A document has been lately discovered among a collection of MSS. relating to Irish history, which contains a kind of demise from him to a person named Henry, of various premises, at the foot of which his name is written thus,—*Ed. Spser.*

Dr. Bell, the founder of the celebrated Madras system of education, died in the middle of last month, at the age of 80. He was interred with great ceremony in Westminster Abbey. He bequeathed 10,000*l.* to the Royal Naval School, and to several other public institutions he has left very large sums.

Expedition to the Niger.—It is the intention of a company of merchants at Liverpool, to equip a steamer of 100 tons burden, and other vessels, for a trading voyage up the Niger. We have further learned that the merchants have it in contemplation to send a limited number of Moravian Missionaries with the expedition, who are to remain in the country; though this matter is, we believe, as yet undecided. The vessel, it is expected, will leave Liverpool about May next.

Juggernaut.—The following are the charges paid by the East India Company, for maintaining the beastly idolatry of Juggernaut.

1817, Collector of tax on pilgrims at Juggernaut, 600*l.*

1817, December 1st, ditto, ditto —salary discontinued.

1819, September 3rd, Collector of Cuttack's salary was augmented to 600*l.*

This additional charge is ordered by the discontinuance of the office of collector of tax on pilgrims at Juggernaut.

1825, February 10th, a subordinate officer was appointed to conduct the duties on a reduced salary of 300*l.*

1827, February 1st, assistant surgeon appointed to Juggernaut force, 480*l.*

Establishment to collect tax on pilgrims at Juggernaut.

1827, Establishment of 64 native servants, 674*l.* Contingencies 4395*l.* Total, 5071*l.*

1827, Establishment of 75 native servants, 730*l.* Contingencies, 126*l.* Total, 856*l.*

THE
MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1832.

Art. I.—*The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. *Being No.* 27 *of the Family Library.* 12mo. pp. 311. London: Murray. 1832.

This is the fifth volume of one of the most agreeable works which "The Family Library" has yet furnished for the amusement or instruction of its readers. It has the merit of being free from all objections upon the score of religion or politics,—a merit which does not belong to other recent numbers of this publication: it has, moreover, the charm of being carefully written, by a gentleman long attached to the fine arts as well as to literature, and peculiarly competent to the task which he has here undertaken. We hope that, when he shall have exhausted his catalogue of British painters, sculptors, and architects, he may have an opportunity of detailing to us, in a similar way, the lives of foreign artists distinguished in the three branches here enumerated.

We are not to be surprised if, in the course of his labours, Mr. Cunningham places, on as high a pedestal as he can, the claims of Scotland with reference to the subjects of which he is treating. Hence it is, doubtless, that Jamesone, Ramsay, Runciman, and Raeburn, names but little known at this side of the Tweed, fill so large a portion of his volume, and appear decked out in praises to which it will, perhaps, be suspected that they are not altogether entitled. The first of these artists was a native of Aberdeen, where he was born, in 1586, on the day on which Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded, at Fotheringay. Walpole, no mean judge, has given him the title of the Scottish Vandyke. It was his good fortune to study, for some years, in company with that celebrated artist, under Rubens. Mr. Cunningham is not able to specify the exact period of his return to his native country, but he finds him there in 1623, a husband and a father, pursuing his profession with ardour and success. If any one be prepared, from the history of the stormy days of the covenant, to express surprise that a portrait painter should not only have flourished, but have acquired a fortune in those times, Mr. Cunningham anticipates the objection by stating, 'that the fierce discipline of Knox was soon softened, and that, in matters of taste and elegance, the presbyterians of the North were by no means so furious and uncompromising as the puritans and independents of the South.' Without entering into any controversy upon this point, we may observe, that the whole tenour of the Scotch reformation shews, that the principal actors in it never forgot their own individual claims to distinction. Under the garb of the covenanter, history, that grand inquisitor upon the dead, has detected as much personal vanity and pride as ever swelled under a lawn sleeve, or an ermined mantle. We can therefore easily believe, that Jamesone was equally patronised by the different parties then prevailing in his country, by covenanter as well as cavalier.

Jamesone had already given up some time to landscape, but finding, as the author with proper indignation remarks, that 'painting, dismissed as an auxiliary from the church, is, in Britain at least, considered only as a more genteel method of embalming and preserving the shapes and looks of the highborn and the wealthy,' he prudently went with the stream, and devoted himself to that department of his profession which was most likely to be attended with profit. His landscapes were small, and remarkable for the clearness of their colours and the accuracy of their perspective. His historic attempts seem to have been confined to a painting of the sybils, and to some sketches from Scripture. His fame as a portrait painter was already considerable when Charles I. visited Scotland, in 1633. Having seen and admired several of Jamesone's works, the monarch sat to him for a full length picture. Mr. Chalmers informs us that Charles, "having heard that Jamesone had been accustomed to wear his hat while at work, by reason of a complaint in his head, his Majesty very humanely ordered him to be covered; which privilege he ever thereafter thought himself entitled to in whatever company he was." This high patronage is said to have given new vigour and purity to his style, and a freer glow to his colouring. In the latter, however, Vandyke's manner prevails; and, as to his style, it never sufficiently departed from the older and ruder models of his own country.

Works from his hand may be found in the residences of most of the noble families of Scotland. The greatest collection of them is said to be at Taymouth, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, but they are painted in a way so light and thin, that very few of them have been able to resist the effects of time; the more particularly as time, in this instance, has been assisted not a little by the purifications of sand and soap and hard brushes, which the Scottish housemaids used formerly to apply to the family portraits, just as if they were so many pieces of deal board. Among the Breadalbane records it is mentioned, that for several pictures which Jamesone painted there, he received upwards of "four hundreth pounds." The sum may appear magnificent to those who have forgotten that *a pund Scots* was then somewhat about twenty-pence sterling!

Jamesone relinquished his profession, to a great degree, after the commencement of the great civil war. He died at Edinburgh in 1644, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

'Of the personal manners of Jamesone, we have very scanty information. He has been called vain, because he often painted his own portrait, and ever with his hat on: but it should be remembered, that this wearing of the hat was the practice of his great master, Rubens; and that when his portrait was commissioned by a customer, it became a duty to paint it. It was also, perhaps, in imitation of Rubens, that he usually introduced the portrait of his wife with that of his son and himself: Isabel Tosh was a comely woman, and the artist no doubt was vain of her good looks. His disposition appears to have been amiable: he painted many portraits for fame or for friendship alone, and bequeathed some of his most valuable works to the noblemen who had patronised him; thus at once repaying them for their kindness, and securing for his productions galleries worthy of their merit. He is always spoken of as a good presbyterian; but he left a natural daughter behind him; and in his last will, notwithstanding the feeling of the times, he seems to have made no distinction between her and his lawful daughter. This latter lady, Mary Jamesone, married, first, Mr. Burnet, of Aldricke, in the county of Aberdeen; secondly, James Gregory, an eminent mathematician, and ancestor of the Gregorys of Edinburgh, so distinguished in the history of medicine and of literature; thirdly, George Eddie, citizen and bailie, Aberdeen; and in all of these alliances she had children. She inherited no small portion of her father's genius in art, and dedicated it to devout purposes. She wrought several Scripture pieces in tapestry, and hung them in the High Church of Aberdeen. One of her descendants, John Alexander, obtained some reputation in art: he was educated in Italy; returned to Scotland in 1720; painted several historical pictures at Castle Gordon, and delighted to copy or invent portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. Many families in the North, distinguished for talent and respectability, still take pride in tracing their lineage to Jamesone.

'In his hours of study, or his modes of labour, who shall instruct us? He painted commonly on a grey canvass; his full length portraits were usually a slight degree less than the life: his earliest works are sometimes on board, and sometimes on cloth, smoothly primed with a proper tone to help the harmony of his shadows. "He was one of the most esteemed," says Walpole, "of Rubens' scholars; and painted in the broad, thin, transparent manner. His excellence consists in delicacy and softness, with a clear and beautiful colouring; his shades not charged, but helped by varnish, with little appearance of the pencil. He had much of Vandyke's second manner: and to Sir Antony some of his works have been occasionally imputed." This is high praise; but when we consider the state of British art in his day, and especially the unskilfulness of the native professors, it can scarcely be considered as extravagant. To depart at once from the formal corpse-like system of making figures, and assert the grace of form and the colouring of nature, required boldness as well as genius; and there can be no question that Jamesone did all this. It may gratify certain sorts of critics, to dwell on the undoubted facts, that a certain hardness of manner is visible even in the happiest of his works; that his portraits are often of a severe aspect, with a touch too much of the vinegar of the times in them; and that he has reached but seldom the perfect ease and happy gracefulness of nature. His outlines are correct, his colouring lucid, and his proportions just; and he was the first native of our island who refused to limit himself to miniatures, like Hilliard and Oliver, and transferred life of the natural dimensions to his canvass. That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting there can, therefore, be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being named above him in his own walk before the days of Reynolds. When we consider the circumstances of the painter, and his times,—his want of instructors and models, and the various difficulties which the fanatical prejudices of that dark age must have presented to any cultivator of the graceful arts, it is impossible not to admit that Scotland has all reason to be proud of George Jamesone.'—pp. 30—33.

Ramsay, Allan Ramsay, was the son of the pastoral poet of the same name, and was born at Edinburgh in 1713. He began to sketch at twelve, completed his studies at Rome, and, after spending some time in his native country, finally established himself in London, where he first obtained notice by a whole length likeness of Lord Bute, in which the legs were so remarkably handsome as to provoke the envy even of Reynolds. He was a very good scholar, being pretty well acquainted with Latin and Greek, and a master of most of the living languages of Europe. It was his vanity to be esteemed an accomplished scholar, rather than an eminent painter; hence he is said to have had but a cold regard for his profession. Dr. Johnson must have thought very highly of him, when he declared, "You will not find a man, in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, or more elegance, than in Ramsay's." Notwithstanding his indifference to his profession, he succeeded in obtaining such extensive employment, that he had persons under him who supplied bodies, where he painted heads. It is honourable to his memory that he paid the debts of his father, who died in 1757, in embarrassed circumstances. It is said that, even before he became a favourite with George III., he had amassed a fortune of forty thousand pounds—not *Scots!* It was soon after the accession of that sovereign greatly increased, for he was appointed the court painter in preference to Sir Joshua, whom the King never liked. The terms upon which Ramsay was admitted at Buckingham Palace were of the most familiar kind. 'It often happened,' we are told, 'that the King desired the painter to convey his easel and canvass to the dining room, that he might observe his progress, and have the pleasure of his conversation. The painter, a bold, spirited, well-informed man, perfectly conversant with the state of the various kingdoms of Europe, spoke freely and without disguise; and as he was the only person about the court, save the domestics, who could speak German, the Queen more especially found it an agreeable variety to chat with him in her native language. When the King had finished his usual allowance of boiled mutton and turnips, he would rise and say, "Now, Ramsay, sit down in my place, and take your dinner." The painter served the court also in another way; he was extremely fond of politics, and mingled his pamphlets amongst the fierce controversies of the day. He wrote with vigour and occasionally with elegance.

An unfortunate accident put an end to Ramsay's painting, while at the height of his prosperous career. Happening to read in a newspaper of a fire by which several lives were lost, he desired all his pupils to follow him, that he might show them how they could escape, even though all the lower part of the house were consumed. Pushing a ladder through the loft door, he mounted it, and pointed the way to the leads: when returning again his foot slipped, and he fell with such violence, that he dislocated his arm in such a way that it never recovered. He went to Italy, with the hope of renewing his health and spirits, but he died at Paris upon his way home, in the summer of 1784.

'Ramsay was middle sized, well made, and finely proportioned, and his looks were acute and intelligent. He was hasty and irritable, passionate and headstrong, but easily smoothed down and pacified; a steadfast friend, and a most agreeable companion. In extent of learning and variety of knowledge he surpassed all artists of his time; and was considered an ornament to the Royal Academy, not so much as a portrait-painter—though even in that he was second only to Reynolds—as for the accomplishments of a gentleman and scholar, his taste in poetry as well as in art, and his not inconsiderable powers as a writer. He was fond of delicate eating, and was as determined a consumer of tea as Dr. Johnson himself, but had no relish for stronger potations: it is said, that even the smell of a bottle of claret was too much for him.

'In his own art we may, perhaps, trace something of the same rather effeminate turn. His execution was neat, careful, and finished; but the freedom of his pencilling never reached the character of boldness: the placid and the contemplative were his element—energy he never even attempted; and his colouring seldom deserted the regions of the pale and the grey. Walpole has recorded his belief, that if he did not achieve a first-rate name, it was for want of subjects rather than of genius; and I shall conclude, with the more detailed opinion of Northcote, in his lately published Conversations:—"There was Ramsay, of whom Sir Joshua used to say, that he was the most sensible among all the painters of his time, but he has left little to show it. His manner was dry and timid. He stopped short in the middle of his work, because he knew exactly how much it wanted. Now and then we find tints and sketches, which show what he might have been if his hand had been equal to his conceptions. I have seen a picture of his of the Queen soon after she was married; a profile, and slightly done, but it was a paragon of elegance. She had a fan in her hand;—Lord, how she held that fan! It was weak in execution, and ordinary in features, but the farthest possible removed from any thing like vulgarity. A professor might despise it; but in the mental part, I have never seen any thing of Vandyke's equal to it. I should find it difficult to produce any thing of Sir Joshua's that conveys an idea of more grace and delicacy." '—pp. 43—45.

Having devoted a considerable space in our journal, not long since, to a review of the "Life of Romney," by his son, we may be excused for passing over Mr. Cunningham's abridgement of that work.

The next artist on the list is Runciman, who was born at Edinburgh, in 1736. He began to make drawings when he was no more than six years old: at twelve he evinced a decisive talent for painting, which his father had the good sense to encourage. Having a turn for landscape, he was placed under the care of an artist in that department, and attended to his business with the greatest enthusiasm. He set up for himself in 1765, but with very little success. His day was yet to come, and his friends flattered him with the hopes of future renown. From landscape he transferred his genius to historical composition; here he was still less fortunate, and so he thought he would mend his hopes, by paying a visit to Italy. At Rome he became intimate with a kindred spirit, Fuseli, whom he strongly resembled. 'They were rivals in that unbridled license of imagination, which introduced an air of inspired madness, and considerate extravagance, into the sublimest and sternest subjects on which they employed their pencils. Their drawings seemed the work of the same hand and mind; they are distinguished by the same splendid freedom of outline, the same dashing mode of treatment, the same immoderate length of body and limb, and the same resolution of never doing a gentle action with ease, nor a heroic one without perilous straining and toiling.' After remaining in Rome five years, Runciman returned to Edinburgh, strongly confirmed in his predilections for historical painting. It was his great ambition to produce a series of paintings from Ossian, which Sir J. Clerk engaged him to execute for his hall at Pennycuick. The hall was to be thence forthwith called "Ossian's Hall," and Runciman hoped to make it a rival to the Sistine chapel. Unfortunately, as he proceeded in his work, the authenticity of the poems became every day more and more doubtful; still he painted on, and completed his design, consisting altogether of twelve subjects taken from different parts of the Macphersonic effusions.

The representations given of his personal character are hardly to be reconciled. One account states that he was a dissolute, blasphemous fellow, while in another he is lauded to the skies, for the candour and simplicity of his manners, his happy talent for conversation, and his real worth and goodness of heart. His merits as a painter are thus summed up by Mr. Cunningham.

'By those who have settled that we can have no true art without the nicest delicacy of academic drawing,—that any departure from perfectly just and natural action is a crime inexpiable—that fluttering, scanty, ill-arranged draperies are sure marks of feebleness—and that a style of colouring, partaking of the extravagance of all these errors, indicates want of talent as surely as of taste,—the works of Runciman will, without question, be ranked among the crude attempts of arrogant imbecility. Those, however, who examine his pieces with a wish to find beauties rather than faults, will not look in vain. Certainly, true genius for art is present in most of his performances. Brown, his scholar and his friend, an able artist, and one who could think and feel for himself, thus writes regarding the merits of his master :—" His fancy was fertile, his discernment of character keen, his taste truly elegant, and his conceptions always great. Though his genius seems to be best suited to the grand and serious, yet many of his works amply prove that he could move with equal success in the less elevated line of the gay and the pleasing. His chief excellence was composition, the noblest part of the art, in which it is doubtful whether he had any living superior. With regard to the truth, the harmony, the richness, and the gravity of colouring,—in that style, in short, which is the peculiar characteristic of the ancient Venetian, and the direct contrast of the modern English school, he was unrivalled. His works, it must be granted, like all those of the present times, were far from being perfect; but it was Runciman's peculiar misfortune, that his defects were of such a nature as to be obvious to the most unskilful eye, whilst his beauties were of a kind which few have sufficient taste or knowledge in the art to discern, far less to appreciate." We concur in much of what his friend has said; but to have great defects which are obvious to the vulgar, and great beauties which are only visible to the few, is, to say the least, an unfortunate arrangement.'—pp. 159—161.

There has been hitherto no detailed biography of Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, presented to the public. Mr. Cunningham's is the first attempt of the kind that we have seen, and though very imperfect, we think it will be read with great interest. He was the son of John Copley, and Mary Singleton his wife: the former was of English descent, and the latter of Irish: their son is said to have been born at Boston, in America, on the 3d of July, 1737, although the Irish claim him as their own. To America, however, he owes his education, as well as his first inspiration in art. He was scarcely seven years old, when he began to amuse himself, for hours together, by drawing in charcoal on the walls of a lonely room, groups of martial figures, engaged in adventures of some kind or other. In this manner he taught himself the rudiments of an art, in which he was afterwards destined no inconsiderable distinction. His first work of merit was a portrait of his half brother. It was called " The Boy and Squirrel," and having been sent over from America, was exhibited at our Royal Academy, where it was looked upon as a performance of great promise. He was at this period the only artist of any repute in Boston: he remained there for several years before he set out for Italy, 'busy,' says the biographer, 'in extending his fame with his pencil, and hoarding his earnings for the outlay of travel and study. He had, as he acknowledged to West, as many commissions in Boston as he could execute. The price for his half lengths was fourteen guineas; and he also executed many likenesses in crayons: he was, therefore, waxing comparatively rich.' Must we recognise the Scotchman and the old bachelor in what follows?—'He was not one of those inconsiderate enthusiasts, who rashly run into undertakings which promise no certain return. He had laboured as students seldom labour now, for his knowledge, and for the remuneration which it brought. He had continued a bachelor, according to the precept of Reynolds, that he might be able to pursue his studies without offering up his time and money at the altar of that expensive idol, a wife; and he had sent over various pictures, chiefly portraits in fancy postures and employments, with the hope of finding customers for them in the English market.' In 1774, he at length set out for Italy, by way of England, together with another artist named Carter, who seems to have been a complete specimen of a disagreeable travelling companion. To give the man his due, however, Copley appears to have been not much inferior to him in capacity for annoyance. Carter preserved a journal of their joint tour, from which the following extracts are taken:—

'"This companion of mine is rather a singular character; he seems happy at taking things at the wrong end; and laboured near an hour to-day, to prove that a huckaback towel was softer than a Barcelona silk handkerchief."...."My agreeable companion suspects he has got cold npon his lungs. He is now sitting by a fire, the heat of which makes me very faint; a silk handkerchief about his head, and a white pocket one about his neck, applying fresh fuel, and complaining that the wood of this country don't give half the heat that the wood of America does; and has just finished a long-winded discourse upon the merits of an American wood-fire, in preference to one of our coal. He has never asked me yet, and we have been up an hour, how I do, or how I have passed the night: 'tis an engaging creature." Upon another occasion, one traveller wishes to walk, the other is determined to ride, and they stop in a shower to debate it. "We had a very warm altercation, and I was constrained to tell him, 'Sir, we are now more than eight hundred miles from home, through all which way you have not had a single care that I could alleviate; I have taken as much pains as to the mode of conveying you, as if you had been my wife; and I cannot help telling you, that she, though a delicate little woman, accommodated her feelings to her situation with much more temper than you have done.'"...."There is nothing that he is not master of. On asking him to-day what they called that weed in America, pointing to some fern; he said he knew it very well; there was a deal of it in America, but he had never heard its name."...."My companion is solacing himself, that if they go on in America for an hundred years to come, as they have for an hundred and fifty years past, they shall have an independent goverment: the woods will be cleared, and, lying in the same latitude, they shall have the same air as in the south of France; art would then be encouraged there, and great artists would arise." These ill matched fellow-voyagers, soon after their arrival in Rome, separated; and Carter closes with the following kind description of Copley, as he appeared on the road in his travelling trim:—"He had on one of those white French bonnets, which, turned on one side, admit of being pulled over the ears: under this was a yellow and red silk handkerchief, with a large Catherine wheel flambeaued upon it, such as may be seen upon the necks of those delicate ladies who cry Malton oysters: this flowed half way down his back. He wore a red-brown, or rather cinnamon, great coat, with a friar's cape, and worsted binding of a yellowish white: it hung near his heels, out of which peeped his boots: under his arm he carried the sword which he bought in Paris, and a hiccory stick with an ivory head. Joined to this dress, he was very thin, pale, a little pockmarked, prominent eyebrows, small eyes, which, after fatigue, seemed a day's march in his head." '—pp. 167—169.

The memorials of Copley's proceedings in Italy are so scanty and unsatisfactory, that we shall pass them over, and return with him to London, where we find him at the end of the year 1775, established at 25, George Street, Hanover Square, the same house, we believe, which is still occupied by his distinguished son. Here he laboured at his profession for several years with eminent success. In 1783 he was chosen a Royal Academician. One of the works upon which his fame principally depends, is "The Death of Chatham," a production that will be at all times valuable, for the number of portraits which it contains; in all other respects, it is a picture of very questionable pretensions. We quite agree with Mr. Cunningham, that it has an air of formality, and is deficient in the expression of emotion. Nevertheless, at the time it was universally admired, and praise flowed in upon the artist from all quarters. He is said to have received an offer of 1500 guineas for it, which he refused, expecting that by means of a raffle he would greatly augment the price. For this purpose he wished to exhibit it on his own account beforehand, but as he happened to choose the period —the only time indeed when the town was full—at which the exhibition at the Academy commenced, his plan was opposed by Sir William Chambers, who thought fit to address Copley in the following ungracious language:—"No one wishes Mr. Copley greater success, nor is more sensible of his merit, than his humble servant; who, if he may be allowed to give his opinion, thinks no place so proper as the royal exhibition, to promote either the sale of prints, or the raffle for the picture, which he understands are Mr. Copley's motives: or if that should be objected to, he thinks no place so proper as Mr. Copley's own house, where the idea of a raree-show will not be quite so striking as in any other place, and where his own presence will not fail to be of service to his views." The artist was much incensed by this letter: but instead of appearing before the public in that least serviceable of all characters, a disappointed and angry man, he prudently burned his indignant reply, persevered in his intention, exhibited his picture, got it engraved by Bartolozzi, and derived from it increased fortune and fame.

Copley's next great work was the death of Major Peirson, a youth of twenty-four. When Jersey was invaded by the French, and they succeeded in compelling the commander to sign the surrender of the island, his son gathered some troops, and defeated the enemy; but he fell in the moment of victory, by a ball deliberately aimed at him by a French officer, who, in his turn, was shot through the heart, by an African servant of the dying conqueror. Mr. Cunningham considers it as a work 'stamped with true life and heroism: there is nothing mean, nothing little,—the fierce fight, the affrighted women, the falling warrior, and the avenging of his death, are all there: the story is finely told.' This picture is now in the possession of Lord Lyndhurst. The execution of it was followed by that of several other historical works, which are more or less known; but these larger undertakings did not prevent him from devoting much time to portraits, which, we presume, he found rather more profitable. The following amusing anecdote of one of his patrons, renders this point, however, doubtful:—

'A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece:—" It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." —" But," said the artist, " she is dead, you know, sir: what can I do; she is only to be admitted as an angel."—" Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. " I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said: "an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses: not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.'—p. 179.

The "Arrest of the Five Members of the Commons, by Charles the First," afforded Copley a theme worthy of his genius. Engravings of it are often met with, but the picture is very far from being a master-piece. It was considered at the time a fine performance, and the artist had great difficulty in disposing of it. One is surprised to meet such a huckstering offer for it as that of Lord Ferrers.

'" Lord Ferrer's compliments to Mr. Copley; he cannot form any judgment of the picture; but, as money is scarce, and any one may make eight per cent. of their money in the funds, and particularly in navy bills, and there is so much gaming, he hopes he'll excuse his valuing his picture in conformity to the times, and not think he depreciates in the least from Mr. Copley's just merit; but if he reckons fifty-seven figures, there are not above one-third that are capital, but are only heads or a little more; and therefore he thinks, according to the present times, if he gets nine hundred pounds for the picture with the frame, after the three other figures are put in, and it is completely finished, and he has the power of taking a copy, it is pretty near the value: that is what very few people can afford to give for a picture. However, if Mr. Copley would undertake to do a family piece for him, with about six figures, about the size of the picture he has of Mr. Wright's, with frame and all, he would agree to give him a thousand guineas for the two pictures. But he imagines the Emperor or some of the Royal Family may give him more, perhaps a great deal more, which he wishes they may, and thinks he well deserves; but if he can't make a better bargain, Lord Ferrers will stand to what he says, and give him six months to consider of it, and will not take it amiss if he sells it for ever so little more than he has mentioned, as he has stretched to the utmost of his purse, though he does not think he has come near up to Mr. Copley's merit.

'"Upper Seymour Street, 5th June, 1791."'—pp. 181, 182.

Copley's last historical work was "The Resurrection:" his last portrait was that of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, painted in 1814. He died on the 9th of September, 1815, aged 78 years. We give the biographer's general remarks upon his character and style.

'Those who desire to know the modes of study, the peculiar habits, the feelings and opinions, likings and dislikings, of Copley, cannot, I fear, be gratified. No one lives now who could tell us of his early days, when the boy, on the wild shores of America, achieved works of surpassing beauty; he is but remembered in his declining years, when the world had sobered down his mood, and the ecstacy of the blood was departed. He has been represented to me by some as a peevish and peremptory man, while others describe him as mild and unassuming. Man has many moods, and they have all, I doubt not, spoken the truth of their impressions. I can depend more upon the authority which says, he was fond of books, a lover of history, and well acquainted with poetry, especially the divine works of Milton. These he preferred to exercise either on foot or on horseback, when labour at the easel was over—and this bookish turn has been talked of as injurious to his health; but no one has much right to complain of shortness of years, who lives to see out threescore and eighteen.

'He sometimes made experiments in colours: the methods of the Greeks, the elder Italians, and the schools of Florence and Venice, he was long in quest of; and he wrote out receipts for composing those lustrous hues in which Titian and Correggio excelled. For the worth of his discoveries, read not his receipts, but look at his works; of all that he ever painted, nothing surpasses his "Boy and Squirrel" for fine depth and beauty of colour; and this was done, I presume, before he had heard the name of Titian pronounced. His "Samuel reproving Saul for sparing the People of Amalek," is likewise a fine bit of colouring, with good feeling, and good drawing too. I have only this to add to what has been already said of his works; he shares with West the reproach of want of natural warmth—and uniting much stateliness with little passion. As to his personal character, it seems to have been, in all essential respects, that of an honourable and accomplished gentleman.

'Copley's eminent son still inhabits the artist's house in George Street, Hanover Square; and all must consider it as honourable to this noble person, that he has made it his object to collect works of his father's pencil wherewith to adorn the apartments in which they were conceived and produced.'—pp. 184, 185.

Mortimer, the successful rival of Romney upon more than one occasion, was more distinguished for the boldness and originality of his genius, than almost any artist of his time. After he made some progress under different masters in drawing, he was anxious to become equally conversant with the mysteries of colouring. Born on the sea coast of Scotland, he conceived an early taste for depicting the perils of the smuggler, the foaming waves, pinnaces sinking, and other scenes of that description. Hence there was a Salvator-like dash of savage grandeur in his style, that gave it an appearance of freedom, which was then little known in the English schools of painting. He carried away the prize of fifty guineas against Romney, for the picture of "Edward the Confessor seizing the treasures of his mother." This work brought him at once into reputation; but he is supposed to have been principally indebted for his first accession of fame, to a panel which he painted for the king's carriage, on which he represented the battle of Agincourt. The young sovereign was so much pleased with this performance, that he supported Mortimer against Romney, when both were candidates for admission to the Royal Academy. His picture of St. Paul preaching to the Britons, was produced soon after his election. It is a painting of considerable merit. His portraits are said to be excellent likenesses in general, but destitute of the graces of colouring.

Mortimer, unhappily, had the ambition to be deemed a genius, rather than a professor, and he thought it essential to the character in which he wished to appear, to add to it the qualities of dissipation and licentiousness. His constitution was naturally very strong, and besides the pleasures of the table, he was, what we should in the present day call, a lover of the Fancy. He was fond of gaudy dress, and we have here a curious description of one set of his finery:—"A scarlet lapelled coat, with large gilt buttons the size of half a crown; a white satin waistcoat, embroidered with sprigs of jasmine; a pair of black sattin small-clothes, with Bristol stone knee-buckles; a pair of Scott's liquid-dye blue silk stockings, with Devonshire clocks; long-quartered shoes, with large square buckles, which covered the whole of his instep down to his toes; a shirt with a frill and ruffles of lace; his hair pomatumed and powdered, with an immense toupee, three curls on a side, and tied up with a tremendous club behind." Having been employed by Lord Melbourne, to paint a ceiling at his seat, Brocket Hall, Herts, he began his residence there by dragging the pond, and leaving the fish panting on the bank. He next became an ardent admirer of Lady Melbourne, and was obliged to quit. He still cricketed, drank, wrestled, and wasted his time in all manner of frolics, until in a happy hour he married an amiable young woman, who succeeded by her winning demeanour in diverting him from his evil habits. From that period he became an altered man, in spite of Sir Joshua's precept against marriage, and he applied to his art with diligence and enthusiasm. Among other things, in order to mark his repentance, he drew and exhibited "The Progress of Vice;" a work which attracted the attention of the whole town; he then produced "The Progress of Virtue," which found scarcely any admirers! Mr. Cunningham's narrative of the remainder of his career, and his commentaries upon the artist's style, are drawn up with spirit and impartiality.

'The designs of Mortimer have been generally preferred to his paintings. He threw these out at one effort of fancy—every after-touch rendered them colder and tamer; and when he desired to expand them into full-sized pictures, he found that the mechanical labour gradually crept, like the night-mare, over his performance, taming down the happy ecstasy of early thought, and giving to his flowing touches the look of lines in architecture —more a matter of geometry than of fancy. The cold, dull colours which he spread over the whole, subdued in the eyes of many all that remained of original beauty in the performance. His talent and readiness in design made him in some request among booksellers and churchmen: he illustrated several of the poets; he designed the elevation of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, for the great window of Salisbury cathedral; and the Cartoons for the window of stained glass in Brasen Nose College, Oxford, were of his drawing. "It was astonishing," says Pilkington, "to observe with what rapidity he wrought. No man seemed less conscious of his own powers than himself, or less unwilling to encourage others who had the smallest pretensions to excellence. Before he attempted any work of importance, he always devoted some time to the perusal of that author who could give him the most information; and, indeed, his conversation frequently teemed with allusions to the politest writers, expressed in the most forcible terms. After the sketch had been drawn he generally gave himself some rest."

'Some time in the year 1775, his health began to decline; and he was advised by Dr. Bates to remove for a time to Aylesbury in Berks; where he found a spacious house fit for the exhibition of his works, a garden stored with flowers and fruit trees, and society of a soberer and worthier sort than he had formerly abandoned himself to in London. The fresh air,—the change of scene,—and the converse which he enjoyed with the Kenyons, the Drakes, the Scottowes, and the Despencers,—all contributed to the recovery of his health, and the restoration of his original ardent tone of mind. He wrought with much diligence; and in one year, the most fruitful of his brief life, painted works to the amount of nine hundred pounds. Those who had known Mortimer in his wilder days were astonished at the change which reflection had now wrought; his discourse was decent, and even delicate; his attendance at church punctual; and the more discerning remarked that he was deeply pained at the thought of his past levities, and was seeking consolation where it could best be found —in the Holy Scriptures.

'The air and the society of Aylesbury were, no doubt, beneficial to his health, but not equally so to his fame. He who lives by painting, must consent to live as publicly as he can; when no longer seen, his works and his merits run the risk of being forgotten. He who retires into solitude with the hope that patronage and employment will follow, and find him out, will soon see his delusion, unless his genius is so original and rare as to command, like a spell, the attention of his country.

'He returned to London: but if he was no longer the gay and the graceless, neither was he the athletic and the active, Mortimer; and,—what in his present state of feeling he, perhaps, deplored more,—he was considered insincere by the envious and the malignant. His skill of hand, and his readiness of fancy, had not, however, deserted him; and he designed, and drew, and painted, as readily as ever. He had formed his style first on nature, and confirmed and corrected it by the study of the antique: and such was his wondrous facility of hand, and knowledge of the human form, that he could draw with a common pen and ink the human skeleton in any attitude, and afterwards, with a different coloured ink, clothe it with muscles. He had, in an uncommon degree, that vivid power of imagining as if it lived and breathed before him, whatever subject he chose to touch; and despised models. "All subjects," says Pilkington, "whether of history, landscape, animals, or still life,—every object from the human figure to a plant, a flower, an insect, a reptile, or shell,—he could represent from his imagination only, with a truth and perfection that rivalled the nature he imitated."

'It must be acknowledged that his productions, -at least most of those which are now visible,—scarcely support such high praise; but, no doubt, it is much to the injury of Mortimer's fame that his works are chiefly sketches, and confined of course to the portfolio. Had he mastered colour, or turned his mind in time to it, he would have produced pictures worthy of any modern collection. His "King John signing Magna Charta,"—"The Battle of Agincourt,"—"The Origin of Health,"—"The Tragic and Comic Muses,"—"Sextus consulting Erictho, from Lucan,"—"The Incantation,"—"Vortigern and Rowena,"—and his "Groups of Banditti,"—all are marked with an air which belongs to no other painter. He has at least the merit of looking like himself alone—a merit not small in these latter days of sordid imitation in literature and art. It has been remarked, that he impressed nobleness and truth on the countenances of all his figures; and moreover, that with these noble and beautiful characters his imagination was so amply stored, that, in all his numerous paintings and drawings, there never appeared two that were not different. On looking at his heads, one can readily imagine that he first sought the foundation of the character in life, and then dwelt upon it, and embellished it from a fancy ready to elevate what was common, and render what was only brave heroic. It is related of him by Ireland, that when requested to delineate the Passions, as personified by Gray,—more particularly

"Moody Madness laughing wild amidst severest woe,—"

he opened his portfolio, and pointing to the principal figure in the eighth plate of "The Rake's Progress," exclaimed, "If I had never seen this print, I should say it was not possible to paint these contending passions in the same countenance. Having seen this, which displays the poet's idea with the faithfulness of a mirror, I dare not attempt it. I could only make a correct copy; a deviation from this portrait in a single line would be a departure from the character.

'Neither books nor tradition enable me to say much more of Mortimer. He came from Aylesbury to his house in Norfolk Street some time in September, 1778; he appeared to ail little; was cheerful; talked of his future prospects in art; his expectation of being admitted into the Royal Academy; spoke of his own many-coloured career; and, laughing, declared he would write it in Hudibrastic verse. He wrought little, and seemed on the point of wearing through the winter, when he was attacked by a fever, with such violence that his constitution, weakened by early excesses, sunk in the struggle, after a few days of great suffering. Mortimer died in the arms of his attached friend, Dr. Bates, on the 4th of February, 1779, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried beside the altar in the church of High Wycombe, near his great picture of St. Paul preaching to the Britons.

'From the amount of reputation acquired by Mortimer in his day, posterity has made no gentle deductions. Fame is, indeed, hard to win; and the most gifted spirit cannot be sure of either achieving or retaining it for a moment. Like quicksilver in fickle weather, the fame of living men is continually rising and falling: nor is it a certain thing with the dead. Fashions, manners, faces, and events, on the depicting of which the hope of reputation was founded, wear out, are forgotten, or cease to interest: some colossal genius steps into the path perhaps, and throws the humbler wayfarer into the shade; or some stern critic, armed in the triple mail of art, learning, and authority, writes or lectures a reputation down—because perhaps he has heard it compared with his own. That genius may be considered as singularly fortunate who escapes both the sarcasms of the severe and the high-flown praise of the indiscriminating: but the fame of Mortimer has had to contend against this double pressure. Pilkington rates him too high; Fuseli too low: the former commiserated his fate, and admired the wildness of his conceptions; the latter liked none of the eminent masters of the English school,—spoke with contempt of Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Romney,—and was much disposed to consider every one a personal enemy who presumed to paint either poetry or history, which he presumptuously claimed as a province wherein he was sole monarch. He, whose taste was so sublime that he accounted Milton and Shakspeare the only poets of our island, and whose notions of excellence in art were so lofty that he could endure little save the finest works of Greece or Italy, was not a man to sympathise with such productions as those of Mortimer.

'Fuseli accuses him of weakness in conception; he might more properly have charged him with extravagance. There is a continual bustle—a desire to be doing more than is necessary—a feverish animation and convulsive strength in most of his groups—but little that can be called mean or commonplace. But then this perpetual effort in muscular action, and continual straining after vigorous mental expression, is so apparent, that we soon see it is unnatural: we feel that noble actions require to be done with more ease and grace. It is true that hot and heady fights, and feats of smugglers and banditti, cannot be achieved in tranquillity and repose: but it is also true, that the animation of nature should not be exceeded. It is the province of heroes to perform noble actions without ungraceful efforts, and of great minds to think with calmness and dignity. All Mortimer's fine drawing, and wonderful ease and freedom of touch, cannot conceal the hectic flush and convulsive vigour of his heroes. The weak are always struggling to look strong; and when the heavy-headed try to think, there must needs be wrinkles on the brow to show the pain it costs. With all his defects, however, Mortimer was an artist of true original powers, and as such is entitled to the approbation of posterity, much more than any of those whose chief merit is the absence of gross faults.'—pp. 197—203.

The next artist on the list is Sir Henry Raeburn, another Scotchman, born in the year 1756—the Reynolds of the North. It was remarked of him, when at school, that the figures which he drew on his slate or in his copy book, were superior to those of any of his companions. The same observation has been made with respect to Wilkie. Notwithstanding this decided indication of his genius, he was bound, without any reluctance upon his part, to a goldsmith. Instead of learning his trade, however, he spent much of his time in making caricatures of his fellow apprentices, and afterwards miniatures, which he executed in a beautiful style, and that too without having received any instructions. His master, with a degree of liberality not very common with his tribe, encouraged the young aspirant in his love of art, and introduced him to Martin, a portrait painter at Edinburgh of some eminence at that period. Raeburn derived new ideas from Martin's works, and improved his style so much, that he was enabled to purchase his indentures, and set up a studio of his own. He then tried his hand at oil-paintings, and succeeded beyond his expectation. He was obliged to teach himself the method of preparing colours, 'and there is no doubt,' justly observes his biographer, 'that the thought which such knowledge cost him, and the labour and the time which it took to master so many obstacles, were well worth all the lectures thrice repeated, of the skilful and the ingenious.' Martin freely lent him pictures, with permission to copy them, but he refused to initiate him in the mysteries of that process, by means of which a chalk drawing is eventually converted into a painting in oil.

Raeburn, having by dint of indefatigable labour conquered the preliminary difficulties of the art, gave up the miniature department altogether, and took to the easel. One of his advisers on this occasion was John Clerk, a learned and witty man, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, under the name of Lord Eldin. He had also some skill in painting, and was a frequent visitor and companion of young Raeburn. They were at that period both very poor, so much so, that they sometimes knew hardly how to live until money came, one having costly colours, and the other expensive books, to buy. 'On one of these occasions, Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings and the other three potatoes. "And is this all?" said John. "All," said the landlady. "All! did I not tell ye, woman," he exclaimed, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?" This anecdote they often laughed at in the after time of their lives, when both were in affluent circumstances. Raeburn's promotion from his straitened condition, was of a somewhat romantic kind.

'In his twenty-second year, a change came upon him; and, as it was occasioned by his genius as well as by his courteous manners, and had much influence over his fortunes, we must relate it. Art had been for several years the settled purpose of Raeburn's mind: and to become an accomplished painter, he studied art and nature; and, though he had no desire to forsake the line of portraiture, he loved to make himself acquainted with what was fair in landscape, and also with what was noble in historical composition. With the increase of his reputation, he found the doors of the rich and noble begin to open for his admission to their collections of pictures, as well as to their tables; and as he was a diligent student, he missed no opportunity of improving his style, or increasing the natural force of his colouring. Sitters began to wax numerous. One day, a young lady presented herself at his studio, and desired to sit for her portrait: he instantly remembered having seen her in some of his excursions, when, with his sketch-book in his hand, he was noting down fine snatches of scenery; and as the appearance of any thing living and lovely gives an additional charm to a landscape, the painter, like Gainsborough in similar circumstances, had admitted her readily into his drawing. This circumstance, it is said, had had its influence: on farther acquaintance, he found that, besides personal charms, she had sensibility and wit: his respect for her did not affect his skill of hand, but rather inspired it, and he succeeded in making a fine portrait. The lady, Ann Edgar, the daughter of Peter Edgar, Esquire, of Bridgelands, was much pleased with the skill, and likewise with the manners, of the artist; and within a month or so after the adventure of the studio, she gave him her hand in marriage; bestowing at once a most affectionate wife and a handsome fortune.'—pp. 210—212.

His first use of his new means was to make a journey to London, and thence to Rome, where he remained copying the works of the great masters for two years. He made it a rule never to copy any object from memory, but from the figure itself, with its most minute accessories placed before him; and it was to this observance that he confessed himself to be principally indebted for the fine natural character, which is visible in most of his subsequent performances. Raeburn was little more than thirty-one years old when he found himself at the head of his profession at Edinburgh. His habits of life, at this period, afford a cheerful picture of successful industry, and domestic happiness.

'He was now in his thirty-first year; had fine health, high spirits, a gallery worthy of being seen by people of rank and taste; and, what was not less pleasant, the bliss of domestic tranquillity. Though his painting-rooms were in George Street, his dwelling-house was at St. Bernard's, near Stockbridge, overlooking the water of Leith—a romantic place. The steep banks were then finely wooded; the garden grounds varied and beautiful; and all the seclusion of the country could be enjoyed, without the remoteness. The motions of the artist were as regular as those of a clock. He rose at seven during summer, took breakfast about eight with his wife and children, walked into George Street, and was ready for a sitter by nine; and of sitters he generally had, for many years, not fewer than three or four a day. To these he gave an hour and a half each. He seldom kept a sitter more than two hours, unless the person happened

—and that was often the case—to be gifted with more than common talents. He then felt himself happy, and never failed to detain the party till the arrival of a new sitter intimated that he must be gone. For a head size he generally required four or five sittings: and he preferred painting the head and hands to any other part of the body; assigning as a reason, that they required least consideration. A fold of drapery, or the natural ease which the casting of a mantle over the shoulder demanded, occasioned him more perplexing study than a head full of thought and imagination. Such was the intuition with which he penetrated at once to the mind, that the first sitting rarely came to a close without his having seized strongly on the character and disposition of the individual. He never drew in his heads, or indeed any part of the body, with chalk,—a system pursued successfully by Lawrence; but began with the brush at once. The forehead, chin, nose, and mouth, were his first touches. He always painted standing, and never used a stick for resting his hand on; for such was his accuracy of eye, and steadiness of nerve, that he could introduce the most delicate touches, or the utmost mechanical regularity of line, without aid, or other contrivance than fair off-hand dexterity. He remained in his painting-room till a little after five o'clock, when he walked home, and dined at six.

'This regular system of labour could not fail to produce a great number and variety of works, and likewise bring a very respectable income. But, methodical in most matters as he certainly was, and a man who embarked in nothing extravagant, he had an invincible repugnance to keeping either lists of his portraits, or any account of his earnings. The sitters, whether Highland or Lowland, lords or ladies, received their portraits when finished; the charge was made; and the money was, if needed, applied to the domestic expenses of his family, or placed in the bank, to work while he slept. This peculiarity—whether we call it culpable carelessness, or magnanimous disregard of lucre—has been very disadvantageous to the biographer. In a word, it has deprived us of all chance to trace with accuracy the history, name, and date, of Raeburn's individual works. He perhaps enjoyed life too much to be very eager about either fame or money. He was happy and charmed, he often said, with the work of the day; and described portrait painting as the most delightful thing in the world; inasmuch as every body came to him with their happiest moods and pleasantest faces, and went away always pleased to see that they looked so well on canvas. He congratulated himself that his profession led neither to discord nor disputes,—a circumstance much to the credit of his own tact and prudence; for strife and bitterness find out other brethren of the easel in situations where peace only ought to be. We can easily imagine that a walk on the banks of the river with his wife, or looking at the flowers of his gardens, or sketching landscapes to introduce into the backgrounds of his pictures, might be much more to his taste than the account book and the Ready Reckoner. Indeed, he acknowledged, that in his wanderings during the morning and the evening, he saw clouds, and skies, and landscapes, which he brooded upon, and fixed them in his imagination, where they remained till transferred to canvas.'—pp. 216—219.

To this charming picture, we may add an account given by one of his sitters of the mode in which he prepared the elements of his portraits.

'"He spoke a few words to me in his usual brief and kindly way—evidently to put me into an agreeable mood; and then having placed me in a chair on a platform at the end of his painting-room, in the posture required, set up his easel beside me with the canvas ready to receive the colour. When he saw all was right, he took his palette and his brush, retreated back step by step, with his face towards me, till he was nigh the other end of his room; he stood and studied for a minute more, then came up to the canvas, and, without looking at me, wrought upon it with colour for some time. Having done this, he retreated in the same manner, studied my looks at that distance for about another minute, then came hastily up to the canvas, and painted a few minutes more. I had sat to other artists; their way was quite different—they made an outline carefully in chalk, measured it with compasses, placed the canvas close to me, and, looking me almost without ceasing in the face, proceeded to fill up the outline with colour. They succeeded best in the minute detail—Raeburn best in the general result of the expression; they obtained by means of a multitude of little touches what he found by broader masses; they gave more of the man—he gave most of the mind. I may add, that I found him well informed, with no professional pedantry about him; indeed, no one could have imagined him a painter till he took up the brush and palette; he conversed with me upon mechanics and ship-building, and, if I can depend upon my own imperfect judgment, he had studied ship-architecture with great success. On one of the days of my sittings he had to dine with me at the house of a mutual friend; our hour was six, and you know how punctual to time we of the North are; he painted at my portrait till within a quarter of an hour of the time, threw down his palette and brushes, went into a little closet, and in five minutes sallied out to dinner in a trim worthy of the first company. I can remember no more that is noteworthy. I sat six times, and two hours together."'—pp. 220, 221.

It was Raeburn's happy fortune to continue for many years in the possession of domestic blessings and professional reputation. He lived to see himself wealthy, the parent of sons and daughters, and the intimate friend of some of the first men of the age. In 1822, when the late king visited Scotland, he was made a knight, and in the May of the following year, "the King's limner and painter in Scotland." Whatever honours or profit were attached to this office, he benefited little by them, for he was seized with a mortal sickness, and had laid down his head to die on the very day that the nomination was announced. He lingered until the 8th of July, 1823, when he departed, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Cunningham thus sums up his merits:—

'The character of Raeburn appears to have been every way unblemished; he was a candid modest man, ever ready to aid merit, and give a helping hand to genius in art. His varied knowledge, his agreeable manners, his numerous anecdotes, and his general conversation, at once easy and unaffected, with now and then a touch of humorous gaiety, made him a delightful companion; he told a Scotch story with almost unrivalled *naïveté* of effect; and did the honours of a handsome house and elegant table with all the grace of a high-bred gentleman. Through life he discharged, with blameless attention, all the duties of a good citizen. His pencil never kept him from his place in church on Sunday, and in the days of trouble he was a zealous volunteer. First and last, among all the children of art, no one was ever more widely respected than Sir Henry Raeburn; and his tall, handsome figure, and fine, open, manly countenance, will not be forgotten for many a day in "the place which knew him."

'His merits as a portrait painter are very great. He aimed at elevation and dignity of style; he desired to bring out the mental qualities of his sitters, and considered the nice detail of the features as unworthy of a work of art. The distant view which he took presented nature to him in its grandest expression; and he caught the ruling passion of the face, by taking the broad result, and not the detail. This was, no doubt, a dangerous experiment, and succeeded best with heads of natural dignity: by neglecting the lesser features, all subordinate expression was sunk; it was the application of the historical style to humble purposes, and Raeburn may be accused of conferring intellectual dignity upon heads unworthy of such honour. One of his greatest triumphs is in his last portrait of Sir Walter Scott: the face of this illustrious man is far from expressing his powers when you are at his elbow; but the distance at which Raeburn sought the character lent enchantment at once, and in the light and shade of his masses the author of Marmion and Old Mortality appeared. In expressing female loveliness he seldom excelled. "Surely," says a correspondent, in whose judgment I put much trust, "no one could hit off an evil-favoured Scotch professor, or uncouth Lord of Session, with more celerity and effect; but in representing beauty, he always appeared to me to fail fearfully; his style of colouring, and his indefinite outline, caught neither the roses and lilies, nor the contour of youth and loveliness. Besides, he hoisted people up when they sat to him on a high platform, which always shortens the features, and gives a pigeon-hole view of the nostrils. The notion is, that people should be painted as if they were hanging like pictures on the wall—a Newgate notion, but it was Sir Joshua's. Raeburn and I have had good-humoured disputes about this: I appealed to Titian, Vandyke, &c. for my authorities; they always painted people as if they were sitting opposite to them, not on a mountebank stage, or dangling on the wall." A list, with dates, of the portraits of this northern master is much to be desired; the heads which he exhibited in London amount to little more than fifty: in the course of forty years' labour he must have painted many hundreds.

'By his lady, who survives him, Sir Henry Raeburn had two sons. The eldest, a fine youth, with much of his father's genius, died at the age of nineteen. Henry, the second son, is married, and has a family; he inherits, of course, the villa of Stockbridge, lives in the house where his father died, and has many of his works in his keeping,—not the least valuable, being various heads of men of genius in science, letters, and art, with whom the great painter had lived on terms of intimacy.'—pp. 239—241.

Hoppner follows next in order. He was supposed by many persons to be the son of George III., by one of the German attendants of the palace. It is certain that his education was taken care of by that sovereign, although he depended for his success in his profession chiefly upon the support of the Prince of Wales. He adhered to the Prince's party, was a whig in politics, and, what was still worse in the eyes of George III., he was an admirer of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The king, therefore, patronized Lawrence, while the Prince maintained the superiority of Hoppner. The latter was exceedingly well informed in the history and elegant literature of his country, a man of wit and humour, open-hearted, and occasionally whimsical, or rather, we should say, eccentric. He had a small touch of Mortimer about him, and was rather disposed towards "the Fancy." He was, of course, principally a portrait painter, but he was also skilful in landscape. His health began to decline (in 1810) just as his fame reached its zenith, and his conversation became loose and rambling. This was imputed to his want of success in some latter works. He felt an internal feebleness and sinking, for which medicine afforded no relief. He died in the beginning of April, 1810, in the fifty-first year of his age. His pictures were distinguished for elegant simplicity of form, and poetic loftiness of sentiment.

The best works of Owen, who died in February, 1825, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, were those half portrait and half fancy, in which Bird obtained so much distinction. Such are his "Study of a Boy," "Venus, a sketch," and "The Bacchante." 'He sought a young boy or girl to his taste, imagined some pretty employment in the midst of a natural scene, and then introduced the figure as the principal, modifying the features till they approached the very ideal, yet still retaining the natural peculiarity of character.' When he was tired of portrait painting, as he frequently had good reason to be, he refreshed his mind upon a fancy work of this description. His personal character was kind, hospitable, and good humoured.

The memoir which we have here of Harlow furnishes little matter for observation. It is followed by a short but highly interesting sketch of Bonnington, who was born in the village of Arnold, near Nottingham, in October, 1801. His father was a painter both of landscapes and portraits, and we are told that the child, when only three years old, sketched in pen and ink every thing that came in his way! However this may be, it seems to be pretty well ascertained, that he drew and sketched with considerable accuracy, and even taste, when he was about eight years of age. His father, of course, greatly facilitated his progress, and habituated him, from an early age, to take sketches from nature. 'From books and prints,' as Mr. Cunningham judiciously observes, 'the student gets but a very little of what nature has to tell him; what he sees there is fixed and unchanging: but the face of nature is as changeable as a cloud; the tree each day wears a new look; the hill and dale alter their livery; the flower puts out a fresh blossom, opening more and more in the sun: the light and shade of the woods, as the winds arise, or the day brightens or darkens, flits and varies; and the bird's nest, begun but a week ago, is become to-day a mansion of singular masonry, with four speckled eggs, and an anxious dam. The student who desires true knowledge, must go forth with his sketch-book, like Bonnington, and, considering nature as his academy, take sittings at all seasons, and under all influences. Her loveliness and varieties are not to be learned elsewhere than in her lap. He will know little of birds who studies them stuffed in the museum, and less of the rose and the lily, who never saw any thing but artificial nosegays.'

Bonnington's finest productions are those which combine land with water scenery, especially with that of the sea, of which he was enthusiastically fond. When fifteen years old, his father carried him to Paris, where he obtained permission for him to copy some of the most celebrated works in the Louvre. He remained in Paris so long, that his manner became a little tainted with the French style; but his original love for landscape, with water in the scene, remained. His fish markets are also considered very good; his favourite study, however, seemed to be, 'the drawing of the net, and the laying of the fish upon the pure sands, on the line of shells and pebbles which mark the limits of the tide, or on the greensward bank.' The moment that any new scene of his was exhibited in Paris, there were several competitors for the purchase of it. Travelling into Italy, Venice detained him, as he found in the neighbourhood of the Adriatic scenes that had peculiar charms for his fancy. Some of his Italian pictures are considered as nearly equal to those of Canaletti. In the midst of his incessant exertions, it was evident to those who knew him that he was destined for an early grave. As soon as he became known in England, which was not till the spring of 1828, the multiplicity of orders that poured in upon him, and the labours to which they gave rise, brought on a brain fever. He had been already weakened by consumption, and he died in the autumn, not having quite finished his twenty-seventh year. He was much lamented by those who were acquainted with the splendid promise of future excellence, which his works furnished in abundance. There are several of these that deserve to be handed down to posterity.

ART. II.—*On the Abuses of Civil Incorporations, in a Letter addressed to Hudson Gurney, Esq. M. P.* London: Sherwood and Co. pp. 84.

IN these reforming times, when the school-master is doing so much and has so much to do, there are few subjects which require attention more than the conduct of Civil Incorporations. While the individual members of these bodies are frequently of excellent character, in their collective shape all common ideas of right and wrong seem to be forgotten. An indifference to their acts apparently pervades all close corporations—the good is scarcely worth sharing, and the evil is light when so many have to bear it.

The author of the letter at the head of this article has entered upon the subject with much spirit. He animadverts with severity upon the conduct of the corporations of Leicester and Northampton, but his attention is principally directed to the corporation of Yarmouth. The close inspection which he has bestowed upon the charters of the last named town, and the local acquaintance which he appears to possess with the acts of its corporation, entitle his opinions to attention. Exclusively of such authority his pamphlet is written with the feeling of a gentleman. We shall shortly state the reasons for which he calls upon the burgesses of Yarmouth and of all other corporate towns to ascertain their rights, and the legislature to remove the abuses of which he complains.

Our author commences with contending, 1st. That the welfare and benefit of all incorporated towns were the sole objects of the incorporation. 2nd. That though the style of the incorporation may have been changed on the grant of a new charter, the further benefit of the inhabitants was the only reason of the change. 3rd. That the word corporation does not simply mean the mayor, aldermen, &c., but the inhabitants at large incorporated by that designation. 4th. That the appointment of a mayor, &c. was not for the benefit of those persons, but of the inhabitants. 5th. That the offices in a corporation are trusts, and liable to the consequences of a trust; and 6th. That the validity of the acts of a corporation depends upon their being within the direction or meaning of the charter.

It will not be necessary to follow our author through his examination of the Yarmouth charters, because they are limited, and, consequently, not of general interest. We have every inclination to agree in his opinion, that corporate offices are liable to an account, and that the aim and end of all charters is the benefit of the town and its inhabitants. It is wonderful indeed, after reading the extracts from the Yarmouth charters, to find detailed instances not only of a forgetfulness, but of a direct violation of the proper object. The charter under which the town is now governed was granted upon the assurance " that it would be for the profit and benefit and better government of the inhabitants," and for that and other similar reasons the inhabitants were incorporated. Such language, in fuller or fewer words, appears in every charter; and yet, in the face of terms so plain, with a rule of conduct so clear, and with an end so unambiguously pointed out, our author gravely writes as follows:

> ' Upon the renewal of a lease in a late instance, the rent was raised from 1*l*. to 10*l*. a year; and the fine for removal was 15*l*. instead of 1*l*. The party asking why he was thus injured, was told, that having opposed the corporation at an election for the town (when one of the aldermen was a candidate), he might think himself well off that he got any lease at all!

Now at this very time the corporation had assumed to grant to one of their own body a lease of a part of the town's land, which though in quantity it was more than four-fold, and in value more than twenty fold of the above, yet the rent was to be only 6*l.* 6*s.* a year; and the corporation covenanted, that on this favoured individual's paying a fine of 9*l.* 9*s.*, they would renew the lease at the like rent of 6*l.* 6*s.*, and that all further leases should contain a like covenant; and, in another instance, they granted a lease to an individual of their own body for twenty-one years, from Michaelmas, 1812, renewable for ever, without any fine!'—pp. 25, 26.

And again—

'In other instances they have taken leases of the town's land from themselves to themselves, and, without expending one farthing upon the property, sold it, and put the money into their pocket. In other cases, although twenty-one years is the usual period of their leases, they assume to grant to those whom, from relationship or partiality, they are desirous of favouring, leases for fifty years! So alarmed are many persons, that they decline to purchase or advance money upon this description of property.' pp. 28, 29.

Our author mentions another case (p. 19), wherein 2,300*l.* was voted to an alderman of Yarmouth, who had been defendant in an action for a malicious prosecution. The jury gave a verdict against the alderman with heavy damages, and this sum was voted to him in an assembly of the corporation, on the declared ground that "they were sensible he was actuated by motives of public justice." It is not necessary to go into the details of the case:—they are long, and are fully set forth in the second volume of the Term Reports. We have had curiosity enough to look at the report, and after an attentive consideration of the arguments on either side, see no reason for differing in opinion from Lord Erskine, who, in another court, speaking of this very case, said "that it was unparalleled in the annals of human infamy."

We shall trouble our readers with but one more of our author's many cases. A sum, trifling in amount, but of the highest importance in principle, was demanded by the chief magistrate by way of fee for granting a license. An action was brought for its recovery, and the verdict given for the plaintiff; the judge (the present Mr. Baron Bayley) stating, that "if the money was retained by the defendant for his own benefit, it seemed quite clear he was not entitled to it."

Here comes the point—a corporation is either a body of trustees, or not. If they be trustees, they are accountable persons, and cannot act for their own advantage. If they are not trustees, what becomes of the ground of their incorporation, viz.—"the profit, benefit, and better government of the inhabitants?" To what an extent may either point be carried, and how much does reason, with plain sense, lean in favour of the trusteeship! We do not find fault with a fair proportion of the town's money being advanced to the *chief* magistrate for the support of his office; but we must protest with our author against the facts which he has stated, and, like him, be moved to not a little indignation against such modes of leasing the town's lands and misapplying its revenues.

Our readers will remember the cases of the corporation of Leicester, who created freemen of strangers to the town in order to secure the return of their favourite candidates; and of the coporation of Northampton, who voted a large sum of money to the object of their political admiration. Can such things be just or tolerated? Each of these matters was discussed in Parliament, but, from various reasons, they did not meet with the attention, which, in every point of view, they seemed to demand. Mr. Evans, the member for Leicester, is now engaged upon a measure for preventing the application of corporate funds to election purposes; and Mr. Protheroe has given notice of a Bill for the better regulation of the worthy corporation of Bristol. Such attempts are entitled to the most liberal consideration, for (just as the cause may be) few persons will put themselves forward against a well organized and wealthy body, when the uncertainty of the law, together with its tedious and expensive proceedings are taken into calculation. We cannot help observing, that, with such details as this pamphlet contains, and with the facts which have been brought forward elsewhere, it seems rather to be the province of an attorney-general than of a Monthly Reviewer, to revise the abuses of Civil Incorporations.

ART. III.—*A concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters, to the year of Our Lord* 1300. *Vol. II.* By J. B. B. Clarke, M. A. 8vo. pp. 770. London: T. S. Clarke. 1832.

REFERRING to the first part of this work, which we reviewed a year or two ago, we find that it was the intention of the original author, Dr. Adam Clarke, the father of the rev. gentleman who has written a portion of the first, and the whole of the present volume, to bring down his view of sacred literature to the middle of the fifteenth century. That intention, it appears, has not been found so easy of execution as was apprehended. Mr. Clarke, jun. became, in fact, tired of his task, as, indeed, well he might be. There are very few theologians of the fourteenth or fifteenth, or even, perhaps, we might add, of the sixteenth centuries, whose labours are worth the trouble of analysis. Besides, such as they are, they still remain, for the greater part, in manuscript; and it would be an endless, as well as a most unprofitable labour, to attempt to rescue them from the venerable obscurity in which they now repose. The author has done quite enough for the principal purpose contemplated by his learned father, which was to shew, that from the time when revelation began, it continued until the sacred canon was completed, and was referred to constantly by learned men in all subsequent ages. The importance of such a chain of evidence consists in this, that it assures us of the antiquity of the Scriptures, of their being no forgery, of their being handed down to us without material diminution, and without any profane additions. We can, with these two volumes in our hands, thus trace the succession of sacred literature from the time of Moses to the thirteenth century—a period that, for all necessary purposes, is quite as good as the fourteenth century, or even the nineteenth.

Another object of this work, second only in importance to that just stated, has been to give to general readers, as well as to those who are designed for the ministry, to whatever church or denomination they may belong, a sort of digested index to the most celebrated of those writers in ancient, or in comparatively modern times, who have devoted their attention to theological subjects. A concise view of the works which they respectively wrote, of the opinions which they entertained, and of the arguments which they advanced in support of those opinions, is given pretty generally; and, so far as we have been enabled to judge, without any undue leaning to the tenets of the authors. Both ministers of the church of England, it was natural to expect that they should sometimes strain a passage, or mistake its meaning, where they conceived that it afforded any countenance to their own mode of worship. The reader, knowing this beforehand, will be cautious how he receives such interpretations; and may, notwithstanding his dissent upon particular points, derive instruction and gratification from the other pages of this production, which is eminently creditable to the industry and learning of the two authors who have contributed to its compilation.

It is consolatory to find, that even in the darkest ages of the world, since the foundation of Christianity, men have been discovered, some of them of the very first order of intellect, constantly engaged in the preservation, the exposition, and diffusion of the sacred doctrines which were first committed to the keeping of the Apostles. 'In the midst of darkness,' says Mr. Clarke, 'which gradually deepened, after the first seven or eight centuries, into the most cheerless gloom, I found men, filled with the spirit of holiness and devotion, unravelling the mysteries of the human heart, and speaking forth the riches of God's mercy in Christ Jesus, with a strength of feeling and language such as only a theme like this can cause and inspire :—such men I cannot contemn, nor should such writers be treated with neglect; and though the Fathers, unfortunately for both ministers and people, have become little else than a bye-word, expressing the propagators of error and the authors of puerile conceits in inflated or mean language, yet among them are the noblest monuments of zeal and knowledge, eloquence and holiness, that can support the Christian church or adorn the Christian character.' This frank and unqualified tribute to the piety and talents of a number of writers, all belonging to a church different from that of which the author is an advocate, is in itself a guarantee for the spirit of honesty and fair dealing with which this work has been undertaken and executed.

The Father with whom this second volume commences is the celebrated St. Augustine, who was born in the year 354, of Patricius and Monica, poor but respectable inhabitants of Tagasta, a city of Numidia. He received his education at a neighbouring town called Madaura, and upon the death of his father he proceeded to Carthage, where he spent several of the most precious years of his youth in great dissipation. His religious tenets at that time were of a very doubtful nature, and such as gave his amiable mother the tenderest solicitude. He quitted Carthage in 383, and sought employment as a teacher of eloquence at Rome. Having failed there he went to Milan, where he had the good fortune to become acquainted with St. Ambrose, under whose instructions he was reclaimed from his errors and baptized. He then returned to his native city in Africa, and secluding himself with some friends at an estate which he had in the neighbourhood, he lived there in the practice of piety and the composition of several of his works, until he was, against his will, ordained priest by the Bishop of Hippo. He afterwards succeeded to the episcopal dignity, which he supported with suitable assiduity and zeal. He died in the year 430, in the 76th year of his age.

The Benedictine edition of his voluminous writings is decidedly the best. The author gives a very comprehensive account of them, to which we must refer. The fame of St. Augustine, as a divine, depends principally upon his "City of God," acknowledged to be one of the most powerful apologies extant in behalf of the doctrines of the Christian church. It contains a vast fund of information. 'In an admirable manner has he brought all his mental stores to bear upon the end he had in view: every thing is pressed into the service, and from all points he gathers rays of light to pour them in one bright beam upon the testimonies of God. With his great object in view—the necessity of religion—his matter is as various as extensive reading could make it; his speculations as novel, and oftentimes instructive, as a contemplative mind and curious imagination, and an anxious desire to profit others, could cause them to be; and he teaches religion in the spirit of his Master!' The author thus sums up the merits of St. Augustine as a writer, a theologian, and a man.

> 'As a *Writer*, St. Augustine is not so pleasing in style as instructive in matter; there are but few flights of imagination, little art of persuasion, small pathos of expression, and little knowledge of *winning* over partisans to truth. Sometimes he startles his reader into deep consideration, by strong illustrations, or uncommon use of well known circumstances: he takes a wide view of his subject at first, and treats often upon the most distant branches of the premises he has laid down; this gives to his treatises

an appearance of rambling, the mere effect of laying down such extensive principles: in reasoning, he is sometimes, indeed frequently, close and forcible, but often dwells so long upon an argument, repeats, amplifies, adds, till the reader is weary of meeting at every turn the same face, and the argument is encumbered by its assistants: his controversy is without bitterness, and he can differ in opinion from another without railing.

'As a *Theologian*, he seems to have written sometimes without having fully formed his creed or considered adequately to what consequences it would lead; hence, disagreements with himself, points palliated rather than defended, difficulties arising from wishing to maintain one opinion, and yet not willing entirely to give up its opposite: he appears to have conscientiously formed his creed, and afterwards to have learned whither it led; but, trusting that it was true, when pressed by surrounding difficulties, he still adhered to it and its consequences, turning aside what he could not answer, believing contradictions to be mysteries too unfathomable for us, and violations of the rules of justice to be inscrutable judgments: both Arminians and Calvinists may draw weapons from this armoury; the club and the battle-axe, wherewith to bruise and cleave asunder, would be furnished undesignedly to the one, and the sword, the dagger, the sling, and the impenetrable shield of God's inscrutable resolves, would be given to the other.

'As a *Man*, he was endowed with great strength of intellect not highly cultivated, and his learning was comparatively small; his piety was deep and solid, and whatsoever he undertook he engaged in it with all his heart; for vital Christianity there are few such powerful advocates, and in explaining and enforcing spiritual religion he far surpassed his predecessors.'—pp. 43, 44.

Of all the Fathers of the Church, the most celebrated, perhaps, was St. John, surnamed from his eloquence "Chrysostom," who was archbishop of Constantinople about the latter end of the fourth century (398). He was a native of Antioch, and was brought up under Pagan masters for the bar. His parents were Christians, and in the twentieth year of his age he abandoned his legal pursuits, in order to give up his time exclusively to the study of the Scriptures. He had already obtained distinguished reputation for eloquence, to which he now added the most exemplary piety. He was in due time ordained priest, and shortly after called to the see of Constantinople, where, 'unfortunately for his peace, he fell upon evil days of persecution, and spent his shortened life in receiving injury and doing good.' By his wisdom and prodigious eloquence, he converted a dissipated and luxurious capital, for a season, into a general temple of religious devotion. When he preached, the theatres and circus were abandoned, and the church overflowed with all classes of the population. His great talents and piety procured him an abundance of enemies, through whose intrigues he was exiled to a miserable town on the Black Sea, where he died from the hardships he suffered, joined to the fatigue of his journey, in the sixtieth year of his age.

His works are numerous, and, though of unequal merit, are well worth the attention of the student. His treatise on the priesthood is a noble and eloquent production. In speaking of the Eucharist, he advocates the doctrine of the real presence, in language which shews it to have been the general belief among Christians at that period. He points out, in the most forcible terms, the advantages of learning and of oratorical power to the ministers of the gospel. Mr. Clarke, in his analysis of this part of the treatise, gives us some idea of the style of speaking for which Chrysostom was so distinguished.

'Thus ends a treatise which contains as many important instructions, sound views, vivid descriptions, and eloquent passages, as any work ever published on the subject: Chrysostom well knew the nature of the office, and he wrote as a man deeply and almost enthusiastically impressed with its importance, his mind kindled with the glow derived from his theme, and he speaks in lofty phrase the high conceivings of a cultivated and strong mind. In vain would the contenders for the blessings of an uninstructed ministry seek countenance from this treatise; the advantages of learning are strongly enforced, and the necessity displayed, of the Christian priest being prepared with all kinds of weapons for all sorts of attack; manner, method, speech, nothing is forgotten; and while men are formed with the passions and feelings they now possess, it is shewn how the art of speaking may be a useful auxiliary to bring them to the obedience of Christ. And indeed, while clothed with so high an office, while intrusted from heaven with so important a charge, while eternal happiness or woe depends upon the reception his message receives, should not the minister use every means in his power to arrest the attention of the careless, fix the wavering, gain the volatile, and convince the reasoning? Are words that burn and thoughts of fire to be withheld from subjects of religion alone? Must the graspings of the mighty mind, the condensed spirit of powerful conceptions, and the glow of exalted eloquence, be familiarly employed to illustrate, or enforce, or recommend every subject but that of our salvation? Of whom should the mind so strongly conceive, of what should the tongue so nobly speak, as of Him who hath promised to be with the mouth that proclaims his will, and who giveth to man understanding! Why should not the powers of language be brought forth to plead the cause of holiness? Why should not the energies of speech combine "to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"—Though the battle be His, He does not disdain the pebble and the sling; though needing not their aid, He honours his own gifts by using them in His own service, and the feebleness of man grows up into the power of the Lord; as of old, the lamp in His employ glared destruction on the foe, and the sound of the earthen vessels and the trumpets became the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God to rouse the hundreds of His Israel to the contest, and to the scattering the enemies of the Lord: while Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled; the Apostle's lightnings and thunderings pierced and shook his soul to its centre, and the eternal City's representative quaked before the unarmed man of God who spoke to the cause of his Maker. While the powers of the tongue, and the imaginings of the mind, may be means of making a soul think of the purpose for which it was born, who would refuse to agree with Chrysostom in his opinion of the great advantages of worldly knowledge?'—*pp.* 68—70.

It is in some of the author's remarks upon the doctrines maintained by Chrysostom, that he has exhibited most pointedly those peculiarities of his own faith to which we have already alluded. Wherever his tenets agree with those of the father, he quotes the father as an authority; but wherever they disagree, he has the intrepidity to assure us that the saint was wrong, and he, Mr. Clarke, alone is right! But this is not the place to settle the controversy, and we shall quit the notice of St. Chrysostom with the author's general remarks upon his character.

'There is no Ecclesiastical writer from whom so much *general* information can be obtained, as from Chrysostom: the *manners* and *customs* of the day are frequently introduced into his orations; the *superstitions* and elegant *follies* of the times are made subjects of his reprobation; he enters into *domestic society* and shews us how it was formed and regulated; the *sports* of the low, and the *amusements* of the high, are made fruitful themes for instruction; *contemporaneous history* frequently receives light, and there are few events of even a trifling nature, from which he does not shew instruction can be derived. His *morality* is not of that ascetic cast which rendered the manners rough and the religion revolting of too many of the holy men of those times; so long as there was a pure heart and an upright life, Chrysostom did not teach that the soul would perish because sackcloth was not worn, that it could not grow in grace unless the body was emaciated, and that it could not hold converse with its God unless amid the bleak air of a mountain-top, or the burning desolation of an arid desert: self-denial he considered as an exalted virtue, but total abstemiousness from the use of allowed pleasures he did not regard as absolutely necessary. He is a strenuous supporter of strict *ecclesiastical discipline,* and though a high favorer of *monkish establishments,* he does not represent them as entirely essential to the prosperity of Christianity; most things referring to *discipline,* or *doctrine,* or *occurrences* in the Church, are in some place noticed, from the decrees of Councils and words of an established Liturgy to the oft-repeated interruptions occasioned by the noisy plaudits of a delighted audience.

'As a *Commentator* Chrysostom is peculiarly valuable; he has no allegorical flights nor petty conceits, but he confines himself to literal interpretation and practical advice; important passages are proved to have a *full* signification by strong reasoning enforced by powerful eloquence, and portions of apparently less moment are made advisers of high and holy things: a word will sometimes be shewn to add unspeakable force, and a common event will evidently contain matter for astonishing, and deep consideration. Intricacy is entirely avoided, and curious questions of unprofitable speculation are not so seductive to Chrysostom as to lead him from plain interpretation, puzzling the head when the faith should be built up and the heart should be pierced with conviction, or excited by the pleadings of love. Every where does he shew that the only bound of God's mercy is man's unwillingness to be blessed, and the passages in some of the Epistles, &c., which have been twisted and tortured by the crooked reasonings of bigotted men, and the gloomy misconceptions of an exclusive theology, are interpreted consistently with the nature of the God of *Love,* and the Redemption wrought out by the universal Saviour: God's mercy is declared, the necessity of His help proved, and the proofs for assertions follow quickly from Scripture. Critical questions he seldom meddles with, nor much with mere doctrinal points, excepting the grand essential doctrine of the Trinity: with reference to the works of the hands and the thoughts of the heart he chiefly writes, so explaining Scripture as to make men in love with holiness and its Author, and willing followers of that which is good.

'The *style* of this Father is exactly characteristic of his manner of thinking,—clear and full and ornate: the diction never shocks the ear by rugged progress, nor by abrupt nor harsh conclusions of sentences; it is flowingly majestic and singularly suited to the majesty of his thoughts; the sentences do not fatigue the ear by length, nor puzzle the mind by involution, and great vividness and interest is given to the subject in discussion by frequent and unexpected interrogatories, which some of his clumsy imitators affecting, they have discovered themselves by their overloaded disguise: the chief imperfections may perhaps be a sameness of language upon all subjects,—the torrent still sweeps along, whether a mountain or a mole-hill have opposed its course. The fertility of his imagination is one of the commanding excellences of Chrysostom's writings; he abounds in imagery, and none of it is too powerful for the control of the summoning Enchanter, nor does it overstep the circle which should keep it from breaking in upon the knowledge that is to guide it. His pathos is too much expanded to be effective, nor is there the forcible simplicity of unstudied language which Nature acknowledges as her own by involuntary approbation and heart-felt pleasure; the orator is apt to appear where art should be entirely shrouded; hence the secret source of tears seems to have been hidden from Chrysostom, nor is he frequently successful in exciting the gentle or pleasing or mournful emotions of the soul; his march is that of a victorious monarch, splendid in retinue and gorgeous in attire, but amid the whole of the pomp are to be discovered the instruments of power and conquest,—under the gold and purple of the robe are seen the panoply of polished proof,—and his dominion is the result of force, and not of persuasion.'—pp. 99—102.

The author next proceeds to notice the works of several other early Fathers of the Church, amongst whom the most eminent are, Severus Sulpicius the historian, Prudentius, better known as a poet, Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais, Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus, Eutherius, Bishop of Tyana, and Salvian, who was a priest at Marseilles about the middle of the fifth century. The writings of the latter are remarkable for their clearness and elegance. 'In his sentiments,' says Mr. Clarke, 'there is the strength of indignant virtue clothed with the language of power; Scripture is forcibly and aptly adduced to maintain his cause; and frequently one short sentence contains an insurmountable refutation of error or vice: elegance is united to strength, and argument and persuasion go hand in hand.'

Boetius, celebrated for his treatise on the "Consolation of Philosophy" is also here enumerated, and not unworthily, amongst the contributors to sacred literature. He is followed, though at some distance, by Cassiodorus, and by Gregory, justly called "the Great," who was made Bishop of Rome in the year 590. One of his principal works is "The Pastoral," a discourse on the qualifications and duties of bishops and pastors in general, in four parts. We fear that the advice contained in his work, and the portrait which it exhibits of a perfect minister, would sound somewhat harshly in the ears of some of our modern clergymen. "He should excel," says the saint, "in the virtues he recommends, his conduct adding strength to his counsels of holiness. Prudence and discretion must ever be his guides, teaching him to open his lips with knowledge, and devout meditation must raise his name to heaven; the righteous of all classes are to be considered his equals, and no height of station is to protect vice from reproof, which should be given in the spirit of love, however great may be the zeal called into action; justice must always be tempered with mercy, and this mercy may sometimes require them to mingle in secular affairs, that the poor and the oppressed may reap benefit through their influence; other intermeddling with the course of this world is blame-worthy: in all he does his manner should be such as to please, so that he may render the Gospel more lovely." Would that our Bishops would look more frequently into the pages of Gregory, and profit from his precepts!

One of the most miscellaneous and voluminous of the ecclesiastical writers of the sixth century, was Isidore, Bishop of Seville. He wrote a chronicle, in which he has given a short abstract of the principal events that had occurred from the beginning of the world down to the year 626; a history of the Goths, Vandals and Suevi; a cyclopædia, explaining the nature, importance, and terms of the arts and sciences, in which he treats, with great learning and ability, of man, languages, animals, the universe, the earth, law, medicine, divinity, and a great variety of useful and important subjects. When to this we add the numerous other works which this writer produced, at a period when the means of knowledge must have been extremely difficult of access, we must admit that he was a wonder for the time in which he lived.

In glancing over the authors of the latter part of the seventh and the commencement of the eighth centuries, one of the first names we meet with is that of our own venerable Bede, who was born near Jarrow, in the county of Durham, in the year 672. His education was commenced and finished under the direction of St. Benedict, Abbot of Bishop Wearmouth, between which place and Jarrow he spent the whole of his useful life. His works are numerous, and to this day universally respected, though occasionally rather too deeply tinctured with the credulity of the age. He may be said to be the reviver of learning in England. His ecclesiastical history of this country is well known, and admitted upon all hands, where he speaks from his own personal knowledge, to be an undoubted authority.

Another distinguished light of the eighth century was John Damascenus, called Chrysorrhoas, on account of the flow of his eloquence. He was a native of Damascus, and being early celebrated for his learning, was appointed secretary to the Saracen prince of that city. He is still well known among the Arabian writers under the name of " Mansur." Having been unjustly accused of treason, his hand was cut off by way of penalty; but after he suffered, his innocence was established. He then retired from the world to the monastery of Sabas, where he spent the remainder of his life in writing the various and excellent works which still bear his name. He is allowed to be the clearest expounder of the faith of the church as it thenprevailed throughout the Christian world, amongst all those who had before or since treated that important subject: and no person who wishes to become acquainted with that faith need go beyond his works for information. We learn from his writings that many strange heresies existed in his time. Some of these sects danced during the worship! Some despised all learning as injurious to Christians! There were others who venerated the sun-flower as a plant endowed with a divine energy, capable of turning the soul to the sun of righteousness! Others held that the Redeemer, when he descended into hell, left there his body and soul, and ascended to heaven with his divinity only! Among the rest there was a congregation of persons who called themselves Lampetians, and whose doctrine consisted of doing just what they liked; they acknowledged no prohibitory rules whatever.

We may mention as a literary curiosity, a work in praise of the Holy Cross, written by Rabanus Maurus, one of the few lights which illuminated the ninth century. The following is Dupin's description of this fanciful production:

> ' " The body of the Work is composed of Letters, divided from one another, and ranged over against one another in lines. In reading from the right hand to the left, every line contains an Hexameter verse. These Letters, thus ranged in lines, make a sort of a Draught or Platform, on which there are Figures or Symbols of the Cross painted: the Letters enclosed in these make also verses which have some relation to the Figure. There are twenty-eight Figures in twenty-eight Tables; the verses are copied entire afterwards at the end of every table, and the mystery explained in prose. The first Table contains the Image of Christ extending his arms in the form of a Cross: the forty-seven verses, read longways from the right hand to the left, shew the several names that have been given to Christ in the Old and New Testaments. The Letters comprised in the Draught of the Figure compose other verses: as for example, those that meet in the Crown about his head, read round, make exactly these words,—*Rex regum, Dominus dominantium.* In the other Tables he represents many different things upon the Cross, as the Angels, the Virtues, the Elements, Cyphers, Mystical Numbers, Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Beatitudes, Books of Moses, Names of Adam, Allelujah, Amen, &c.——In the last he represents a Cross, at the foot of which is painted a Monk worshipping it, and in it these words,—*Rabanum memet clemens rogo, Christe tuere, O Pie, judicio.*——This first book is explained by a second, which contains twenty-eight chapters in prose." '—pp. 513, 514.

As we descend the stream of years, the notices of the different authors whose names appear in succession are scanty, and often bear the marks of haste. Many of them are contained in a line or two, being nothing more than what may be found in the biographical dictionaries. Amongst those of whom more ample details are given, the name of St. Bernard shines out with a brilliant lustre. He is called the last of the Fathers of the Church, and was born in the year 1091, at Fontaine, a village in Burgundy. Such was his influence over his mother, his five brothers and one sister, that he persuaded them, together with several other persons, to retire with him to the monastery of Cisteaux, which thus grew into a flourishing condition. He afterwards assisted in founding other monasteries, the most distinguished of which was that of Clairvaux, of which he was made abbot. His learning and talents, however, became known all over Europe, and he was frequently summoned to the councils of kings and of the church. He was the successful opponent of the heretical doctrines maintained by the celebrated Abelard. He also preached the crusade which was undertaken by Lewis: the consequences of his zeal upon this subject are recorded in history. His works are not very numerous, but they are in high estimation.

The reader will be disappointed by the very imperfect notice which the author has given of an ecclesiastical writer, whose works are well known to theologians—we mean Thomas Aquinas. Of this distinguished individual, whose doctrines have formed a peculiar school in the church, we are only told that he was a descendant of the kings of Sicily and Arragon, and born in the year 1224; that after passing honourably through his course of education in Naples, he privately assumed the Dominican habit, which his mother spared no pains to induce him to put off, and even seized and confined him on his journey to Paris, whither his society had sent him; but that neither the prayers nor tears of his mother or his brothers could avail, and that, after two years' imprisonment, he escaped through the window and fled to Naples, and thence to Rome. He subsequently went to Paris, where he became celebrated for his learning, and finally settled in Naples. He died in the monastery of Fossa Nova, in the 50th year of his age, the universally acknowledged light and ornament of his time. His works are published in eighteen folio volumes.

The author, deviating in this instance from the plan announced in his title page, gives an account of a very curious manuscript, containing a work by Johannes Brando, a native of Flanders, who died in the year 1428. This work is represented to be 'a continuous and well connected chain, bringing down the whole history of the known world, from the creation to the beginning of the fifteenth century; forming not only a chronological succession of events, but also of authors and their works, both profane and sacred, ecclesiastical and civil, through the long lapse of 5835 years.' The learned reader will be gratified by the details which are given of this manuscript.

'It is splendidly bound in pale Russia by one of the first workmen; and is the finest MS. I have ever seen, either in public or private Libraries: the *Writing* is a beautiful *Gothic*, and is perfect in its kind: and all Dates, Æras, &c., beautifully distinguished by a very bright red and blue.

'The *first volume* is composed of smaller skins of Vellum than the others, stands *eighteen* inches high, and is *thirteen* inches broad. The *second* and *third volumes* stand *twenty-one* inches high, and are *fourteen* inches broad.

'Whether the *Vellum*, which is white, beautiful, and even;—the *Writing*, in which neither the *hand* of the *Writer* nor the *Pen* ever seems to fall off or change;—or the *Correctness*, which appears to be without error; —or the *Binding*—be considered, the MS. is of unequalled splendor: and only two others are known to exist.

'The *first page* of each volume is highly ornamented with fine broad Borders, and elegantly finished Miniatures, viz.—

'In the *first volume* there is a fine Portrait of the Author, *Brando*, sitting at his desk writing. At the bottom of the leaf, a Bishop is represented baptizing three persons in one vessel. The *Borders* of this page are filled with *Birds, Flowers*, and *Arabesques*.—Pages 540.

'In the *second volume* the Author, *Brando*, is again introduced, *mending his pen*. His *chair, writing-desk*, &c., are very characteristic and curious. There is a label near him on which are written the words *Equo animo*. The *Borders* or *margins* are full of Flowers and Insects, highly finished. On the *verso* of this leaf there is a well executed miniature, representing the *Nativity*.—The figures of *Joseph, Mary*, three *Shepherds*, three *Angels, Jerusalem* in the distance, the *Ass* and *Ox* in the Stable, with the *new born Babe* lying on a pallet, are all well arranged, and very expressive; the broad Border charged with *Flowers* in colours and gold as before.—Pages 480.

'In the *third volume* there is another miniature of *Brando*, apparently when old, with a care-worn cheek, in the act of mending his Pen. Below, there is a whole length of the Emperor *Charlemagne*, in his imperial purple robes, *an. regni* 30, a drawn sword in his right hand, and a *globe* surmounted with a *cross* in his left. The Border round the page, charged with well finished Flowers and Arabesques, with the Arms of the Monastery.—Pages 440.

'At the end of the first volume are these words in *rubric:*

Laus Christo detur, Qui finis hujus habetur.

'At the end of the second volume is the following Colophron in *rubric*:—

Explicit hic Liber; Scriptor sit crimine liber.
Laus Christo detur, Qui finis hujus habetur.

'The third volume ends abruptly, with the transactions of A. D. 1414, as if the writer had intended to proceed.'—pp. 768, 769.

The author needed hardly to have informed us, that it was no part of his design that his view of the succession of sacred literature should supersede the study of the Fathers. It is too imperfect, in every point of view, to satisfy even the most superficial student, whose business it is to make himself acquainted with the doctrines of those great authorities. As an index to their works, and as a connected chronological view of their labours, it is, however partial and sectarian it may occasionally be, a very valuable performance, and as such we cannot but recommend it to the public attention.

ART. IV.—*Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American.* Edited by Washington Irving. 8vo. pp. 235. London: Andrews. 1832.

THE pervading fault of all the American verses that we have ever seen, is the extreme scantiness of their imagery, the want of original and vigorous thought, and of musical rhythm. They have always appeared to us to be rather the echo of poetry than poetry itself. They have been for the most part conversant with such ideas, as we might imagine to be constantly passing and repassing through the mind of a recluse, who seldom stirs beyond the precincts of his cell. They seldom reflect the feelings of busy life, or even the domestic affections with any degree of energy. We have, it is true, amongst them many allusions to the happiness of home, and the endearing connexions which sweeten and exalt the toils of life; but we find in them no passion, no strains that touch the soul.

It must be admitted that the range of American genius—that is to say of genius which would be ambitious of producing verses strictly American—is limited within a circle which is destitute of some of the most essential elements of poetry. It is, for instance, without the associations of antiquity. It has no crusades, no minstrels, no romance, no chivalry, no mythology, no heraldry, no Greek isles, no Italy, no Spain, no national religion, games, dances, nor music—no national character. It has no ivy-mantled towers, no feudal castles, no convents, no tradition, no legendary lore. Whatever is worth relating in the career of the republic is preserved within the confines of history; and history is to the imagination what special pleading is to oratory—it clips the wings of the bird that might have soared to heaven, and reduces him to a state of domesticity which, however amiable, is inconsistent with freedom and power and sublimity.

The American poet, supposing him always desirous of establishing an indigenous poetical literature, is altogether precluded from availing himself of classical associations. Only think of a writer representing Jupiter as paying a visit to Bunker's-hill! or Cupid playing among the groves of Connecticut! or Zephyr breathing over Skenectady! The attempt to unite ideas so discordant would be so ludicrous, that, unless it were veiled in the shape of a burlesque poem, it would consign the name of the author to immortal ridicule. As long as poetry shall be written in the world, in whatever nation and whatever language, it will ever be judged of in association with that of Greece and Italy. It must savour of the *beautiful* imagery, the elevation of thought, the harmony of expression, which mark the divine productions of those celebrated regions. The poetry of the east, the sublime and soul-stirring poetry even of the Sacred Writings, have never been engrafted on the genius of Europe, and never will be. Homer and Virgil, and the other great masters of their art in their respective countries, have given a tone to poetical literature, which never can be separated from it until some genius shall be born superior to both. But that tone has nothing in common with the indigenous writings of America, and hence it is that they have hitherto been and must of necessity continue to be, of an apocryphal character.

Mr. Irving is of opinion that the verses which he has edited in the volume now before us, belong to the best school of English poetry, and are entitled to rank among the highest of their class! Had that gentleman not been an American, it is quite impossible that with his excellent taste, and his undoubted acquaintance with the poetical treasures of this country, he could have sincerely entertained any such opinion. We altogether dissent from it. Much as we respect the talents of Mr. Bryant, we cannot acknowledge any affinity between his verses and those of Milton, Dryden, Pope, or Gray, for these we believe may be looked upon as the masters or disciples of our best school of poetry.

Some of the American critics think that Dana is superior to Bryant. We have seen very few of the productions of the former writer, but if they contain many stanzas equal in merit to the following ones, we should be much disposed to subscribe to a similar judgment.

'But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently.'

* * * * *

'The ship works hard; the seas run high;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,
Give to the eager, straining eye,
A wild and shifting light.'

The highest praise, however, claimed for Dana by his greatest admirers, is, that he is a religious poet; that his aspirations breathe forth earnest desires after holiness, and a land of rest. Without disputing the proposition, that the highest and noblest theme which poetry can select is religion, we may still be permitted to doubt whether it is a theme upon which poetical powers can display themselves to the greatest advantage. Religion is most appropriately treated when it is impressed upon our minds as the most sacred of all duties, the most valuable of all blessings, the only true source of hope here and hereafter. Poetry is however addressed to a different class of ideas and feelings; the creature of the imagination, not of revelation; and to make it the vehicle of religion may sometimes turn out to be a dangerous experiment.

It tends to mystify what ought to be practical, to refine what ought to be obvious, and it too often attempts to explain, by its license of imagery, what is actually above our comprehension. We have never yet perused in any language, nor is there, we believe in existence, any poem upon the express subject of religion, which is worthy of the theme, or which even excites a true devotional feeling. The reason is, that poetry is of earth—religion of heaven.

Still we should say, comparing one with the other, that Dana's verses, such of them at least as we have read, indicatea bolder and a more poetical genius than those of Bryant. We would instance in support of this opinion, Dana's Song of the Pilgrim, which contains some fine dashes of colouring descriptive of daybreak. He has borrowed his Wanderer from Bunyan.—" The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

' Now, brighter than the host, that, all night long,
In fiery armour up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me as asking why
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

' " Canst thou grow sad," thou say'st, " as earth grows bright?
And sigh when little birds begin discourse
In quick, low voices, e'er the streaming light
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must, perforce,
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure."

' I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still,—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song,—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead;—
The silent city emptied of its throng
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

' But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
Will quicken soon; and hard, not toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth.
With discord strange, and all that man calls life,
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife;
And airs, and woods, and streams breathe harmonies:—
Man weds not these; but taketh art to wife;

Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties :
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and feverish, sated, dies.

'And 'tis because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad ;
Else why should she, in such fresh hour as this,
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face ? It is that man is mad !
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine,
When Nature grieves ; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth ; but yet the heavens are thine ;
While I to earth am bound :—When will the heavens be mine ?

'If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things ; could nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful ; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to make me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence :
But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad ;—I'm lonely in the crowd.

'But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour :—fresh life is near,—
But all my joys !—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy ; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass. Breathe calm,—my spirit's torn ;
Ye holy thoughts lift up my soul on high !—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

'And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I,—whom nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea,—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit ;—who, as mine own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see,—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with Care, and passions fierce and wild !

'How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth !—in crown of living fire
Up comes the day !—as if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire !
The dusky lights have gone ; go thou thy way !
And pining Discontent, like them, expire !
Re-called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day ;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray.'

Bryant has written nothing to be compared to this poem, for imagery or expression ; and yet we should be far from admitting that this productiion belongs to the best school of English poetry. There is another American, Mr. Percival, who has obtained some reputation in the same department of literature, whose range is said to be bolder and higher than that of Bryant, but inferior to the latter in all the requisites of polished diction.. Halleck, Willis, Wilcox, Longfellow, Peabody, Everett, Allston, Greenwood, Norton, Ware, and Frisbie, are also, it seems, names not unknown to Fame at the other side of the Atlantic. We have looked over specimens of the poetry of some of these writers, but we have found nothing in them above the grade of our Annuals, and that every body knows is of a very mediocre description.

But do we say that an American is incapable, from the very nature of the soil on which he was born, of writing good poetry? By no means. We think, for the reasons which we have already stated, that, supposing an equality of genius, it is more difficult for an American to excel in that fine art, than for a European, because the former is limited to a new continent, while the latter may range at will over an old world, every step of which is "storied." So mnch the greater therefore should we deem the merit of the American who, notwithstanding the natural obstacles against him, has been able to climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

His misfortune is, that his reputation will be always of a comparative character, in reference to those of his own countrymen who have attempted to ascend the same steep; the moment his name is wafted to England it is deprived of much of its native lustre. He may be the first, or one of the first, of his race at home, as Bryant is said to be; but as soon as he comes here to contend with our Byrons, our Campbells, our Moores, to say nothing of our elder poets, he sinks into insignificance.

The best that can be alleged in favour of Bryant's poems is, as Mr. Irving has indeed said of them, that 'they are essentially American.' Independently of their merit, therefore, as compared with the English school, we may feel a secondary kind of interest in their character, by learning in what it is that the peculiar attributes of American poetry consist. It is to these, we suppose, Mr. Irving alludes, when he informs us that Bryant's writings 'transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest—to the shores of the lonely lake—the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes.' 'His close observation,' adds the editor, 'of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace

blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with
al associations that make them speak to the heart.' We wish
we could adopt Mr. Irving's critical view of these poems.
he longest piece in this collection, is entitled 'The Ages.' It
ritten in the Spenserian stanza, and flows in lines sufficiently
orated and polished, but cold and unexciting. The author
1s over the pages of the past, and ends with speculations as to
future, in which, of course, America is to shine out as the
dise of mankind. We confess that we have been much better
sed with the following more simple verses, entitled 'The Lapse
'ime.'

'Lament who will in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

'Look, how they come!—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

'What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly might I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.

'Could I forego the hopes that glow
In prospect, like Elysian isles,
And let the charming future go,
With all her promises and smiles?

'The future!—cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart
Thou sweetener of the present hour!
We cannot—no—we will not part.

'Oh, leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad returns of day.

'The months that touch, with added grace,
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see.

'The years that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth
And nurse her strength, till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth;

'Till younger commonwealths for aid
Shall cling about her ample robe
And from her frown shall shrink afraid
The crowned oppressors of the globe!

'True, Time will seam and blanch my brow;
Well! I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grisly beard becomes me then.

'And should no foul dishonour lie
Upon my head when I am grey,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye
And smooth the path of my decay.

'Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall
And all thy pains are quickly past.

'Thou fliest and bear'st away our woes;
And as thy shadowy train depart,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart.'—pp. 23—25.

The most poetical production in this volume is, beyond all comparison, the address to 'The Evening Wind.' The critical reader will, however, perceive that the topics selected for illustration of the subject seem to have been industriously sought for: they do not appear to have arisen upon the imagination in that vein of fervid conception, which always characterizes poetry of the higher order. The thoughts found with difficulty are made the most of in every instance; and though the effect of the whole is pleasing and picturesque, yet we recognize in the sketch none of the freedom of superior genius.

'Spirit that breathest through my lattice—thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day—
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow.
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue wave till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

'Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade- go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

'Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest;
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

'The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

'Go; but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur,, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.'—pp. 26, 27.

In a similar spirit of contemplative musings, we may presume the 'Forest Hymn' to have been written. We cite an extract from it, in order to exhibit Mr. Bryant's style of blank verse.

Father! thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massive and tall and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, or jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship. Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird,
Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated— -not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love
That are the soul of this wide universe.'—pp. 29, 30.

It is impossible not to recognize in these lines a certain degree of poetic power, and, what is still better, a true and unaffected spirit of veneration for the Creator and his mighty works; a spirit, we may add, which is conspicuous in most of the collections of American poetry that have fallen under our eye. In 'The Damsel of Peru,' we find a happy example of Mr. Bryant's sprightlier mood.

'Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru.
Betwixt the slender boughs as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her ivory neck, and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice within that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

''Tis a song of love and valour in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of old Castile was sung;
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rush'd the Christians, like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile that melody is still, and then breaks forth anew;
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

'A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze stedfastly and sadly towards the north.
Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sun-beams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the heat.

'That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is gone,
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on;
Not as of late, in cheerful tones, but mournfully and low:
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago—
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

'But see, along that mountain's slope, a fiery horseman ride;
Mark his torn plume, his tarnish'd belt, the sabre at his side.

His spurs are buried rowel deep, he rides with loosened rein;
There's blood upon his charger's flank, and foam upon his main,
He speeds towards the olive-grove, along that shaded hill;
God shield the helpless maiden there, if he should mean her ill!

'And suddenly that song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade, a shriek— but not of fear.
For tender accents follow, and tender pauses speak,
The overflow of gladness, when words are all too weak:
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
"And I am come to dwell beside the olive-grove with thee."'
pp. 39, 40.

There is an affectionate simplicity in the song of 'Pitcairn's Island,' which induces us to transfer it to our pages.

'Come take our boy and we will go
Before our cabin door;
The winds shall bring us as they blow,
The murmurs of the shore;
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
And I'll sing him, as he lies,
Songs that were made of yore;
I'll sing in his delighted ear,
The island lays that thou lov'st to hear.

'And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shall teach,
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech;
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahite's beach,
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
With many a speaking look and sign.

'I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet;
Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,
But thine were fairer yet;
I'm glad to see my infant wear,
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair;
And when thy sight is met
By his white brow and blooming cheek,
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

'Cone, talk of Europe's maids with me,
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
Outshine the beauty of the sea
White foam, and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
And bind like them each jetty tress,
A sight to please thee well;
And for my dusky brow will braid
A bonnet, like an English maid.

'Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls—
We lose the pleasant hours;
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls;
That seat among the flowers.
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours.
The God who made for thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.'—pp. 41, 42.

The author has mingled with his original poems several versions from the Spanish, which we pass over, as it is our object rather to trace out the genius of American poetry, and the description of topics and imagery, with which it is most commonly conversant. Besides, however carefully and correctly the productions of the Spanish writers may be translated, there are perhaps no verses in any language that lose so much by being changed into a foreign dress, and addressed to foreign readers, as those which have come to us from the Peninsula. One must hear their songs, particularly, accompanied by the guitar, and in their native land, in order to enter into the spirit by which they have been inspired. We greatly prefer to such versions the following original lines descriptive of a scene on the banks of the Hudson.

'Cool shades and dews are round my way
And silence of the early day;
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the sabbath bells.

'All, save this little nook of land
Circled with trees, on which I stand—
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky,
Seems a blue void above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go,
And from the green world's farthest steep,
I gaze into the airy deep.

'Loveliest of lovely things are they
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower,
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave,
From which its yearnings cannot save.

'River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.

Thy fate and mine are not repose;
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowds of men.'—pp. 138, 139.

The reader will perhaps be startled at the title of 'The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus,' which he will meet here, prefixed to a poem of some length, inasmuch as it seems to import something of an astronomical discussion. He will however find it nothing more than an astrological prediction of happiness to those that marry beneath that sign, and of liberty to Greece! We regret, for the sake of the latter, that the poet was not in this instance endowed with prophetic power; we fear that the freedom of that distracted country is still as problematical as ever.

Another very unpromising subject is, 'A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal,' which is but a bad imitation of the Beppo style. Humour of any kind seems, as yet at least, to sit rather aukwardly upon the shoulders of our American brethren. Mr. Bryant, at all events, is much happier when employed on themes such as that of the 'Indian at the Burying Place of his Fathers.'

'It is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

'For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge towards the river side,
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that toward the southern sky
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

'A white man gazing on the scene
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

'The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed;
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot over the way.

'Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

'And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

'This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the grey chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunder here.

'But now the wheat is green and high,
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown,
Of his large arm, the mouldering bone.

'Ah! little thought the strong and brave
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth—
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

'They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

'But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind—
Save ruins o'er the region spread
And the white stones above the dead.

'Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood:
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

'Those grateful sounds are heard no more:
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.'—pp. 173—176.

We have not been churlish as to the number of the extracts which we have given from Bryant's poems, because we are desirous that every reader should have the opportunity of judging for himself, whether the opinion which we have given of this writer's productions, as well as of those of his countrymen in general, be well founded or not. He is considered by American critics to be the first among their native bards, in point of general excellence. We do not agree in that decision; but, assuming it to be correct, we may confidently assert, that poetry of an infinitely better description will be found in any one of our annuals, although it is well known that these collections do not stand very high amongst us, so far as their literature is concerned. Mr Irving is anxious to have it believed, that his country has already made worthy additions to the best school of English poetry, in the pieces which he has here edited. We should be sorry to disturb his faith in that respect, if it afford him, as we suppose it does, personal satisfaction and pride. We have never shewn ourselves unfriendly to his country, whether in literature or politics. On the contrary, we have often taken occasion to praise its institutions, and applaud its genius; but we are not its flatterers. Something has been done in the republic towards the establishment of a native poetical school, but much still remains to be accomplished. No poetical star has yet appeared in that hemisphere above the third or fourth degree of magnitude. Whenever a grander light obtains an ascendancy there, we shall be among the first at this side of the Atlantic, to hail its lustre, and to exult in its progress.

ART. V.—*Tour in Germany, Holland, and England, in the Years* 1826, 1827, *and* 1828; *with remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, and Anecdotes of distinguished public Characters. In a Series of Letters.* By a German Prince. In Four Volumes. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. London: Wilson. 1832.

OUR readers can hardly have yet forgotten the two first volumes of this work, which we reviewed towards the close of the last year. The spirit of gaiety mingled with philosophy: of mirth often touching the borders of melancholy; the pleasant egotism, mixed with benevolence, by which those volumes were distinguished, and rendered popular, still appear in the pages by which they have been followed. There is this difference, indeed, between the two parts of the work, if we may so divide it, that the former volumes engrossed the most original, as well as the most entertaining portion of the ground selected by the author for his observation; he had then chiefly for his theme the state of society in Ireland, and it would have been impossible even for a much duller man to have travelled through that country, without carrying away with him an abundance of anecdote pregnant with the matchless wit and drollery of its gifted inhabitants. In the present volumes, England is the main subject of his remarks—a field long since preoccupied by many other foreign tourists, and presenting but a few salient points for observation—and for observation too, rather of a satirical, than of a humourous and agreeable description. If, therefore, the prince be less happy, less amusing, more common-place and prosing in the present volumes, his subject must partly be admitted to plead his excuse.

At the same time, it is pretty obvious, that, under his fine title and princely disguise, the arts of the mere author have been resorted to, in order to swell out this work to the extent which it now embraces. We have a great deal too much of that common species of descriptive matter which may be found in our road books, and topographical histories. The author enters into minute, and often, we regret to say, very tiresome, details of the country seats which he visited, either as a guest or a tourist; and of old castles and ruins of monasteries which he inspected in the course of his journey, for all of which he, or his English translator at least, might have very well referred to our previous knowledge, or the thousand and one books in which the said seats, castles, and ruins are most amply commemorated. It is true, that if the prince had adopted this course, his two volumes might have been easily comprised in one; but it is also true, that he would have thus afforded infinitely more satisfaction to his English readers, who will be heartily fatigued before they can get through all the parks, and pictures, and shew-houses, which appear to have excited so much of his attention.

There were in the first two volumes, and there are in the third and fourth, several errors as to names, and places, and distances, which are too obvious to mislead. For instance, the author states, that the lake at Blenheim covers eight hundred acres, whereas it is not above a third of that extent. He says also, that the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey at York, are about three quarters of a mile from the Minster, although they are not actually at the distance of more than the half of one quarter: these, and several other mistakes which might be easily pointed out, the reader can just as easily correct for himself. Such errors it is almost impossible for a foreigner to avoid. What we and our countrymen in general are most anxious to discover in his work, is his opinion of our national character and manners; and although even here too, by reasoning from imperfect or partial data, he may be led occasionally into error, yet upon the whole his commentaries cannot be without their use, in informing us of those defects in the frame of our society which are most obnoxious to censure, or of those traits in our institutions which are most deserving of applause.

In addition to these practical uses of his work, the prince has contrived to mingle with his narrative, an episodical story of a kind of platonic attachment (for we can detect in it nothing else) which he appears to have felt for a lady, to whom he gives the name of Julia. His digressions to this topic are written very much in the style of Werter: with his passion, if such it may be called, he has mingled reflections upon a great variety of other subjects; and sometimes, it must be admitted, he is no bad imitator of Goethe.

Without following the author to Dresden, we shall take the liberty to join him in London, before he set out upon his Irish tour; for he has so contrived it, that the last portion of his travels, in point of date, he has given in his first two volumes, and the first portion of them in the last two—an arrangement which, however immethodical, makes no difference whatever to the reader. Having taken up his residence at that abode of elegant comfort, the Clarendon Hotel, in the beginning of the month of October (1826), it may be imagined that he had abundance of time, without being tied by fashionable engagements, to indulge himself in sauntering through the deserted streets of the west end. To the city also he paid visits not a few; and accordingly, he treats us with somewhat dull disquisitions on the beauties of the Bank and the Exchange. A German could not, of course, quit that inviting neighbourhood, without shaking hands with the prince of money lenders, Rothschild. Accordingly, we have here an account of that very remarkable personage.

'How could I leave the city without visiting the true "Lion," (the English expression for any thing extraordinary)—the sovereign—in a word, Rothschild?

'I found him, too, in a poor obscure-looking place (his residence is in another part of the town), and making my way with some difficulty through the little court-yard, blocked up by a waggon laden with bars of silver, I was introduced into the presence of this Grand Ally of the Holy Alliance. I found the Russian consul in the act of paying his court. He is an acute, clever man, perfect in the part he has to play, and uniting the due respect with a becoming air of dignity. This was the more difficult, because the very original aristocrat of the city did not stand much on ceremony. On my presenting my letter of credit, he said, ironically, that we were lucky people who could afford to travel about so, and take our pleasure; while he, poor man, had such a heavy burden to bear. He then broke out into bitter complaints, that every poor devil who came to England had something or other to ask of him. "Yesterday," said he, "here was a Russian begging of me," (an episode which threw a bitter-sweet expression over the consul's face); "and," added he, "the Germans here don't give me a moment's peace." Now it was my turn to put a good face upon the matter. After this, the conversation took a political turn, and we both of course agreed that Europe could not subsist without him; he modestly declined our compliment, and said, smiling, "Oh no, you are only jesting; I am but a servant, whom people are pleased with, because he manages their affairs well, and to whom they let some crumbs fall as an acknowledgment."

'All this was said in a language quite peculiar to himself, half English, half German; the English part with a broad German accent, but with the imposing confidence of a man who feels such trifles to be beneath his attention. This truly original language struck me as very characteristic of a man who is unquestionably a person of genius, and of a certain sort of greatness of character!'—vol. iii. pp. 62—64.

We have then sketches of Hampton Court, and a sprightly account of Newmarket races, where, being a foreign nobleman, though, as he admits, full fifty per cent. below the native aristocrats, he was amazingly *fêté*. He remarks, with great truth, that it is an almost universal weakness of the unnoble in England, to parade an acquaintance with the noble. But the foible is not peculiar to this country. Almost in the very same breath he tells us, that the German great people, who are by no means deficient in pride of ancestry, or in haughtiness towards those who rank beneath them in society, 'treat every little English miss or squire, however deficient in intellectual pretensions, almost as an equal, without in the least inquiring whether this person occupies a station at home, which warrants such a reception.' But a less generous cause than that which operates amongst us, is assigned for this politeness and condescension upon the part of the Germans. 'Nothing,' he adds, 'lets us down more in the eyes of the English themselves, than this obsequious worship of foreigners; the meanness of which consists in this, that its true foundation generally lies in the profound respect which high and low have for English money.' With us, the desire to show off a titled acquaintance, arises out of a harmless vanity, which is sometimes amusing enough, but never unworthy or unbecomingly submissive.

The author gives a very pleasant account, though in some particulars incorrect, of life at a country seat. He describes with much graphic power the style of dinner, and the mode in which the whole of that important affair is conducted. He then begins his descriptions of parks and villas, all of which we shall pass over without the slightest ceremony, as they are to us the most insufferable of all inflictions. We find matter much more attractive in his remarks upon our clubs, now increased to such a formidable extent.

'In the absence of society, the various clubs, (to which, contrary to former custom, a stranger can now gain admittance) are a very agreeable resource. Our ambassador introduced me into two of them; the United Service Club, into which no foreigners are admitted except ambassadors and military men; the latter of the rank of staff-officers: and the Travellers' Club, into which every foreigner of education, who has good introductions, is admitted; though every three months he is made to undergo the somewhat humiliating ceremony, by requesting a fresh permission, to which he is held with almost uncivil severity.

'In Germany people have as little notion of the elegance and comfort of clubs, as of the rigorous execution of their laws, which prevail here.

'All that luxury and convenience, without magnificence, demand, is here to be found in as great perfection as in the best private houses. The stairs and rooms are covered with fresh and handsome carpets, and rugs (sheep-skins, with the wool nicely prepared and dyed of bright colours), are laid before the doors to prevent drafts: marble chimney-pieces, handsome looking-

es (always of one piece,—a necessary part of solid English luxury),
fusion of furniture, &c. render every apartment extremely comfort-
Even scales, by which to ascertain one's weight daily—a strange
of the English—are not wanting. The numerous servants are never
but in shoes, and in the neatest livery or plain clothes; and a porter
ways at his post to take charge of great coats and umbrellas. This
article in England deserves attention, since umbrellas, which are un-
nately so indispensable, are stolen in the most shameless manner, be
ere it may, if you do not take particular care of them. This fact is
torious, that I must translate for your amusement a passage from a
paper, relating to some society for the encouragement of virtue, which
to award a prize for the most honourable action. "The choice,"
nues the author, "was become extremely difficult; and it was nearly
mined to give the prize to an individual who had paid his tailor's bill
tually for several years; when another was pointed out, who had
sent home an umbrella left at his house. At this unheard-of act,"
the journalist, "the company first fell into mute wonder that so
virtue was still found in Israel; but at length loud and enthu-
c applause, left the choice no longer doubtful."

n the elegant and well-furnished library, there is also a person always
nd to fetch you the books you want. You find all the journals in a
arranged reading-room; and in a small room for maps and charts, a
e of the newest and best in their kind. This is so arranged, that all
naps, rolled up, hang one over another on the wall, thus occupying
a small space; and each is easily drawn down for use by a small
in the centre. A pull at a loop in the side, rolls up the map again,
very simple piece of mechanism. The name of each country is
bed in such large letters on the mahogany staff on which the map is
, that it may be read with ease across the room. By this contrivance,
at number of maps may be hung in a very small closet, and when
d, may be found and inspected in a moment, without the slightest
le or derangement of the others.

he table,—I mean the eating,—with most men the first thing, and
me not the last, is generally prepared by a French cook, as well and
eaply as it is possible to have it in London. As the club provides the
, and sells them again to each member; they are very drinkable and
nable. But "gourmands" must ever miss the finest wines, even at the
ables in London. This arises from the strange habit of the English,
these people, too, stick faster to their habits than an oyster to its shell,)
tting their wines from London wine-merchants, instead of importing
from the places where they grow, as we do. Now these wine-mer-
s adulterate the wine to such a degree, that one who was lately pro-
d for having some thousand bottles of port and claret in his cellars,
had not paid duty, proved that all this wine was manufactured by
lf in London, and thus escaped the penalty. You may imagine,
ore, what sort of beverage you often get under the high-sounding
s of Champagne, Lafitte, &c. The dealers scarcely ever buy the
est which is to be had in the native lands of the several wines, for
vious reason that they could make little or no profit of it; at best,
nly use it to enable them to get off other wine of inferior quality."
. iii. pp. 101—105.

If the clubs be objectionable on account of their obvious tendency to render men independent of the society of the female sex, they have at all events this advantage, that they serve to elicit the personal character of individuals in more determined colours than it can be be met with in any other haunt, except the interior of their own home, where of course they are not liable to observation.

'The peculiarity of English manners may be much better observed here, at the first, "abord," than in the great world, which is every where more or less alike; whereas the same individuals, of whom it is in part composed, show themselves here with much less restraint. In the first place, the stranger must admire the refinement of convenience with which Englishmen sit: it must be confessed that a man who is ignorant of the ingenious English chairs, of every form, and adapted to every degree of fatigue, indisposition, or constitutional peculiarity, really loses a large share of earthly enjoyment. It is a positive pleasure even to see an Englishman sit, or rather lie, in one of these couch-like chairs by the fire-side. A contrivance like a reading desk attached to the arm, and furnished with a candlestick, is so placed before him, that with the slightest touch he can bring it nearer or further, push it to the right or to the left, at pleasure. A curious machine, several of which stand around the large fire-place, receives one or both of his feet; and the hat on his head completes this enchanting picture of superlative comfort.

'This latter circumstance is the most difficult of imitation to a man brought up in the old school. Though he can never refrain from a provincial sort of shudder when he enters the brilliantly lighted saloon of the club-house, where dukes, ambassadors, and lords, elegantly dressed, are sitting at the card-tables, yet if he wishes to be "fashionable" he must keep on his hat, advance to a party at whist, nod to one or two of his acquaintances; then carelessly taking up a newspaper sink down on a sofa, and, not till after some time, "nonchalament" throw down his hat (which perhaps has all the while been a horrid annoyance to him); or, if he stays but a few minutes, not take it off at all.

'The practice of half lying instead of sitting; sometimes of lying at full length on the carpet at the feet of ladies; of crossing one leg over the other in such a manner as to hold the foot in the hand: of putting the hands in the arm-holes of the waistcoat, and so on,—are all things which have obtained in the best company and the most exclusive circles; it is therefore very possible that the keeping on the hat may arrive at the same honour. In this case it will doubtless find its way into Paris society, which, after being formerly aped by all Europe, now disdains not to ape the English,—sometimes grotesquely enough,—and as usual in such cases often outdoes its original.

'On the other hand, the English take it very ill of foreigners if they reprove a waiter who makes them wait, or brings one thing instead of another, or if they give their commands in a loud or lordly tone of voice; though the English themselves often do this in their own country, and much more in ours, and though the dining-room of the Club is in fact only a more elegant sort of "restauration," where every man must pay his reckoning after he has dined. It is regarded not only as improper, but as unpleasant and offensive, if any one reads during dinner. It is not the fashion in England; and, as I have this bad habit in a supreme degree, I have sometimes remarked satirical signs of displeasure on the countenances of a few islanders of the old school, who shook their heads as they passed me. One must be on one's guard, generally, to do things as little as possible unlike the English, and yet not to try to imitate them servilely in every thing, for no race of men can be more intolerant. Most of them see with reluctance the introduction of any foreigner into their more private societies, and all regard it as a distinguished favour and obligation conferred upon us.

'But of all offences against English manners which a man can commit, the three following are the greatest:—to put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit any where in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices,—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork and not with his fingers. The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last-named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial, but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many, and in England, don't spit. With these rules, the young man would get on very well. What one must justly admire is the well-adapted arrangement of every thing belonging to the economy of life and of all public establishments in England, as well as the systematical rigour with which what has once been determined on is unalterably followed up. In Germany, all good institutions soon fall asleep, and new brooms alone sweep clean; here it is quite otherwise. On the other hand, every thing is not required of the same person, but exactly so much and no more as falls within his department. The treatment of servants is as excellent as their performance of their duties. Each has his prescribed field of activity; in which, however, the strictest and most punctual execution of orders is required of him, and in any case of neglect the master knows whom he has to call to account. At the same time, the servants enjoy a reasonable freedom, and have certain portions of time allotted to them, which their master carefully respects. The whole treatment of the serving classes is much more decorous, and combined with more "égards" than with us; but then they are so entirely excluded from all familiarity, and such profound respect is exacted from them, that they appear to be considered rather as machines than as beings of the same order. This, and their high wages, are no doubt the causes that the servants really possess more external dignity than any other class in England, relatively to their station.'—vol. iii. pp. 105—110.

The author's account of the Traveller's Club is in some respects curious, if correct. Gambling is there carried on upon a novel principle, the society itself being a guarantee for the solvency of each of its members. If a player win, he may obtain his money from the clerk of the establishment, to whom it is paid the following morning by the loser. Should the party abscond, the loss falls upon the club in general. Several other arrangements are incorporated in the plan of this institution, all calculated to render the practice of gambling as seductive as possible. It does seem to us not a little inconsistent, that the lottery should be prohibited by law, while such wholesale establishments of a mixed gambling and banking character should be allowed in the heart of the metropolis, and be frequented by some of the most distinguished and influential members of both branches of the legislature. The author looks upon the organization of this club as a decided proof of our commercial habits of business—habits, he says, which though, as to the quantity of work done, 'they have produced more than man has elsewhere ever effected, yet have as certainly given birth to the dullness, the contracted views, the routine habits of thought, as well as of action, the inveterate prejudices, the unbounded desire for, and deference to, wealth, which characterise the mass of Englishmen.' Though rather bitter, the observation is not altogether groundless.

Nor can we deny, that there is but too much cause for the complaints which he makes, of the demeanour very generally adopted abroad by our travellers towards the natives of the countries through which they pass. The author in this respect may be said to express the feelings of mortified pride, and wounded self-love, which rankle in the heart of many a foreigner towards Englishmen. We should, he says, let them see that 'Germans are masters of their own house,' a matter about which, we are not all surprised to learn, they have occasionally entertained some doubts, seeing the haughty air, and presumptuous egotism with which they are treated by our travelling people. 'Many a person,' adds the prince, in a vein of positive ill humour, but not at all unnatural, or unprovoked,—'Many a person who would scarcely get admission into very inferior circles in England, where the whole of society, down to the very lowest classes, is so stiffly aristocratical, in the various states of Germany is received at court and *fêté* by the first nobility; every act of coarseness and ill-breeding, is set down as a trait of charming English originality, till, perhaps, by some accident, a really respectable Englishman comes to the place, and people learn with astonishment, that they have been doing all this honour to an ensign on half-pay, or a rich tailor or shoemaker. An individual of this rank is, however, generally, at least civil; but the impertinence of some of the higher classes surpasses all belief. I know that in one of the largest towns in Germany, a prince of the house of K——, distinguished for his frank, chivalrous courtesy, and his amiable character, invited an English viscount, who was but just arrived, and had not yet been presented to him, to a hunting party; to to which his Lordship replied, *that he could not accept the invitation,* *as the prince was perfectly unkown to him!*' This is a kind of wanton insult, which a whole nation would take to itself; and we do not at all wonder to find our author dwelling upon it with feelings of indignation. He, however, passes from it with his usual vivacity, to his "lady love," with whom he solaces his thoughts in an epistolary conversation upon the value of affection, full, as usual, of egotism and romance. He next rambles amongst our newspapers, the personality and frivolity of which, in all that relates to what is called "fashionable life," very naturally excite his astonishment. It is no bad hit for a prince, to style Braham "the wandering Jew." Truly the man does look perennial. We know not how often we have forgotten him, and again found him in *propria persona*, singing away as volubly and as bravely as ever. While remarking on our theatres, the author does not suppress the feeling of indignation with which he beheld the lobbies crowded with those unhappy women, whose effrontery has nothing to rival it in any other part of the civilized world. He did not probably know that the presence of these wretched beings is, or at least was, encouraged, and in every way facilitated by the agents of more than one of our national establishments, under the impression that they *draw* the young men to the theatre. And so undoubtedly they do—but what a disgrace to the country, that our theatres should be thus converted into brothels! 'It is most strange,' says the author, 'that in no country on earth, is this afflicting and humiliating spectacle so openly exhibited, as in the *religious* and *decorous* England. The evil goes to such an extent, that in the theatres it is often difficult to keep off these repulsive beings, especially when they are drunk, which is not seldom the case. They beg in the most shameless manner, and a pretty elegantly dressed girl does not disdain to take a shilling or a sixpence, which she instantly spends in a glass of rum, like the meanest beggar.' Will the just censure of this stranger have the power to awaken a sense of shame, in the breasts of those who have the power to remove this enormous abuse? We fear not. They will, however, be compelled to feel it, as they have already deeply felt it, in another way; for they cannot but know at this time, that it is the introduction of these women into the upper boxes and lobbies of the theatres, that has driven away from them the numerous respectable families, who would otherwise have been in the habit of affording to the drama that patronage, of which at present it stands so much in need.

This author has permitted nothing to escape him; he has even stopped among the little boys in the street—we have sometimes seen very grave persons too in the same motley group—to see the amusing freaks of Punch and Judy, whose droll history he relates at full length, and *con amore*. The ceremony of the opening of Parliament does not very well harmonize with this subject; it follows, however, without any apology, and from the House of Lords, we are in a trice transported to the opera of Figaro as represented—we beg the author's pardon—murdered, drawn and quartered, at Drury Lane. He must have been shocked beyond measure by Bishop's "arrangement" of this production, but especially by finding it adulterated with English airs; for, in his opinion, our national music, 'the coarse heavy melodies of which can never be mistaken for an instant, has something singularly offensive; an expression of brutal feeling both in pain and pleasure, which smacks of roast beef, plum pudding, and porter!' Such a senseless and unjust piece of criticism as this, upon English music in general, merely founded on perhaps a comparison of a single air, with one of the most masterly compositions of Mozart, is calculated only to raise a laugh. It can offend nobody. Our audiences too are, to his taste, insufferable, on account of the rudeness which the galleries sometimes exhibit. The German makes no allowances for the tinge of republicanism which is especially found in the manners of our lower orders. He thus describes his own daily habits.

'I rise late; read, like a half-nationalized foreigner, three or four newspapers at breakfast, look in my "visiting book" what visits I have to pay, and either drive to pay them in my cabriolet, or ride. In the course of these excursions I sometimes catch the enjoyment of the picturesque; the struggle of the blood-red sun with the winter fogs often produces wild and singular effects of light. After my visits are paid, I ride for several hours about the beautiful environs of London, return when it grows dark, work a little, dress for dinner, which is at seven or eight, and spend the evening either in the theatre or at some small party. The ludicrous "routs"—at which one hardly finds standing room on the staircase, where one pushes and is pushed, and is kept for hours in a hot-house temperature,—have not yet commenced. In England, however, except in a few diplomatic houses, you can go no where in an evening except on special invitation. In these small parties there is not much "géne," but general conversation has no place; each gentleman usually singles out a lady who peculiarly interests him, and does not quit her for the whole evening. Many fair ones are thus frequently left sitting alone without an opportunity of speaking a word: they however do not betray any dissatisfaction even by a look or gesture, for they are of a very passive nature. Every body, of course, speaks French, as with us, "tant bien que mal," but this continued "géne" annoys the ladies so much after a time, that a man has no little advantage who can speak English tolerably.

'You see this life is pretty much a "far niente," though not a very sweet one to my taste, for I love society only in intimate circles, and attach myself with difficulty,—indeed now scarcely at all,—to new acquaintances. The ennui, which seizes me in such an indifferent state of mind, is too clearly written on my undiplomatic face not to extend to others as contagiously as yawning. Here and there I find an exception:—to day, for instance, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Morier, the clever and very agreeable author of Hadji Baba; and of Mr. Hope, the reputed author of Anastasius, a work of far higher genius. This book is worthy of Byron; many maintain that Mr. Hope, who is rather remarkable for his reserve than for any thing poetical in his appearance, cannot possibly have written it. This doubt derives considerable force from a work which Mr. Hope formerly published on furniture, the style and contents of which certainly contrast strangely with the glowing impassioned Anastasius, overflowing with thought and feeling. An acquaintance of mine said to me, " One thing or the other : either Anastasius is not by him, or the work on furniture." But matter so different brings with it as different a style ; and as I observed Mr. Hope, perhaps with involuntary prepossession, he appeared to me no ordinary man. He is very rich, and his house full of treasures of art, and of luxuries, which I shall describe hereafter. His furniture theory, which is fashioned on the antique, I cannot praise in practice :— the chairs are ungovernable ; other trophy-like structures look ridiculous, and the sophas have such sharp salient points in all directions, that an incautious sitter might hurt himself seriously.'—vol. iii. pp. 158—161.

Our prince chose an odd time of the year for his visit to the country, setting out on Christmas day. Stanmore Priory, Cashiobury, Woburn, Warwick Castle, and, in short, all our great rural lions were inspected and applauded by him in turn. He was particularly delighted with our country inns, which are indeed among the most agreeable things to be met in England. He found them always perfectly cleanly, neat, convenient, and well attended. He must have thought his breakfast table quite a luxury. The tea urn, the silver cannisters, the wedgewood plates, the silver forks, the porcelain cups, the boiled eggs, the broiled chops, the cold ham, the warm muffins, the buttered toast, and the various elegant et cetera must have informed him, that whatever our music may be, our style of living is not quite that of the savage. Nay, we even suspect, that he found our roast beef and porter not quite so contemptible, as upon a former occasion he would have us believe. After his return from his provincial tour, he transported himself to Brighton, where he amused himself for some months, until " the season " commenced in London. Here we find him once more going through the same gay round of entertainment.

'As the Lord Mayor has invited me to his great dinner, I rode into the city this morning to call on him ; this is rather a perilous enterprise with a fidgetty horse. Once I got so entangled in the crowd, that I was absolutely forced to turn my horse on the "trottoir." This the people regarded as an invasion of their rights ; and not observing that necessity drove me thither, began to abuse me, and some to strike my horse. A huge gigantic carter held up his fist and challenged me to box with him ; as however I felt no inclination to make this practical application of the lessons I have taken in the " noble art of self-defence," I pressed forward to a small gap which happily offered itself, and made my escape.

'I dined with Count Münster, a noble representative of Germany, who has endeavoured as far as possible to preserve German simplicity in his household. Every body knows his distinguished qualities as a statesman ; he is not less remarkable for his agreeable manners and talents in social and domestic life.

'Since his residence in England, he has designed and painted the decorations for his castle in the Harz, with great taste and skill ; and his wife's paintings on glass are very beautiful. In a few years all the windows of the castle chapel will be adorned with her own works. The German housewife, however, is no mere modern bel esprit or artist, but like one of the knightly dames who are the subjects of her pencil, she takes care to have excellent beer brewed in her own house; she gave me some, which I drank with all the gratitude of a guest in the hall of Valhalla.

'In the evening a great fête at Lord Hertford's, with concert, ball, French play, &c., assembled the fashionable and half-fashionable world in a magnificent and tastefully furnished house. The singularity in it is, that all the rooms are decorated in the same manner,—flesh coloured stucco and gold, with black bronze, very large looking-glasses, and curtains of crimson and white silk. This uniformity produces a very "grandiose" effect. One room alone (of extraordinary size for London) is white and gold, carpeted with scarlet cloth, and with furniture and curtains of the same colour.

'The company, "c'est à dire la foule," was not more vivacious than usual, and the whole affair "magnifiquement ennuyeux."

'Another house worth seeing is that of the great banker ——, especially on account of the fine collection of pictures. There is also that fine triumph of modern sculpture, Thorwaldsen's Jason, and some valuable antiques. On a sort of terrace on a part of the house are hanging-gardens; and though the shrubs have only three feet of earth, they grow very luxuriantly.

'The lady of the gardens is however no Semiramis; "il s'en faut," whatever she may think. * * * *

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I could not help comparing her with her far more wealthy rival, Madame R————, and remarking how far the Jewish golden queen surpassed the Christian one, in cordial amiability and external dignity and good-breeding

'April 8th.

'What contributes much to the "dullness" of English society, is the haughty aversion which Englishmen (note well that I mean in their own country, for "abroad" they are ready enough to make advances,) show to addressing an unknown person; if he should venture to address them, they receive it with the air of an insult. They sometimes laugh at themselves for this singular incivility, but no one makes the least attempt to act differently when an opportunity offers.

'There is a story that a lady saw a man fall into the water, and earnestly entreated the dandy who accompanied her, and who was a notoriously good swimmer, to save his life. Her friend raised his "lorgnette" with the phlegm indispensable to a man of fashion, looked earnestly at the drowning man, whose head rose for the last time, and calmly replied, "it's impossible, madam, I never was introduced to that gentleman."

'I made the acquaintance of a man of very different manners this evening; the Persian chargé d'affaires, an Asiatic of very pleasant address, and whose splendid costume and black beard were only deformed, in my eyes, by the Persian peak cap of black sheepskin. He speaks very good English, and made very acute observations on European society. Among other things he said, that though in many respects we were much further advanced than they, yet that all their views of existence were of a firmer and more composed character; that every man reconciled himself to his lot, whereas he remarked here an incessant fermentation, an everlasting discontent, both of masses and of individuals; nay, he confessed that he felt himself infected by it, and should have great trouble, on his return to Persia, to fall back into that old happy track, in which a man who is unfortunate consoles himself, exclaiming, "whose dog am I, then, to want to be happy."

'This indeed furnishes ample matter for reflection to the pursuers of the ideal, to which secret association I, alas! belong.

'A ball at Mrs. Hope's was very splendid, "mais c'est toujours la même chose." In a party to which I went before this, I was presented to the Duke of Gloucester. I only mention the fact for the sake of remarking, that the English princes of the blood observe a much more courteous sort of etiquette, than most of those on the continent; the duke, who was playing whist, rose from the table, and did not sit down again till our short conversation was ended.

'But let me go back for a moment to the beginning of the day.

'The gardens of the neighbourhood are now in full bloom, the weather is fine, and my ride this morning brought me about thirty miles from town. In variety and richness the suburbs of London surpass those of any other capital; which here and there display natural beauties, but never that exquisite mixture of nature and the highest cultivation: never at least in any considerable masses.

'I should have gladly ridden further and further, and returned at length with great regret. The meadows around me were so luxuriant, that it was only at a distance they looked green; when you were near them, they were embroidered with blue, yellow, red, and lilac, like a carpet of Tournay. The cows were wading up to their bellies in the gay flowers, or resting under the shadow of huge domes of foliage, impenetrable to every ray of sun. It was magnificent, and adorned with a richness which art can never reach. In an hour's riding I reached a hill, where the ruins of a church stood in the midst of a garden. The sun darted its rays from behind a cloud athwart the whole sky, like a huge torch, the centre of which rested directly on the metropolis of the world; the immeasurable Babel which lay outstretched with its thousand towers and its hundred thousand sins, its fog and smoke, its treasures and its misery, further than the eye could reach. It was in vain! I must plunge into it again, from the spring and its bursting blossoms, from the green meadows; again into the macadamized slough: into the everlasting dead monotony; into dinners and routs.'—vol. iii. pp. 378—384.

Speaking of the position of the English aristocracy, the author expresses his opinion, that, unless great concessions be made to the spirit of the age, they will not occupy their present station half a century longer. All the circumstances that have taken place in this country, and we may add upon the continent, especially in France, since the period when this opinion was put into writing, that is to say, within the last five years, tend strongly to confirm the truth of the remark. Our peerage stand in this predicament, that if they make voluntarily all the concessions which the times require, they will spontaneously descend from their proud elevation, and cease to be distinguished as a body amongst us. If they do not yield the ground upon which the battle against privilege is now contested, they will be obliged ultimately to surrender, and in that case they will have little chance of being allowed to return home with all the honours of war. Take it which way you will, the fate of the peerage is decided: their prerogatives have grown out of fashion, and have in many instances become truly contemptible, from the vices by which so large a proportion of their race have been degraded, and their once splendid patrimonies reduced to a shadow. Political power is rapidly passing on all sides into the hands of the middle classes; the reform bill will complete the transit; and we shall then see, when the influence of the peerage shall be limited to their own house, how they will be able to stand against the growing strength of the classes whom they have hitherto kept, we may say, in a state of political vassalage. These are the classes whom the author correctly represents as by far the happiest, and the most respectable in England; but he was much mistaken in supposing, that their active interest in public affairs does not extend beyond the improvement of their own province. They have, generally speaking, more enlarged views of their duties than he imagined, for nothing can be said to be indifferent to them which concerns the welfare of their country. In other respects, he paints them in their proper colours, as truly hospitable, and devoid of those arrogant airs so thoroughly disgusting in many of our people of title; and the lower the title, the more haughty do we often find the lordling who wears it.

By way, we suppose, of favouring the world with a character of himself, our prince feigns, or relates, a visit which he made to Mr. Deville, the celebrated craniologist, from whom, he informs us, he received a complete written portrait of himself. The passage is interesting, as it shews, at all events, what the author thought of himself, for he says it is accurate in every respect. Deville, upon being applied to on the subject of its authenticity, said that it was somewhat adorned. According to this document, our author was a man whose friendship it was exceedingly difficult to win, and to be gained only by the utmost devotion and fidelity. He was irritable, capable of the wildest extremes, and equally inconstant both in his love and hatred. Fond of the arts, he believed that if he had cultivated them, he would have succeeded in making a considerable proficiency; he had the power of composition; was in all things an original, in nothing an imitator; had a strong sense of symmetry and order, was difficult to be pleased, and combined with the love of home, an extraordinary attachment to a rambling life. These propensities were not, however, more inconsistent than the acuteness of his understanding, and an irresistible enthusiasm, which made him fond of castle-building in the air; or than his profoundly religious temperament, without the slightest inclination to any form of religion. He acknowledges that he had his share of vanity—but it was the vanity less of a man who believed that he was great, than of one who wished to be so. Hence he seldom felt at ease in the company of his superiors, or even of his equals, from being constantly actuated by the ambition of appearing as the leader upon all occasions. Contradiction, concealed satire, apparent coldness, paralyzed his faculties; he was cheerful only in situations where his vanity was not hurt, and when the people around him shewed him attachment, to which his good nature rendered him peculiarly susceptible. This same good nature, united to a strong judgment, rendered him a great venerator of truth and justice, the sworn foe of tyranny, and the friend of the oppressed. Though not insensible to the distinctions of birth, he was not disposed to estimate them too highly. Though inclined to gaiety, levity or thoughtlessness formed no part of his character; on the contrary, he was cautious in the extreme, and looked so much and so far before him, that his mind was troubled more about the future than the past. Though sensitive to neglect, and ambitious of distinction, he quickly changed the object of his pursuit, for the attainment of which he wanted perseverance. Wealth he valued as a means, not an end, and yet he was a bad manager of money. The portrait, though elaborately wrought, seems to us, upon the whole, to be essentially a good resemblance of the character of the man, as disclosed in his writings.

Visiting Bedlam, the first patient he saw there was a young woman, who had lost her intellects in consequence of having been seduced, and then abandoned, by a foreign prince. "Poor thing," said the guide, "she sometimes cries the whole day long, and will let nobody go near her; she was pretty once, but fretting has spoiled all her beauty." Her seducer probably still lives, surrounded by worldly splendour and homage! Another of the inmates of this establishment, was a respectable and apparently well educated young Welshman, who believed himself to be a descendant of the house of Stuart, and the lawful heir to the throne. A third was a German author, who having written some tours, still pursued his favourite occupation, of taking notes of every thing done or said in his presence. He went round the establishment with our prince, and addressing the patients at great length, carefully recorded their answers, though sometimes any thing but flattering to his vanity.

The prince must have been but ill instructed in English habits, when he perpetrated the mistake of going into a gentleman's lawn uninvited. Though not blind to the faults of our countrymen, we must say that their satirist might have found out some better proof of their "exclusive" dispositions, than that mentioned in the following extract. We suppose that no gentleman of any nation, would like to be intruded upon in the manner which is here described.

'The anxiety with which the rich English shut up their property from the profaning eyes of the stranger, is sometimes truly amusing, but may chance to be painful. I was riding one day in the neighbourhood of London, and, attracted by the sight of a fine house and grounds, I asked the porter who stood at the lodge, whether he would allow me to look at the gardens? He had many scruples, but at last opened the gate, taking charge of my horse during the time. I might have walked about for a quarter of an hour, and was just looking at the neatly kept pleasure-ground, when a somewhat fat personage in his shirt appeared at a window of the house; he seemed to be running about in great distress, but at last threw open the window with great vehemence, and whilst I heard the violent ringing of a large bell, cried out to me, with half-suppressed rage, "Qui êtes-vous, Monsieur? Que cherche-vous ici?" I thought it too ridiculous to shout back the answer from such a distance, and soon found it unnecessary; for a number of servants, alarmed by the ringing of the bell, flocked together from all directions, one of whom now repeated to me the question "ex officio." In a few words, I let the proprietor know by him, that I was a foreigner, who had been attracted by fondness for gardening; that I had not climbed over the wall, as he seemed to believe, but had entered through the usual entrance, where my horse was still waiting; that I was heartily sorry for having caused him such a shock in his illness, and only wished that it might have no serious consequences, at the same time assuring him of my best respects, and that I would immediately leave the forbidden garden. I soon reached my horse, and rode off, laughing, for this was the gay side of the affair. About a fortnight after, I passed by chance near the same house: I approached the lodge again, and rang the bell; another man appeared, and, in a mischievous fit, I enquired after the health of his master, and whether I could be permitted to see the garden? "God forbid!" was the answer, "on no account!" I now heard from the servant, to my sincere grief, that the poor fellow had been dismissed, with his wife and children, though he had been in the service of the family for many years, merely for having let a stranger enter without permission. Nevertheless, this severe gentleman is one of the patent liberals of England. What would an illiberal one have done?'—vol. iv. pp. 124—126.

This story is not unlike another which the author relates of himself, and which redounds very little to his credit in our opinion. Riding one day in the neighbourhood of Scarborough, he was overtaken by a heavy shower, by which he and his horse were both well drenched. At length reaching a village, he saw a cottage door open, and without asking permission, or using the slightest ceremony, he not only walked in himself, but led his dripping horse in after him. He found two women cooking something over a fire; their displeasure may be easily imagined, yet it excited only the German's laughter. Undoubtedly he was guilty of a very gross piece of impertinence, for which both he and his steed deserved the second drenching they got after they quitted the cottage.

Scarborough, Whitby, Filey, Flamborough, and all that fine romantic, or rather druidical coast, attracted the author's particular attention; none of these places can be too much admired. We have nothing in the south at all to be compared with them for real solemnity of scenery. We must pass over the author's remarks upon them, in order to find room for his description of Fountain's Abbey, one of the most beautiful of the monastic ruins of which England, or perhaps any other country, can boast.

'Ripon, September 27.

'I slept through the night very well in my carriage, breakfasted in the garden of a pretty inn, and then hastened to Studley Park, which contains the famous ruins of Fountain's Abbey, esteemed the largest and most beautiful in England. They far exceeded my expectation, as did the park. I must describe them to you as I saw them.

'The way leads through a majestic wood, first to a steep hill, and then, at an abrupt turn, to a green valley about three or four hundred feet wide, in the centre of which is a little river, broken into various natural waterfalls. On one side of the valley is a considerable chain of hills, overgrown with venerable ashes, beeches, and oaks; on the other, an abrupt wall of rock, overhung with trailing plants, and also crowned with old trees. The whole end of the valley is closed by the ruins, and the lofty towers of the abbey. You will easily form some conception of the vastness of these ruins, when I tell you that the buildings belonging to the abbey, when entire, covered fifteen acres of ground, and that the ruins now cover four. The nave of the church, great part of the walls of which are still standing, is three hundred and fifty-one feet in length, the oriel window fifty feet high, and the tower, though partly fallen down, a hundred and sixty feet high. The architecture is of the best period — the twelfth and thirteenth centuries — as simple as it is grand. A gateway leads from the church to the cloister, three hundred feet long and forty-two wide; a second to the cloister garden, which is cultivated as a flower garden by its present possessor, and surrounded by various picturesque ruins—the library, court, and chapter house. The vaulted ceiling of the latter, like the Römer in Marienburg, is supported by a single pillar in the centre. The groined roof of the kitchen is constructed with consummate skill, without any support. Near it is the magnificent confectory, a hundred and eight feet long, and forty-five wide. This was, of course, the crown and glory of the abbey, which was famed for its luxury and dissoluteness. In the church are many monuments — one of Lord Mowbray, in full chain armour, carved in stone; further on, several abbots: and lastly, a stone coffin, which contained the mortal remains of Harry Percy. Above it is an angel, in good preservation, and beneath it the date 1283, very distinct. At the top of the tower is a Latin inscription in gigantic Gothic letters, which proclaims from on high these beautiful and appropriate words, "Glory and praise to God alone, through all ages!" The whole ruin is hung with draperies of ivy and creeping plants, and majestic trees here and there wave their tops above it. The river winds by, and a few steps further on, turns the old abbey mill, which is still in use; as if to teach the lesson, that when power and magnificence pass away, the useful retains its modest existence. At a short distance behind the abbey stands the old dwelling of the proprietor, which was built out of the fallen stones of the ruins in the sixteenth century. This, too, is highly picturesque, though, of course, in a far less noble style. Its walled gardens, with their high-cut yew hedges, and regular trim flower-beds; and the mixture of objects comparatively modern, yet now fast acquiring a claim to antiquity, give the fancy an agreeable and spacious field to expatiate in. Here are, perhaps, the oldest yews in England. One, which is thought to be a thousand years old, is thirty feet in circumference in the thickest part of its stem. Among the carvings in the house are those of two old knights taken from the abbey, with the inscription, probably modern, " Sic transit gloria mundi." The decay of Fountain's Abbey, too, is to be attributed to the suppression of monasteries under Henry the Eighth.

" Leaving the abbey, in half an hour you reach a beautiful and finely-kept pleasure-ground, which is rendered peculiarly delightful by its diversity of hill and vale, noble trees, and well-placed clumps; though rather encumbered with a multitude of old-fashioned summer-houses, temples, and worthless leaden statues. In one of these temples, dedicated to the gods of antiquity, stands a bust of Nero! But these slight defects might easily be removed, while such a combination of natural beauty can rarely be met with. At the end of the deer-park stands the house of the proprietress, an elderly single lady of large fortune. I met her in the garden, and was invited by her to luncheon, which I gladly accepted, as my long walk had made me very hungry.

' To return to the ruin. Giving way to my critical vein, I must add one thing, which is, that, while too little care is bestowed upon Whitby, too much is bestowed upon this. Not a loose stone lies on the ground, which is mowed as smooth as a carpet. The old cloister garden is laid out in a too modern taste; and were this poetic structure mine, I would immediately set about creating a little more artificial wildness about it; for the whole ought to partake of that air of half-decayed grandeur, which has the greatest power over the imagination.'—vol. iv. pp. 198—202.

The prince, as we have already intimated, falls into several mistakes, from which foreigners, who are even well acquainted with England, can hardly expect to be altogether free. His common sense, however, ought to have told him, that the person must have been bent on a hoax, who informed him, speaking of the gangs of thieves organized in London, that they were governed by an association, ' at the head of which were not only several people in respectable stations, and members of parliament, but even a well-known peer of the realm!' ' The proofs,' he adds, ' were of a kind that left no room for doubt; but to avoid the dreadful scandal, the ministry had determined to let the matter drop.' And then comes the sting in the tail. ' One sees, that in free countries things go forward which we don't so much as dream of,'—yet here is a dream with a vengeance! We are almost inclined to believe, that a similar trick must have been played upon our prince, when the following personage was described to him.

' June 20th.

' I have been to another fancy ball, which has left only a melancholy impression on my mind. I remarked a pale man wrapped in a plain black domino; in whose countenance indescribable traces of the bitterest mental suffering were imprinted. It was not long before I asked L—— about him, and he told me as follows:

' " This truly pitiable man might serve as the hero of a fearful romance. If it can be said of any one that he was born to misfortune, that is the man. Early in life he lost his large property by the fraudulent bankruptcy of a friend. A hundred times since has fortune approached him, but only to mock him with hopes, which were invariably dashed from him at the decisive moment: in almost every case it was some insignificant trifle; the delay of a letter; some easy mistake; some indisposition, slight in itself but disastrous in its consequences, that wrecked everything; apparently, always by his own fault, and yet, in fact, a tissue woven by mocking, malignant spirits.

'"For a long time past he has made no more attempts to alter his condition; he seeks no improvement of his lot, persuaded beforehand, by long and cruel experience, that nothing *can* ever succeed *with him*. I have known him from youth up. Though guileless and unoffending as a child, the world in general deems him malignant; though one of the most upright of men, false and intriguing; he is shunned and dreaded, though never did a heart beat more warmly for the weal of others. The girl he adored committed suicide, in consequence of his suspected infidelity. He found himself, by a series of unheard-of circumstances, accused of the murder of his brother, near whom he was found bleeding, having risked his life in his defence:—he was saved from an ignominious death only by the King's pardon; and it was not till some time afterwards that the proof of his innocence came to light. Lastly, a woman with whom he was betrayed into marriage by an infamous, and long protracted, system of deceit, ran away with another man, and artfully contrived that, in the eyes of the world, the greater portion of the blame should rest with him. All confidence in himself thus utterly crushed and blighted, every hope in destiny or in men annihilated, he lives among them like an unsympathizing, unconnected ghost,—a heartrending example that there are beings who (as far as this life is concerned) seem to be sold to the devil before their birth; for when the curse of destiny has once scathed a man, it only raises up to him enemies at every step, but robs him of the confidence, and, in time, of the hearts of his friends; till at length the unhappy one, crushed, rejected, and trodden under foot on every side, lays down his weary, wounded head, and dies; while his last sigh appears to the pitiless crowd an assumption, and an intolerable discord. Woe to the unlucky! Threefold woe to them! For to them there is neither virtue, nor wisdom, nor skill, nor joy! There is but one good for them; and that is—death."'—vol. iv. pp. 354—356.

The volume is filled with a thousand topics, which to us appear trifling in the extreme, but the introduction of which we are not therefore entitled to censure, since it must be considered that this work was originally written in German, and intended for the purpose of conveying to foreigners some notion of England, its inhabitants and manners. In this view of the author's object, trifles "light as air" serve not merely to amuse, but really to inform. We cannot enumerate a hundredth part of the subjects upon which he has touched in his usual sprightly dashing way. Before we close his fourth volume, however, we must transcribe from it his summary view of English society.

'England is now—viewed, certainly, with relation to a totally different universal spirit of the age—in a similar state to that of France thirty years before the revolution. And it will fall out with her as with her great rival, if she does not avert the storm by radical, but continuous reform. Nearly allied fundamental evils are present here, as there. On the one side, the undue preponderance, misused power, inflexible stony arrogance, and heartless frivolity of the great; on the other, selfishness and rapacity are grown into the national character of the mass of the people. Religion no longer dwells in the heart and spirit, but is become a dead form; notwithstanding the most unenlightened *spirit* of Catholicism,—with fewer ceremonies, indeed, but combined with like intolerance, and a similar hierarchy; and which, besides the bigotry and the pride of Rome, has this over and above, that it possesses an enormous share of the property of the country.

'Like causes have also given an analogous tone and direction, to what is preeminently called society. Experience will confirm this to every man who has access to what is called high life in England; and it will be highly interesting to him to observe how different a growth and aspect the same plant has assumed in France and England, in consequence of the original difference of the soil; for in France it grew rather out of chivalry and poetry, combined with the dominant vanity of the nation, with levity of character, and a real delight in social existence: in England, out of a brutal feudal tyranny, the commercial prosperity of later years, an ill-humour and moroseness innate in the nation, and a cold stony self-love.

'People on the continent generally form to themselves a more or less republican picture of English society. In the public life of the nation this is certainly very observable, as also in their domestic habits, in which selfishness is strangely prevalent. Grown up children and parents soon become almost strangers; and what we call domestic life is therefore applicable only to husband, wife, and little children, living in immediate dependance on their father: as soon as they grow up, a republican coldness and estrangement take place between them and their parents. An English poet maintains, that the love of a grandfather to his grandchildren arises from this; that in his grown up sons he sees only greedy and hostile heirs,—in his grandchildren the future enemies of his enemies. The very *thought* could never have arisen but in an English brain!

'In the relations and tone of society, on the other hand, from the highest step to the very lowest, not a trace of any element of republicanism is to be found. Here every thing is in the highest degree ultra-aristocratic; it is caste-like. The present so called great world would probably have taken a different form and character, if a court, in the continental sense of the word, had given tone and direction in the highest instance.

'Such a one, however, does not here exist. The kings of England live like private men; most of the high officers about the court are little more than nominal, and are seldom assembled except on occasions of great ceremony. Now as somewhere in society a focus must be organized, from which the highest light and the highest authority in all matters connected with society must emanate, the rich aristocracy seem here called to assume this station.

'It was, however, spite of all its wealth and puissance, not yet qualified to maintain such a station unquestioned. The English nobility, haughty as it is, can scarcely measure itself against the French in antiquity and purity of blood (if any value is to be attached to such things), and in no degree against the higher German nobility, which is for the most part intact. It dazzles only by the old historic names so wisely retained, which appear through the whole of English history like standing masks; though new families, often of very mean and even discreditable extraction (such as descendants of mistresses and the like), are continually concealed behind them. The English aristocracy has indeed the most solid advantages over those of all other countries, from its real wealth, and yet more from the share in the legislative power allotted to it by the constitution; *but as it is not upon these grounds that it chooses to assert or to justify its supremacy, but precisely upon its assumed noble blood and higher extraction*, the pretension must unquestionably appear to the rest of the world doubly ludicrous. The members of the aristocracy probably had an instinctive feeling of this; and thus, by a tacit convention, not nobility, not wealth, but an entirely new power was placed on the throne, as supreme and absolute sovereign—Fashion: a goddess who, in England alone, reigns in person (if I may so express myself), with despotic and inexorable sway, though always represented to mortal eyes by a few clever usurpers of either sex.

'The spirit of *caste*, which, emenating from this source, descends through all stages of society in greater or less force, has received here a power, consistency, and full development, wholly unexampled in any other country. The having visited on an intimate footing in a lower class, is sufficient to ensure you an extremely cold reception in the very next step of the ladder; and no Brahmin can shrink with more horror from all contact with a Paria, than an "Exclusive" from intercourse with a "Nobody." Every class of society, as well as every field, in England, is separated from every other by a hedge of thorns. Each has its own manners and turns of expression, its "cant" language, as it is called; and, above all, a supreme and absolute contempt for all below it. Of course every reflecting person sees at a glance, that a society so constituted, must necessarily become eminently provincial, (*kleinstädtisch* i. e. *small-townish*) in its several coteries; and this strikingly distinguishes it from the large and cosmopolitan society of Paris.

'Now, although the aristocracy, as I have remarked, does not stand *as such* on the pinnacle of this strange edifice, it yet exercises great influence over it. It is indeed difficult to become fashionable, without being of good descent; but it by no means follows, that a man is so in virtue of being well-born, still less of being rich. It sounds ludicrous to say, (but yet it is true) that the present king, for instance, is a very fashionable man; that his father was not in the least degree so, and that none of his brothers have any pretension to fashion; which unquestionably is highly to their honour; for no man who has any personal claims to distinction, would be frivolous enough long to have either the power or the will to maintain himself in that category. On the other hand, it would be a doubtful and critical matter to affirm decidedly what are the qualities which secure the highest places in that exalted sphere. You see alternately the most heterogeneous qualities occupy a post in it; and political motives, in a country like this, cannot be entirely without influence: yet I believe that caprice and luck, and, above all, women, here, as in the rest of the world, do more than anything else.

'On the whole, fashionable Englishmen, however unable they may be to lay aside their native heaviness and pedantry, certainly betray the most intense desire to rival the dissolute frivolity and "jactance" of the old court of France, in their fullest extent; while, in exactly the same proportion, the French now seek to exchange this character for old English earnestness, and daily advance towards higher and more dignified purposes, and views of existence.'—vol. iv. pp. 370—376.

The author pursues the comparison between the present state of our aristocracy, and that of the old regime of France, to an extent to which we cannot follow him. Our "exclusive" dandy he considers not half so good as a roué of the regency, for the dishonesty and vice of the latter were covered beneath a captivating address, which the dandy knows nothing about. Our prince indulges in a variety of little remarks against several of our leaders of fashion, both foreign and native, from which we are inclined to suspect, that he must have experienced, when here, some personal slights, which sunk much deeper into his memory than he was perhaps aware of. There is, nevertheless, a great deal of truth in the bold, and by no means flattering picture which he has drawn of "fashionable life" in this metropolis. But it wants the authority of impartiality. Private feelings are too manifestly mingled in the colours which he uses, and the satire, though just, will, we fear, lose much of its efficacy on this account.

ART. VI.—*Francis the First. An Historical Drama.* By Frances Ann Kemble. 8vo. pp. 142. London: Murray. 1832.

THERE has been a good deal of scenic preparation as well off the stage as upon it, for the presentation of this drama to the public. It has long since been announced in the newspapers and the playbills that such a production was in existence, and was to be brought forward with the assistance of all the resources of Covent Garden theatre. A favourable review of it was written and published in a journal of considerable circulation and authority, before the drama itself saw the light; and its performance was so timed as to follow, we think within a day or two, the publication of the criticism, which was so well calculated to secure it a gracious reception. The night of trial came, and the succeeding morning was ushered in with the newspaper trumpets proclaiming on all sides the decided success of the new play, and the bills—those celebrated dispensers of theatric fame—have ever since continued to tell us of the rapturous applause with which 'Francis the First' has been hailed by the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season.

Do we object to all these proceedings, or to any of them? Not we. Miss Fanny Kemble is a lucky author, in being able from her connexions and her position in society, to command all the assistance which her father's theatre and the journals could possibly have afforded her. It was something new, moreover, for a lady, and so young a lady, to appear before the world at once in the double capacity of an author and an actress, the delineator on the stage of one of the characters which she had imagined and painted in the closet. The attempt was in every respect a bold one, and deserved all the indulgence which it has universally experienced. If we have any prejudices on the matter, they are decidedly in favour of a daughter, who has been for some time taxing all her accomplishments of mind and person, for the honourable purpose of redeeming her father's property from the ruin with which it has more than once been menaced.

Nor is it to be denied that the drama—the fair author does not call it a tragedy—now before us, is as a mere literary work, a production of some merit. There are some passages which, we confess, we did not expect from a pen necessarily so unpractised in the arts of poetical composition. But taking the piece as a whole, and forgetting—as impartial critics looking only to the character of our national drama we ought to forget—all the extraneous circumstances attending it, we are bound in our honest judgment to say that it is marked by many glaring faults, and wants most of the requisites which we believe to be essential to excellence in this department of our literature.

We discard from our consideration all those canons of criticism which are founded upon arbitrary principles with respect to the unities of time and place, and other such exploded doctrines of the French school. It is sufficient in our estimation, if the piece succeed in fixing the attention during the time of its performance so steadfastly on the stage, as to kindle the imagination, and induce it to identify the characters of the drama with the persons whom they are intended to pourtray. This species of mental illusion it is the great object of dramatic compositions of every class to excite; it may be in the power of the actor to mar that object by his incapacity, or to heighten it beyond our conception by his talents; but we can put the piece to the test in our study as well as in the theatre, and either way it will, generally speaking, lead us to a right decision as to the merits of the composition. Judging 'Francis the First' by this simple rule, we should say that, neither in the closet nor on the stage, is it capable of attaining the object which the drama has in view.

The plot turns in the first place upon the sufferings and final success of the Duke of Bourbon, a vindictive traitor, who does not, like Coriolanus, redeem his treason by the grandeur of his character. There is a meanness in his motives, a littleness in his ambition, a falsehood in his conduct, which enlist all our best feelings against him, and would induce us to wrest from him, if we could, the triumph with which his proceedings are crowned. This could not be avoided, for it is matter of history, and it could not have been otherwise represented. But then it was not a matter of necessity for the author to choose that particular passage in history for her subject; and it must be admitted, that she was unfortunate in a choice, which, instead of engaging our feelings in favour of her hero, points them, on the contrary, against him.

Again:—few persons, we believe, have read the history of Francis the First without rising from it with the impression, that, however gross the faults which he committed during his reign, whether as a politician, a soldier, or a man, there was still a gallant bearing in his conduct, a chivalry in his soul, which after all make us think of him as one of the most generous and amiable sovereigns who have wielded the sceptre of France. Miss Fanny Kemble, however, appears to have read his history in a very different sense. She has here represented him as no better than Louis the Fifteenth in intellectual capacity, and quite equal to that monarch in all his infamies of debauchery. The attention of the king seems, throughout the first four acts of the play, to be almost exclusively devoted to the gratification of his passions, and the seduction of the innocent, at the same time that he appears to be kept in leading-strings by his mother. This inferiority of character to that which we read of him in history, may very well suit the purposes of the plot, but it does not at all correspond with our previous notions; it is in every way beneath them. And in the fifth act, where alone Francis appears himself for a scene or two, he scarcely has time to recover himself in our esteem, when he is abandoned by fortune and taken prisoner. This finale is in strict conformity with history, but it is a very undignified conclusion for the dramatic career of a monarch, to whom we should be so much inclined to wish success. Thus Bourbon rejoices in victory, whom we should desire to see humbled by defeat; and Francis is degraded by the surrender of his sword, whom we should be happy to see triumphant.

But the monstrous error of this drama is the king's mother, Louisa of Savoy—a woman whose conduct, in every instance where she appears on the stage, is repulsive in the extreme, and a violation of all the decencies of her sex. The author has here less excuse from history, as the passion which she imputes to Louisa for the Constable Bourbon, is altogether gratuitous. Bourbon had betrayed his allegiance, by joining Charles the Fifth before Francis turned his arms against the Milanese. It is notorious that the Constable's treason was the result of the persecutions which he had suffered from the king, and the confiscation of his property. Yet Miss F. Kemble makes Bourbon a governor of the Milanese for France before it was conquered, and she makes the queen mother, who actually detested him, recall him from his post, under an impulse of irresistible love, at the very period when he was in open arms against her son.

But even if history warranted the story which the fair author has invented, she would, in our judgment, have not the less violated all the rules of good taste, in drawing the character which she has here given to the queen. When that personage first makes her appearance, she, a woman of nearly sixty years of age, is made to speak of the passion of love with all the fervour of youth!

'Now out upon this beating heart, these temples,
That throb and burn so; and this *crimson glow*

That rushes o'er my brow : now, by this light,
I had not dream'd so much weak womanhood
Still slumber'd in my breast.

* * * * *

I'll even bear my *love* as royally,
As I have borne my pow'r :'—

for she had been regent while her son was in Italy :—

' I am asham'd of this ill-timed relapse,—
This soft unnerving power which thus enthrals me.'

Well indeed might she have been ashamed of such a passion at her age, and for a person too who was the most bitter enemy of her son—of her son whom she truly loved with all the tenderness of a mother. Her agent in the intrigue for winning the heart of Bourbon, is Gonzales, an emissary from the court of Spain, whose purpose it was to draw over the same Bourbon to the cause of the emperor, after the traitor had actually joined the imperial standard! But let these anachronisms pass ; Gonzales appears with the requisite papers for restoring to Bourbon his confiscated estates.

' QUEEN.

Hast thou drawn out the plan of the possessions ?

GONZALES.

So please your grace, I have :—Pardon me, madam,
I fear you are not well ; your cheek is pale,
And your lip quivers—is your highness ill ?

QUEEN.

Hush ! *'twas* a trumpet, was it not ?—and now—
Surely it is the tramp of horses' hoofs
That beat the ground thus hurriedly and loud ;—
I pray thee, father, throw the casement wide—
The air is stifling.

GONZALES.

I do entreat your highness to be seated ;
I never saw you thus o'ercome before :
You tremble, madam.

QUEEN (*rising*).

Do I so, indeed ?
I thank thee for that word—it hath revived me :
I'm very well—I do not tremble now ;—
By heav'n I never heard that word before :
It hath a wond'rous virtue ! Pray thee, father,
What think the people of Bourbon's return ?

GONZALES.

Madam, the summer clouds
That flit across the heav'ns are not more various,
More strange, and different in shape and colour,
Than are th' opinions born from his recall.

QUEEN.

But thou—but thou—
Accustomed as thou art to thread the mazes
Of dark intriguing policy—how think'st *thou* ?

GONZALES.

Accustom'd, as your highness should have said,
To read the will and wisdom of your eyes,
And watch, for your commands, each meaning look,
If I might say it, madam—I should think
That much indeed lay in this mystery;
For your eye speaks strange things.

QUEEN.

How sayest thou—
This hand is passing fair, is't not, Gonzales?

GONZALES.

Madam! 'tis not for me to estimate
The hand that kings have priz'd above their kingdom.

QUEEN.

Psha! fool! Oh, rather say the hand that held
The sovereign rule over their kingdoms. Now,
Mark me attentively. This woman's hand,
That but this moment trembled with alarm,—
This fair, frail hand, hath firmly held the reins
Of this vast empire for full many a year:
This hand hath given peace and war to Europe,—
This hand hath plac'd my son upon his throne,—
This hand hath held him there,—this hand it was
That sign'd the warrant for Bourbon's recall.

GONZALES.

Amazement!

QUEEN.

Ay! this woman's hand, led by a woman's heart.
Now hear me, thou; for to thy secrecy
I will confide what none, save only thou,
Have known—*must* know. Note well the latter word!
It is because I love the duke de Bourbon
With the strong love of such a soul as mine,
That I have called him from his government,
To lift him to the dizziest height of pow'r
This hand can grant, or kingdom can confer.'—pp. 12—15.

Here is a confession for an elderly lady to make! She *loves* the Duke de Bourbon, and for the gratification of her passion she recalled him to France! If we can outrage nature so far, as to suppose that the queen was in fact actuated so powerfully by such a passion at that period of her life, womanly decorum would at all events forbid her to disclose it in such unqualified terms to a mere stranger, and that too without the slightest necessity upon her part. Nor is it, to us at least, a recommendation in Louisa's character, that she can swear ' by heaven,' like any trooper.

' And now he is arriv'd—hark how the trumpets
Bray themselves hoarse with sounding welcome to him!
Oh, could I join my voice to yonder cry,
By heav'ns I think its tones would rend the welkin
With repetition of the hero's name,
Who's dearer far to me than life or fame.'

Such language as this in the mouth of a young man, ardently ached to a beautiful mistress, might be endurable, but in that the mother of Francis, at the age of threescore, it is unnatural; d even if it were consistent with fact, is grossly unbecoming. t content, however, with talking of her love to Gonzales, she xt confesses it to Bourbon himself. After leading him to supse that he had been recalled only for the purpose of conferring gher honours upon him, she proceeds in this strain:—

'QUEEN.

Hear me: what if (I will repeat the question),
'Stead of ingratitude or envy, motives
With which you seem full well contented,
Being the spring of this your swift return,
Your quick preferment, and increase of glory
Had been alone consulted?

BOURBON.

How so, madam?

QUEEN.

Ever too rash in your belief, my lord,
You run before the truth—you've followers,
Eager and zealous partisans you have;
Think you it is impossible some friend
May haply have contriv'd this prompt recall,
To bring you nearer to a court, where you
May find paths unexplor'd as yet, in which
Ambition might discover such a prize,
As were worth winning?

BOURBON.

I would have you know
De Bourbon storms, and does not steal his honours,
And though your highness thinks I am ambitious,
(And rightly thinks) I am not *so* ambitious
Ever to beg rewards that I can win,—
No man shall call me debtor to his tongue.

QUEEN (*rising.*)

'Tis proudly spoken; nobly too—but what,
What if a woman's hand were to bestow
Upon the Duke de Bourbon such high honours,
To raise him to such state, that grasping man,
E'en in his wildest thoughts of mad ambition,
Ne'er dreamt of a more glorious pinnacle?

BOURBON.

I'd kiss the lady's hand, an she were fair.
But if this world fill'd up the universe,—
If it could gather all the light that lives
In ev'ry other star or sun, or world;
If kings could be my subjects, and that I
Could call such pow'r and such a world my own,
I would not take it from a woman's hand.
Fame is my mistress, madam, and my sword
The only friend I ever wooed her with.

I hate all honours smelling of the distaff,
And, by this light, would as lief wear a spindle
Hung round my neck, as thank a lady's hand
For any favour greater than a kiss.—

QUEEN,

And how, if such a woman loved you,—how
If, while she crown'd your proud ambition, she
Could crown her own ungovernable passion,
And felt that all this earth posses'd, and she
Could give, were all too little for your love?
Oh good, my lord! there may be such a woman.

BOURBON (*aside*).

Amazement! can it be, sweet Margaret—
That she has read our love?—impossible!—and yet—
That lip ne'er wore so sweet a smile!—it is,
That look *is* pardon and acceptance! (*aloud*)—speak,
(*He falls at the* QUEEN'*s feet.*)
Madam, in pity speak but one word more,—
Who is that woman?

QUEEN (*throwing off her veil*).

I am that woman!

BOURBON (*starting up*).

You, by the holy mass! I scorn your proffers—
Is there no crimson blush to tell of fame
And shrinking womanhood! O shame! shame! shame!
(*The* QUEEN *remains clasping her hands to her temples, while* DE BOURBON *walks hastily up and down: after a long pause the* QUEEN *speaks.*)'—pp. 34—36.

It is impossible not to be sensible, that the queen is left at the conclusion of this scene in a state the most degraded and most painful that a woman has ever experienced. Who can sympathize in the passion which is said to burn in her blood? or, if there be those who could sympathize with her feelings, could they further tolerate the bold unfeminine precipitancy with which she reveals her folly? We could almost forgive Bourbon all his treason to his sovereign, for his indignant rejection of her proffered charms. But the insult must be avenged. She has him arrested and thrown into prison, where she endeavours once more, through her agent Gonzales, to tempt his ambition. She seeks to draw him into a secret interview in the palace, and for that purpose gives her signet ring to Gonzales, by shewing which to the jailor he obtains Bourbon's release, and of course permits him to effect his escape to Italy. Thus far the queen's passion forms the leading object of our attention, and upon its final frustration we should expect to see nothing more of her. But as an animal of prey when disappointed of one quarry of which it has been in pursuit, will turn its fury with the same facility against another, so we find the queen, slighted by Bourbon, pouring out the whole phial of her anger against a beauty of the court, Françoise de Foix, simply because she discovers that Francis feels or feigns an attachment to her. The arts of Gonzales are again put in requisition; the poisoned bowl is to be the instrument of her destruction; but here again the personal designs of the Spaniard are forwarded, for he had a family feud to avenge against Laval, to whom Françoise is affianced. Instead of the poison of the bowl, he uses that of the tongue; and in the presence of Françoise informs Laval, that, false to him, she intrigued with the king. The girl, overwhelmed by the audacious charge, stabs herself with a dagger on the spot, and saves Gonzales any further trouble. The queen, however, without any sort of just reason, orders him to be put to death. He, of course, discloses her orders under which he had acted, and the fourth act ends with the degradation of the queen from the office of regent, when she is sentenced by her son to spend the remainder of her days in a nunnery. We cannot give the whole of this scene; it is, however, but justice to the author to transcribe a part of it, as, horrible though it be, when we consider the actors and the circumstances, it is perhaps the most effective passage in the whole drama. Some of the sentiments and expressions will doubtless surprise the reader, as coming from the pen of a young lady.

'GONZALES.

'Look on that lady, Count Laval,—who stands
Pale as a virgin rose, whose early bloom
Hath not been gaz'd on yet by the hot sun;
And fair—

LAVAL.

Oh, how unutterably fair!

GONZALES.

Seems not that shrinking flower the soul of all
That is most pure, as well as beautiful?

LAVAL.

Peace, thou vain babbler! Is it unto me
That thou art prating?—unto me, who have
Worshipp'd her, with a wild idolatry,
Liker to madness than to love?

GONZALES.

Indeed!
Say, then, if such a show of chastity
Ere sat on lips that have been hot with passion?
Or such a pale cold hue did ever rest
On cheeks where burning kisses have call'd up
The crimson blood, in blushes all as warm?
Look on her yet; and say, if ever form
Show'd half so like a breathing piece of marble.
Off with thy specious seeming, thou deceiver!
And don a look that better suits thy state.
Oh, well-dissembled sin! say, was it thus,
Shrinking, and pale, thou stood'st, when the King's arms
Did clasp thee, and his hot lip sear'd from thine
Their oath to wed thy brother's friend?—

LAVAL.

Damnation
Alight upon thee, thou audacious monk!
The blight thou breath'st recoil on thine own head:
It hath no power to touch the spotless fame
Of one, from whom thy cursed calumnies
Fly like rebounding shafts;—Ha! ha! ha! ha!
The king! a merry tale forsooth!

GONZALES.

Then we
Will laugh at it, ha! ha!—why, what care I?
We will be merry; since thou art content
To laugh and be a—

LAVAL.

Françoise—I—I pray thee
Speak to me,—smile—speak,—look on me, I say—
What, tears! what, wring thine hands! what, pale as death!
And not one word—not one!

FRANÇOISE.

(*To* GONZALES.) Oh deadly fiend!
Thou hast but hasten'd that which was foredoom'd.
(*To* LAVAL.) My lord, ere I make answer to this charge,
I have a boon to crave of you—my brother—

LAVAL.

How wildly thine eye rolls; thy hand is cold
As death, my fairest love.

FRANÇOISE.

Beseech you, sir,
Unclasp your arm;—where is my brother?

LAVAL.

Lautrec?—
In Italy; ere now is well and happy.

FRANÇOISE.

Thanks, gentle heaven! all is not bitterness,
In this most bitter hour. My Lord Laval,
To you my faith was plighted, by my brother;
That faith I ratified by mine own vow.—

LAVAL.

The oath was register'd in highest heaven.
Thou'rt mine!—

FRANÇOISE.

To all eternity, Laval,
If blood cannot efface that damning bond;
(*Snatches his dagger and stabs herself.*)
'Tis cancell'd, I've struck home—my dear, dear brother.
[*Dies*

GONZALES (*aside.*)

It works, it works!

LAVAL.

Oh horrible!—she's dead!
(FRANCIS *rushes from his concealment at the word*

FRANCIS.

Dead!
(LAVAL *draws his sword, and turns upon the* KING, *who draws to defend himself.*)

LAVAL.

Ha! what fiend hath sent thee here?
Down! down to hell with thee, thou damn'd seducer!

Enter QUEEN, *followed by Attendants.*

QUEEN.

Secure that madman!
(*Part of the Attendants surround and disarm* LAVAL.)

QUEEN (*aside to* GONZALES).

Bravely done, indeed!
I shall remember.—(*aloud*)—How now, wayward boy?
How is't I find thee here in private broils,
Whilst proud rebellion triumphs o'er the land?
Bourbon's in France again! and strong Marseilles
Beleaguer'd round by Spanish soldiery.
These tidings brought young Henry of Navarre,
Whom Bourbon, and Colonna, joining arms,
Have stripp'd and spoil'd of his paternal crown.

FRANCIS.

Peace, mother, prithee peace; look here! look here!
Here is a sight, that hath more sorrow in it,
Than loss of kingdoms, empires, or the world!
There lies the fairest lily of the land,
Untimely broken from its stem, to wither!
(*Going towards the body.*)

LAVAL (*breaks from Attendants.*)

Stand back, King Francis! lay not e'en a finger
On this poor wreck, that death hath sanctified!
This soulless frame of what was once my love!
Oh! thou pale flower, that in death's icy grasp
Dost lie, making the dissolution that we dread
Look fair;—farewell! for ever, and for ever!
Thou should'st have been the glad crown of my youth,
Maturer life's fruitful and fond companion,—
Dreary old age's shelter.

GONZALES.

Tears, my Lord?

LAVAL.

Ay, tears, thou busy mischief; get thee hence!
Away! who sent for thee?—who bade thee pour
The venom of thy tongue into my wounds?
What seek'st thou here?

GONZALES.

To see thee weep, Laval!
And I am satisfied! Look on me, boy!
Dost know Garcia—first scion of a house
Whose kindred shoots by thine were all cut down?

LAVAL.

For dead I left thee on Marignan plain!

Art thou from thence arisen ! or from hell !
To wreak such ruin on me

GONZALES.

They die not
Who have the work I had on hand unfinish'd ;
The spirit would not from its fleshy house,
In which thy sword so many outlets made,
Ere it had seen its fell revenge fulfill'd.

LAVAL.

Revenge !—for what !—wherefore dost thou pursue me ?

GONZALES.

Look on thy bride ! look on that faded thing,
That e'en the tears thy manhood showers so fast,
And bravely, cannot wake to life again !
I call all nature to bear witness here ;—
As fair a flower once grew within my home,
As young, as lovely, and as dearly lov'd.—
I had a sister once, a gentle maid—
The only daughter of my father's house,
Round whom our ruder loves did all entwine,
As round the dearest treasure that we own'd.
She was the centre of our soul's affections ;
She was the bud, that underneath our strong
And sheltering arms, spread over her, did blow.
So grew this fair, fair girl, till envious fate
Brought on the hour when she was withered.
Thy father, sir—now mark !—for 'tis the point
And moral of my tale—thy father, then,
Was, by my sire, in war ta'en prisoner ;—
Wounded almost to death, he brought him home,—
Shelter'd him,—cherish'd him,—and with a care,
Most like a brother's, watch'd his bed of sickness,
Till ruddy health, once more through all his veins,
Sent life's warm stream in strong returning tide.
How think ye he repaid my father's love ?
From her dear home he lur'd my sister forth,
And, having robb'd her of her treasur'd honour,
Cast her away, defil'd,—despoil'd,—forsaken !
The daughter of a high and ancient line !—
The child of so much love !—she died !—she died !—
Upon the threshold of that home, from which
My father spurn'd her !—over whose pale corse
I swore to hunt, through life, her ravisher ;
Nor ever from my bloodhound track desist,
Till due and deep atonement had been made—
Honour for honour given—blood for blood.

LAVAL.

These were my father's injuries,—not mine,
Remorseless fiend !

GONZALES.

Thy father died in battle ;

And as his lands, and titles, at his death,
Devolv'd on thee, on thee devolv'd the treasure
Of my dear hate;—I have had such revenge!
Such horrible revenge!—thy life, thy honour,
Were all too little;—I have had thy tears!
I've wrung a woman's sorrow from thine eyes,
And drunk each bitter drop of agony,
As heav'nly nectar, worthy of the gods!
Kings, the earth's mightiest potentates, have been
My tools and instruments: you, haughty madam,
And your ambition,—yonder headstrong boy,
And his mad love,—all, all beneath my feet,
All slaves unto my will and deadly purpose.

QUEEN.

Such glorious triumphs should be short-lived:—ho!
Lead out that man to instant death.

GONZALES.

Without confession, madam, shall I go?
Shall not the world know on what services
Louisa of Savoy bestows such guerdon?

QUEEN.

Am I obey'd! away with him!

FRANCIS.

Your pardon:—
If he have aught to speak before he dies,
Let him unfold; it is our pleasure so!

GONZALES.

You did not deal so hardly with the soul
Of Bourbon, when you sent me to his cell,
Love's frock'd and hooded messenger, I trow.—
But let that pass.—King Francis, mark me well:
I was, by yonder lady, made the bearer
Of am'rous overtures unto De Bourbon,
Which he with scorn flung back; else trust me, sir,
You had not stood so safely on your throne
As now you stand. 'Twas I who set him free:
Empower'd by Charles of Spain to buy his arm
At any cost: so much for Bourbon! Now,
Look on the prostrate form of this fair creature!
Why, how now, madam, do you blench and start?
You're somewhat pale! fie, fie! what matters it—
'*Blood is but blood, and life no more than life,*
'*Be't cradled in however fair a form.*'
Is't not well done! ha! well and suddenly?
Are you not satisfied?

QUEEN.

Thou lying devil!

GONZALES.

Dar'st thou deny the part thou hast in this?

QUEEN.

Dar'st thou to me? Ay, reptile!

GONZALES.

Here! look here!—(*shows her letter.*)

QUEEN.

Ha!

GONZALES.

Hast thou found thy master spirit, Queen!
Our wits have grappled hard for many a day.
What! mute at last? or hast some quaint device?

QUEEN.

No! hell has conquered me!

FRANCIS.

Give me that scroll—hast thou said all, Garcia?

GONZALES.

Ay, all!—Fair madam, fare ye well awhile;
And for my death, I thank you from my soul.
For after the rich cup I've drained this hour,
The rest were tasteless, stale, and wearisome.
Life had no aim, or joy, or end, save vengeance—
Vengeance is satisfied, so farewell life!

[*Exit, guarded.*

FRANCIS (*reads the letter.*)

Oh, mother! guilt hath taken from thy lips
All proud repelling answer. Give me that ring,—
Strip me that diadem from off thy brows,—
And bid a long farewell to vanity!
For in a holy nunnery immured,
Thou shalt have leisure to make peace with heav'n,
And mourn i' the shade of solitude thy errors.
It is our sov'reign pleasure. (*To the body.*)—And for thee,
Thou lovely dust, all pomp and circumstance
That can gild death shall wait thee to thy grave:
Thou shalt lie with the royal and the proud;
And marble, by the dext'rous chisel taught,
Shall learn to mourn thy hapless fortunes.

LAVAL.

No!
Ye shall not bear her to your receptacles;
Nor raise a monument, for busy eyes
To stare upon; no hand, in future days,
Shall point to her last home; no voice shall cry,
'There lies King Francis' paramour!' In life,
Thou did'st despoil me of her; but in death,
She's mine! I that did love her so,
Will give her that, my love doth tell me best
Fits with her fate—an honourable grave:
She shall among my ancestral tombs repose,
Without an epitaph, except my tears.

FRANCIS.

Then now for war, oh! ill to end, I fear,
Usher'd with such dark deeds and fell disasters!

[*Exeunt* FRANCIS, *followed by the* QUEEN
and Attendants on one side, and LAVAL,
with the others, bearing the body.

Here the play terminates so far as the queen is concerned. We have been hitherto occupied chiefly by her passion for Bourbon, his rejection of it, her unsuccessful efforts to tempt his ambition, and her wanton, cruel, and detestable attempt to murder Françoise. We rejoice in the final humiliation of such a monster of a woman, and we are glad that the curtain falls upon her crimes. But we have still a fifth act before us, which is in effect altogether a new and distinct drama. Francis, who through the four first acts appeared little more than a profligate courtier still in the leading strings of his mother, now at length puts on the king, and the scene changes from France to Italy; from domestic intrigue to foreign war. Hitherto the queen had been the heroine of the play; her passion and her crimes demanded our attention, and excited our horror; but now Bourbon becomes the hero,—we are to witness the consummation of his revenge, and the triumph of his perfidy.

We need scarcely remark, that this mode of conducting a drama, necessarily tends to divide the interest between too many prominent objects, and, by consequence, to weaken, if not to destroy it altogether. We care nothing about the unities of time or place, for the imagination can without difficulty shift with the scenery from one country to another, and can just as easily suppose the lapse of months or years in a moment. But no composition, whether intended for the closet or the stage, can be ranked in the order of excellence, which fails to produce a unity, or rather, perhaps we should say, a symmetry of impression. It may possibly be considered by some philosophers as a defect in the constitution of our powers of vision, that no object can be clearly figured upon the retina, unless the rays of light that emanate from it be previously brought to a single point of convergence in the pupil of the eye. The same defect, if such it be, appertains to the mind, which can receive no decided or permanent impression from any number of objects presented to its attention, unless they are capable of being collected into a focus. It is impossible for the mind to perform such an operation as this, with the passion of the queen for Bourbon, her hatred of Françoise, and the ultimate revenge of the traitor. These three leading points of interest do not converge: they spring from sources widely distant from each other, and might form so many different themes for the exercise of the author's dramatic powers.

The composition has its title from the king: yet, strange to say, although Francis is much seen and heard through the first four acts, he always appears in a secondary character. In the fifth act, he becomes the sovereign more completely; yet even here, though he commands armies, and fights battles, his star turns pale, while that of Bourbon is in the ascendant.

The fifth act opens with a scene which is altogether inconsistent with Bourbon's fiery character. He comes before us whining like a gentle swain for the absence of his lady love, Margaret, the sister of Francis! But this is not all. Lautrec, the brother of Françoise, who we now learn for the first time had been seduced by the king, goes over to the enemy, and asks permission to join the standard of Bourbon. But he, good rebel, all at once becomes scrupulous. He has grown old, he says, and cautious. His character was slandered in France. He, forsooth, was called a traitor, whereas he was only the instrument of his own revenge! He who was in arms against his sovereign, and at the moment on the march to encounter him, was afraid of offending Providence! Excellent, faithful Bourbon, he could not think of making his army (chiefly composed of brigands, by the way), a retreat for rebels! Moreover, Lautrec had sworn that he would be revenged on the king. It was therefore out of the question. Bourbon could not accept the assistance of such a person! All this is perfectly ridiculous.

We then come to the second scene, which displays more poetic beauty of composition than any other part of the drama. It will remind the reader at once of that fine scene in Richard the Third, the morning before the battle, of which, indeed, it is little better than an imitation; but an imitation, it must be confessed, of no mean order.

' *Scene II.—King* FRANCIS' *tent before the walls of Pavia. Night—a lamp burning: on one couch* HENRY *of Navarre sleeping, on the other,* FRANCIS.

FRANCIS (*in his sleep*).

Down! down! help ho! the traitor's stabb'd me!—help!
(*Wakes*) What all alone! and night!—an idle dream!
(*Rising*) Yet sure methought we did together fight,
Bourbon and I; and ever as I struck him,
Laval did come between us—but 'tis nought.
A very phantasy, born of my thoughts,
Which have been straining on to-morrow's issue.
(*To* NAVARRE)—How well thou sleep'st, thou disinherited King!
Thou hast no dream of empire or dominion;
Thine being lost, no longer are a care.
And all th' event to-morrow brings to thee,
Is life, or death, a paltry stake at best!
Ta'en by itself, and without added value
Of crown, or kingdom, fame, or name to lose.
Sleep on,—youth's healthful current keeps its course
Within thy veins; and thy unwrinkled brow
Shows like the glassy wave, when sunset smiles on it.
Oh, would that I were eas'd of power too!—
Then might I rest, perchance, as thou dost now.

(*He walks to the end of the tent, and draws back the curtains at the entrance of it; which, being opened, discover the camp by moonlight, the Tesino, and distant walls of Pavia.*)

How many are there, sleeping on yon field,
Who shall to-morrow lay them down for ever.
How many heads, whose dreams are all of conquest,

Lie pillow'd on their graves.—Where shall they be
After the dawn, awaken'd by our trumpets,
Has drawn away night's curtain? Then shall come
War's horrid din,—then shall these slumberers,
All drenched in gore, all gash'd, and mangled, roll
Together in the thirsty dust; and some
Shall pray to heaven for mercy, and for years
Of future life, and some shall yell for pain,
And curse the hour that they were born, and cry
For water to allay their dying drought.
There shall the proud lie writhing, in the herd
Of common soldiers; there the brave shall lie,
Bleeding beside the coward; there, perchance,
I shall be stretch'd, stark, ere the evening fall—
A fearful thought!—Now through the silent air,
And the dark night, might Fancy dream she saw
Death stalking in the midst of yonder field,
Marking the prey that shall be his to-morrow.
Why, how is this?—my blood chills in my veins!
A shadow passes over me!—Shall I?—
Oh conscience! lie thou still! it is thy hand
That strikes so cold upon my sense, and turns
The rapid current of my blood athwart,
With these slow shiv'ring fears.—I'll wake D'Albret;
For now already through the twilight breaks
The dappled hue of morn, chasing away
Night's shadows, and these gloomy phantasies.
There is a freshness in the early air
That quickens ev'ry faculty, and makes
A keen enjoyment of existence only.
Now falls the gray veil from fair Nature's face,
And streaks of light shoot through the amber sky.
What ho! awake, D'Albret! the day hath dawn'd,
And the young morning, clad in saffron robes
Of glorious light, opens heav'n's eastern gate,
And bids the sun good morrow.—(*Trumpet*)—Hark! the trumpet,
Clear, as the lark's shrill matin note, doth sound
Through the blue vault,—the hum of multitudes
Rises in the still air,—the clash of steel.—
The tramp of trained feet doth beat the ground,
In even measure,—steeds neigh long and loud,—
And voices of command, whoop and halloo,
Ring through the tented lines;—arouse thee! slumb'rer!
The day is broke,—the camp is all awake.'—pp. 122—124.

The battle, however, is not yet begun, and as a battle on the stage cannot be of very long duration, and it was still necessary to eke out the act, Triboulet, the court jester, makes his appearance with the last batch of recruits from Paris, and entertains the king with his swaggering gallantry and pointless humour. This same Triboulet is evidently a great favourite with the author. His character is with her, what in the north would be called a "fond idea. It is the creation of an unsound vein of the fancy—a sort of nympholeptic indulgence, arising probably out of some girlish recollections of a story book, in which some jester of the olden time figured as the hero. A council of war is then held, the debates in which are nearly as drowsy as those on the reform bill, and at length the battle roars in right earnest. The fortune of the field turns against Francis—*Triboulet dies!* As if this jump from the sublime to the ludicrous were not sufficient, Triboulet, in the very hour of defeat, is borne to his tomb with all the honours of a dirge; at which Francis not only appears as chief mourner, but actually makes the responses in the *De Profundis*—and in Latin too! This introduction upon the stage, at the burial of a jester, of one of the most pathetic psalms in the whole of the Sacred Writings is, to say the least of it, an innovation, which we should not desire to see converted into a precedent. The whole scene is a mockery and an error, even dramatically speaking, for it cannot be supposed that at such a moment, Francis, who was already a prisoner, had either time or thought for such a ceremony as this, over the body of a reputed fool.

Now, with all these faults, which we have pointed out with the frankness and freedom that are absolutely necessary in a critical journal, whose sole and straightforward object it is to attend to the interests of the national literature, we are still willing to acknowledge that Miss F. Kemble has displayed in this composition, intellectual powers that may, if rightly directed, enable her to produce a much better drama than 'Francis the First.' She has evidently a fine perception of character, and a good idea of stage effect. We suspect the originality and extent of her poetical faculty; but the best poets are not always the best dramatic writers. We think her style sufficiently dignified and energetic when the occasion requires it, and her blank verse subsides without difficulty into the tone of excited conversation. We hope that she will select a theme for her next effort from English or Scottish history.

ART. VII.—*Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. In 2 volumes 8vo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1832.

IF Captain Hall's picture, or caricature rather, of American society was calculated to provoke the wrath of our brethren at the other side of the Atlantic, we fear that Mrs. Trollope's work will tend but little to soothe their wounded feelings. She has gone into their houses, their churches, their religious and political meetings; she has mingled in their balls and dinner parties, penetrated to the very sanctuary of their private lives, and has laid bare all their peculiarities with an unsparing hand. She does not affect to be deeply read in the constitution and laws of the republican union, and yet she has not hesitated to give them all a bad name. She *lithographs* its tribunals, laughs at its mode of administering justice, turns up her nose at its freedom, and declares it a sovereign remedy for sedition. The ancient caused his slave to be intoxicated, and then exhibited him before his son as a warning against drunkenness. According to Mrs. Trollope, no Englishman could ever be disloyal to his king who had once seen with his own eyes the consequences, which the levelling principle has produced in America.

We have no doubt whatever that the lady has written her work in perfect good faith, and sincerely believed every thing to be true which she has asserted of America, and its political as well as judicial institutions. We must observe, however, that her judgment is not to be considered as quite conclusive upon these important subjects. The effect of those institutions upon the community amongst whom they have been established for fifty years, is to be taken, not from the opinion of a foreigner and a mere sojourner in the land, but from the consequences which they have actually produced during the period of their operation. The voice of history and not the journal of a summer tour is to be our guide on this occasion, and that voice has informed the world, that, within fifty years, a set of small colonies have been transformed into the most mighty republic which mankind have yet seen; that from less than a million her population has grown into ten millions or more; that from possessing a few merchant ships she now commands a formidable navy; that the number of her component states has doubled; that she has gone through two wars, and is now nearly free from public debt; that she has no taxes worth mentioning, and no poor laws of any kind; and, what is better than all, no state religion; that her people are free and contented, and her flag respected throughout the world. These are the tangible and indisputable consequences of American institutions. The people who enjoy them may well laugh at the puny efforts of those superficial tourists, who affect to despise the sources of so many blessings—blessings which no other community on earth possess to a similar extent.

Upon the other great branch of her work, the one indeed concerning which she was most competent to speak, and to which she naturally devoted her principal attention, she has, we think, treated the Union unfairly. Every body knows that the south western states, called not many years since the back settlements, are the least civilized portion of the republic. Suppose a century ago a Frenchman had travelled among the Highlanders of Scotland, given a minute picture of their uncultivated manners, and published that picture as a true representation of British habits and customs; would not common sense have revolted against such an attempt, and consigned the libel to ridicule? Suppose even now a foreigner were to make a tour in Galway, or any other of the western counties of Ireland, in which the peasantry are most abundant, and in the lowest state of barbarism and poverty, and after finishing his expedition were to give his journal to the world as an authentic exposition of the state of society in Great Britain and Ireland; would not his book be scouted even from the salons of Paris, in which our national character for civilization has by no means as yet reached the standard of French taste?

Nevertheless this is precisely the course which Mrs. Trollope has taken. She first visited the south western states: there she remained for some time; there she collected her first impressions of American manners, and her most piquant anecdotes; but her picture, which may, and we believe does, afford a just view of that part of the Union, ought not to be considered by any impartial mind as representing the whole. We find that after her departure from the south, she gradually advanced upon a country more and more civilized as she approached the older states; and she confesses herself, that at Baltimore, New York, and Washington, there were but few things to remind her that she was four thousand miles from England. We hope that our American friends will attend to this distinction, and receive only with a good-humoured laugh the generalized title which Mrs. Trollope has conferred, we suppose for want of a better, on her journal.

It was this lady's object to settle her son in one of the new states, and for this purpose, accompanied by the young gentleman, her two daughters, and the celebrated reformer of society, Miss Wright, she sailed from London in November, 1827. After a passage of about fifty days she arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi. The muddy tide of the enormous river, the low swampy banks, the huge bulrushes, the sterile desolation of the scene, were enough to frighten the heart of the stoutest adventurer. The first station, Balize, the most miserable abode upon the face of the earth; the quantities of drift wood borne down the stream, consisting frequently of immense trees still bearing their branches and their uptorn roots entire, which are sometimes entangled together, and, being laden with rubbish, assume the appearance of a floating island; were by no means calculated to cheer the feeling of despondency which the first view of the scene was calculated to excite. By degrees, however, the bright tints of southern vegetation cheered the eye. Next, some villas, sugar grounds, and negro huts, varied the prospect, but the landscape is nowhere beautiful. The river, when flooded, is higher than the land in its neighbourhood, from which it is shut out by strong embankments. The navigation is excessively difficult and tedious from Balize to New Orleans, and arrived there, though every thing be new to a European, there is little to gratify the eye. It has the appearance of a French provincial town, having been an old French colony, taken from Spain by France. The "eternal forests of the western world" begin quite close to the town. Mrs. Trollope remarks, that, contrary to what one would suppose, the trees are generally stunted in their growth by a parasitical plant called Spanish moss; which, however, adds not a little to their beauty, as 'it hangs gracefully from the boughs, converting the outline of all the trees it hangs upon into that of weeping willows.' 'The chief beauty of the forest,' she adds, 'in this region, is from the luxuriant under-growth of palmetos, which is decidedly the loveliest coloured and most graceful plant I know. The pawpaw, too, is a splendid shrub, and in great abundance. We here, for the first time, saw the wild vine, which we afterwards found growing profusely in every part of America; the strong pendant festoons made safe and commodious swings, which some of our party enjoyed.'

Other very novel objects to European eyes were the slaves seen at work every where. The fancy is at first busy in weaving a romance of misery for each of these creatures, but further acquaintance with America shews that they are by no means so unhappy as we might be led to imagine. We believe this to be true enough; but the fact ought not to lessen our detestation of the usage, especially in a free country, which supposes that one man may, by violence or purchase, acquire a right of property in the existence and services of another. The society of New Orleans is composed of two classes, the Creoles and the Quadroons, between which there is as complete a separation as between our exclusives and our middle orders. The Creoles are the aristocracy, the Quadroons the plebeians. The females of the latter class, however beautiful, amiable, and accomplished—and many of them are eminently so—are not only not admitted into Creole society, but cannot lawfully be married to a gentleman of that class. Their charms are not however the less attractive, and the result is, that unions are formed without the sanction of the law, which, though depending on the will of the parties, and attended with a certain degree of disgrace, are said to be often lasting and happy.

From New Orleans the party proceeded up the Mississippi in a steam boat, with the view of staying some months with Miss Wright and her sister, at an estate which she had purchased in Tenessee. She was at that period determined to seclude herself in the forest, in order that her fortune, time, and talents, might be exclusively devoted to the cause of the African slaves. She afterwards, as it is well known, extended her ideas of improvement to the whole human race, and in pursuit of her visionary perfection gave public lectures in America. The reader has probably often heard of the great beauty and superiority of the American steam boats; but he can have little idea of the social miseries which he would have to endure in one of those that ply on the Mississippi. In this respect Mrs. Trollope declares, that she would infinitely prefer 'the apartment of a party of well conditioned pigs!' The floors of the cabin are superbly carpeted, but 'oh that carpet!' she exclaims, 'I will not, I may not, describe its condition.'

'I hardly know,' adds the writer, 'any annoyance so deeply repugn

English feelings, as the incessant, remorseless, spitting of the Americans. I feel that I owe my readers an apology for the repeated use of this, and several other odious words; but I cannot avoid them without suffering the fidelity of description to escape. It is possible that in this phrase "Americans," I may be too general. The United States form a continent of almost distinct nations, and I must now, and always, be understood to speak only of that portion of them which I have seen. In conversing with Americans, I have constantly found that if I alluded to any thing which they thought I considered as uncouth, they would assure me it was local, and not national; the accidental peculiarity of a very small part, and by no means a specimen of the whole. "That is because you know so little of America," is a phrase I have listened to a thousand times, and in nearly as many different places. *It may be so*—and having made this concession, I protest against the charge of injustice in relating what I have seen."—vol. i. p. 20.

Does not the reader perceive that the Italics—*It may be so*—completely spoil the concession which is here made? They convey exactly the same sort of inuendo as a wink of the eye, or a nod of the head, just as much as to say, "the thing is barely possible, but I know what I know, and that is enough." The fairest character might be taken away by such a concession as this. It is a typographical way

"To hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

Her account of some of her fellow voyagers is in a still more angry strain.

'The gentlemen in the cabin (we had no ladies) would certainly neither, from their language, manners, nor appearance, have received that designation in Europe; but we soon found their claim to it rested on more substantial ground, for we heard them nearly all addressed by the titles of general, colonel, and major. On mentioning these military dignities to an English friend some time afterwards, he told me, that he too had made the voyage with the same description of company, but remarking that there was not a single captain among them, he made the observation to a fellow passenger, and asked him how he accounted for it? "Oh, sir, the captains are all on deck," was the reply.

'Our honours, however, were not all military, for we had a judge among us. I know it is equally easy and invidious to ridicule the peculiarities of appearance and manner in the people of a different nation from ourselves; we may, too, at the same moment, be undergoing the same ordeal in their estimation; and, moreover, I am by no means disposed to consider whatever is new to me as therefore objectionable; but, nevertheless, it was impossible not feel repugnance to many of the novelties that now surrounded me.

'The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table; the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured; the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be any thing rather than an hour of enjoyment.

'The little conversation that went forward while we remained in the room was entirely political, and the respective claims of Adams and Jackson to the presidency were argued with more oaths and more vehemence than it had ever been my lot to hear. And a colonel appeared on the verge of assaulting a major, when a huge seven foot Kentuckian gentleman horse-dealer, asked of the heavens to confound them both, and bade them sit still and be d——d. We too thought we should share this sentence; at least sitting still in the cabin seemed very nearly to include the rest of it, and we never tarried there a moment longer than was absolutely necessary to eat.'—vol. i. pp. 23—25.

The scenery on the Mississippi afforded but small compensation for the miseries of the steam boat. The banks continue flat and unbroken for many miles above New Orleans, and almost as far as the town of Natches, which, being beautifully situated, looks with its green hill like an oasis in the desert. Its climate, like that of New Orleans, is however fatal in the warm season, otherwise it would attract numerous settlers. The other towns and villages passed by our voyagers looked wretched in the extreme. The huts of the wood-cutters who supply the steam boats with fuel, are constructed on piles, which lift them beyond the reach of the flood when at its height; but the unfortunate inmates are invariably the victims of ague, and their occasional appearance at the door of their miserable cabins deepens the gloom of the scene. The river abounds in crocodiles, and it is said they have more than once made a dreadful repast upon the children of these unhappy wood-cutters. To add to the desolation reigning around, 'the lurid glare of a burning forest was almost constantly visible after sunset, and when the wind so willed, the smoke arising from it floated in heavy vapour over head. Not all the novelty of the scene, not all its vastness, could prevent its heavy horror wearying the spirits.' At length the boat arrived at Memphis, where the party landed. This straggling new town is situated at the most beautiful point of the Mississippi, which has here the appearance of a noble lake. As it was the custom here for all the male inhabitants of the town to dine together at the hotel, our travellers were under the necessity of taking the chance of the general table. They (the towns people) we are told, 'ate in perfect silence, and with such astonishing rapidity, that their dinner was over literally before our's was begun; the instant they ceased to eat, they darted from the table in the same moody silence which they had preserved since they entered the room, and a second set took their places, who performed their silent parts in the same manner. The only sounds heard were those produced by the knives and forks, with the unceasing chorus of coughing, &c. No women were present except ourselves and the hostess; the good women of Memphis being well content to let their lords partake of Mrs. Anderson's turkeys and venison, (without their having the trouble of cooking them), whilst they regale themselves on mash and milk at home. The author conceived at first that her party were complimented by being placed at the top of the table; but her belief on this point was soon set at rest, when she saw seated exactly opposite to her her own man servant! Oh, sight of horror to an English lady!

Nashoba, Miss Wright's hermitage, was at a distance of fifteen miles through the forest. The first day the party attempted the journey thither, they were prevented from proceeding by the height of the waters. Having waited until the inundation subsided, they renewed their efforts with more success.

> 'The next day we started again, and the clear air, the bright sun, the novel wildness of the dark forest, and our keenly awakened curiosity, made the excursion delightful, and enabled us to bear without shrinking the bumps and bruises we encountered. We soon lost all trace of a road, at least so it appeared to us, for the stumps were left standing three feet high. Over these, the high-hung Deerborn, as our carriage was called, passed safely; but it required some miles of experience to convince us that every stump would not be our last; it was amusing to watch the cool and easy skill with which the driver wound his horses and wheels among these stumps, I thought he might have been imported to Bond-street with great advantage. The forest became thicker and more dreary looking every mile we advanced, but our ever-grinning negro declared it was a right good road, and that we should be sure to get to Nashoba.
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> 'And so we did * * * * * * * and one glance sufficed to convince me that every idea I had formed of the place was as far as possible from the truth. Desolation was the only feeling; the only word that presented itself: but it was not spoken. I think, however, that Miss Wright was aware of the painful impression the sight of her forest home produced on me, and I doubt not that the conviction reached us both at the same moment, that we had erred in thinking that a few months passed together at this spot could be productive of pleasure to either. But to do her justice, I believe her mind was so exclusively occupied by the object she had then in view, that all things else were worthless, or indifferent to her. I never heard or read of any enthusiasm approaching her's, except in some few instances, in ages past, of religious fanaticism.
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> 'It must have been some feeling equally powerful, which enabled Miss Wright, accustomed to all the comfort and refinement of Europe, to imagine not only that she herself could exist in this wilderness, but that her European friends could enter there, and not feel dismayed at the savage aspect of the scene. The annexed plate gives a faithful view of the cleared space and buildings which form the settlement. Each building consisted of two large rooms furnished in the most simple manner; nor had they as yet collected round them any of those minor comforts, which ordinary minds class among the necessaries of life. But in this our philosophical friend seemed to see no evil; nor was there any mixture of affectation in this indifference; it was a circumstance really and truly beneath her notice. Her whole heart and soul were occupied by the hope of raising the African to the level of European intellect; and even now that I have seen this favourite fabric of her imagination fall to pieces

beneath her feet, I cannot recall the self-devotion with which she gave herself to it, without admiration.

'The only white persons we found at Nashoba were my amiable friend, Mrs. W * * *, the sister of Miss Wright, and her husband. I think they had between thirty and forty slaves, including children, but when I was there no school had been established. Books and other materials for the great experiment had been collected, and one or two professors engaged, but nothing was yet organized. I found my friend Mrs. W * * * in very bad health, which she confessed she attributed to the climate. This naturally so much alarmed me for my children, that I decided upon leaving the place with as little delay as possible, and did so at the end of ten days.

'I do not exactly know what was the immediate cause which induced Miss Wright to abandon a scheme which had taken such possession of her imagination, and on which she had expended so much money; but many months had not elapsed, before I learnt with much pleasure, that she and her sister had also left it. I think it probable that she became aware upon returning to Nashoba, that the climate was too hostile to their health. All I know farther of Nashoba is, that Miss Wright having found (from some cause or other) that it was impossible to pursue her object, herself accompanied her slaves to Hayti, and left them there, free, and under the protection of the president.

'I found no beauty in the scenery around Nashoba, nor can I conceive that it would possess any even in summer. The trees were so close to each other as not to permit the growth of underwood, the great ornament of the forest at New Orleans, and still less of our seeing any openings, where the varying effects of light and shade might atone for the absence of other objects. The clearing round the settlement appeared to me inconsiderable and imperfect; but I was told that they had grown good crops of cotton and Indian corn. The weather was dry and agreeable, and the aspect of the heavens by night surprisingly beautiful, I never saw moonlight so clear, so pure, so powerful.'—vol. i. pp. 37—42.

Nashoba having but few attractions for the lively fancy of our author, she shortened considerably her intended visit, and returning to Memphis with her family, she took the steam boat for Cincinnati, the capital of the west, and supposed to be one of the best situations at that side of the Alleghanies. Part of the voyage was still up the Mississippi, the remainder by the Ohio, whose shores, though almost as unhealthy as those of the great river into which it pours its gifts, present a much greater variety of scenery. 'Sometimes its clear wave waters a meadow of level turf; sometimes it is bounded by perpendicular rocks; pretty dwellings, with their gay porticos, are seen, alternately with wild intervals of forest, where the tangled bear-brake plainly enough indicates what inhabitants are native there. Often a mountain torrent comes pouring its silver tribute to the stream, and were there occasionally a ruined abbey, or feudal castle, to mix the romance of real life with that of nature, the Ohio would be perfect.' On the Kentucky side the scenery is particularly beautiful; its pastures, forests, and hunting grounds are still remembered with emotion by the Indians, who have a wild lament, which they often chaunt to the memory of their former paradise. The town of Cincinnati rises from the water's edge along the side of a hill, on which it is finely situated; and as it has now a few towers and steeples, it appears like a handsome city. The author had no little difficulty in finding here a house to her taste.

'We went to the office of an advertising agent, who professed to keep a register of all such information, and described the dwelling we wanted. He made no difficulty, but told us his boy should be our guide through the city, and show us what we sought; we accordingly set out with him, and he led us up one street and down another, but evidently without any determinate object; I therefore stopped, and asked him whereabout the houses were which we were going to see.

'"I am looking for bills," was his reply.

'I thought we could have looked for bills as well without him, and I told him so; upon which he assumed an air of great activity, and began knocking regularly at every door we passed, enquiring if the house was to be let. It was impossible to endure this long, and our guide was dismissed, though I was afterwards obliged to pay him a dollar for his services.

'We had the good fortune, however, to find a dwelling before long, and we returned to our hotel, having determined upon taking possession of it as soon as it could be got ready. Not wishing to take our evening meal either with the threescore and ten gentleman of the dining-room, nor yet with the half dozen ladies of the bar-room, I ordered tea in my own chamber. A good-humoured Irish woman came forward with a sort of patronising manner, took my hand, and said, "Och, my honey, ye'll be from the old country. I'll see you will have your tay all to yourselves, honey." With this assurance we retired to my room, which was a handsome one as to its size and bed-furniture, but it had no carpet, and was darkened by blinds of paper, such as rooms are hung with, which required to be rolled up, and then fastened with strings very awkwardly attached to the window-frames, whenever light or air were wished for. I afterwards met with these same uncomfortable blinds in every part of America.

'Our Irish friend soon reappeared, and brought us tea, together with the never-failing accompaniments of American tea-drinking, hung beef, "chipped up" raw, and sundry sweetmeats of brown sugar hue and flavour. We took our tea, and were enjoying our family talk, relative to our future arrangements, when a loud sharp knocking was heard at our door. My "come in" was answered by the appearance of a portly personage who proclaimed himself our landlord.

'"Are any of you ill?" he began.

'"No, thank you, sir; we are all quite well," was my reply.

'"Then, madam, I must tell you that I cannot accommodate you on these terms; we have no family tea-drinkings here, and you must live with either me or my wife, or not at all in my house."

'This was said with an air of authority that almost precluded reply, but I ventured a sort of apologistic hint, tnat we were strangers and unaccustomed to the manners of the country.

'"Our manners are very good manners, and we don't wish any changes from England."

'I thought of mine host of the Washington afterwards when reading Scott's "Anne of Geierstein;" he in, truth, strongly resembled the inn-keeper therein immortalised, who made his guests eat, drink, and sleep, just where, when, and how he pleased. I made no further remonstrance, but determined to hasten my removal. This we achieved the next day, to our great satisfaction.'—vol. i. pp. 49—52.

Though neat and comfortable enough in appearance, her new dwelling wanted almost every convenience which we deem essential to cleanliness and decency. The middle of the street was the only receptacle for all those matters which in England are committed to the cart of the dustman; there was no pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, and the only scavengers in the streets were the numerous pigs by which they were constantly traversed. The town is about as large as Salisbury, and built almost entirely of bricks, which give it a heavy appearance. Even the trottoirs are composed of these materials. The houses are arranged in solid squares, each communicating with a small alley at the back door; it may be easily conceived, that in warm weather, in such a sewerless town, these alleys must be the favourite abodes of every nuisance and disease. It is bounded on the north by forest-covered hills, and on the south by those of Kentucky. It contains a population of about twenty thousand souls—a surprising number, when we consider that thirty years ago the spot on which it stands was occupied by the aboriginal forest. Mrs. Trollope never saw a beggar in this town during the two years she spent there; every body was busily employed; taxation was low; every ordinary want was easily supplied, but those enjoyments which are derivable from the luxuries and refinements of life were no where to be found. Both males and females were altogether destitute of what we call manners, although by no means deficient in intelligence. Their conversation was devoid as well of natural as conventional grace; 'there was always something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste.' They rarely dine in society except in taverns, and then, as at Memphis, in total silence. Such is life in the town; let us now see what it is in the neighbouring country.

'We visited one farm, which interested us particularly from its wild and lonely situation, and from the entire dependance of the inhabitants upon their own resources. It was a partial clearing in the very heart of the forest. The house was built on the side of a hill, so steep that a high ladder was necessary to enter the front door, while the back one opened against the hill side; at the foot of this sudden eminence ran a clear stream, whose bed had been deepened into a little reservoir, just opposite the house. A noble field of Indian corn stretched away into the forest on one side, and a few half cleared acres, with a shed or two upon them, occupied the other, giving accommodation to cows, horses, pigs, and chickens innumerable. Immediately before the house was a small potato garden, with a few peach and apple trees. The house was built of logs, and consisted of two rooms, besides a little shanty or lean-to, that was

> used as a kitchen. Both rooms were comfortably furnished with good beds, drawers, &c. The farmer's wife, and a young woman who looked like her sister, were spinning, and three little children were playing about. The woman told me that they spun and wove all the cotton and woollen garments of the family, and knit all the stockings; her husband, though not a shoemaker by trade, made all the shoes. She manufactured all the soap and candles they used, and prepared her sugar from the sugar-trees on their farm. All she wanted with money, she said, was to buy coffee, tea, and whiskey, and she could "get enough any day by sending a batch of butter and chickens to market." They used no wheat, nor sold any of their corn, which, though it appeared a very large quantity, was not more than they required to make their bread and cakes of various kinds, and feed all their live stock during the winter. She did not look in health, and said they had all had ague in "the fall;" but she seemed contented, and proud of her independence; though it was in somewhat a mournful accent that she said, "'tis strange to us to see company: I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times before I shall see another *human* that does not belong to the family."'—vol. i. pp. 68—70.

So much for a specimen of back-wood independence. We can conceive it, however, to be much less horrible than the author represents it. She romances a good deal now and then about the want of a village bell, and pleasant society; but the human mind easily acquiesces in its lot under all imaginable circumstances, which to a lady fresh from London might seem terrific. One of her greatest annoyances—an annoyance which is not absent from the most civilized communities—was the difficulty of meeting with, and retaining when found, a good servant. By the by the name is not used in that part of the Union: free domestics are always called "help." Nothing but the ambition of fine dress will induce a female to hire herself in that capacity, as it is universally considered to be a degradation. They eagerly seek employment in all kinds of manufactories, but to service they never go if they can avoid it. We have here more than one amusing specimen of these *ladies*, the first of whom a friend had recommended to the author. The question was put to her of course what wages she expected to get by the year.

> '"Oh Gimini!" exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, "you be a downright Inglisher, sure enough, I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and a half a week; and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean."
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> 'I agreed to the bargain, of course, with all dutiful submission; and seeing she was preparing to set to work in a yellow dress parsemé with red roses, I gently hinted that I thought it was a pity to spoil so fine a gown, and that she had better change it.
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> '"Tis just my best and worst," she answered, "for I've got no other."

'And in truth I found that this young lady had left the paternal mansion with no more clothes of any kind than what she had on. I immediately gave her money to purchase what was necessary for cleanliness and decency, and set to work with my daughters to make her a gown. She grinned applause when our labour was completed, but never uttered the slightest expression of gratitude for that or for any thing else we could do for her. She was constantly asking us to lend her different articles of dress, and when we declined it, she said, "Well, I never seed such grumpy folks as you be; there is several young ladies of my acquaintance what goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town, and they and their gurls always lends them what they asks for; I guess, you Inglish thinks we should poison your things, just as bad as if we was Negurs." And here I beg to assure the reader, that whenever I give conversations, they are not made *à loisir*, but were written down immediately after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted.

'This young lady left me at the end of two months, because I refused to lend her money enough to buy a silk dress to go to a ball, saying, "Then 'tis not worth my while to stay any longer."

'I cannot imagine it possible that such a state of things can be desirable, or beneficial to any of the parties concerned. I might occupy a hundred pages on the subject, and yet fail to give an adequate idea of the sore, angry, ever wakeful pride that seemed to torment these poor wretches. In many of them it was so excessive, that all feelings of displeasure, or even of ridicule, was lost in pity. One of these was a pretty girl, whose natural disposition must have been gentle and kind; but her good feelings were soured, and her gentleness turned to morbid sensitiveness, by having heard a thousand and a thousand times that she was as good as any other lady, that all men were equal, and women too, and that it was a sin and a shame for a free-born American to be treated like a servant.

'When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, "I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here." I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did every thing in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she staid till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, *un beau matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, "I must go." "When shall you return, Charlotte?" "I expect you'll see no more of me." And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer till it was.

'I fear it may be called bad taste to say so much concerning my domestics, but, nevertheless, the circumstances are so characteristic of America, that I must recount another history relating to them. A few days after the departure of my ambitious belle, my cries for "help" had been so effectual, that another young lady presented herself, with the usual preface, "I'm come to help you." I had been cautioned never to ask for a reference for character, as it would not only rob me of that help, but entirely prevent my ever getting another; so, five minutes after she entered, she was installed, bundle and all, as a member of the family. She was by no means handsome, but there was an air of simple frankness in her manner, that won us all. For my own part I thought I had got a second Jeanie Deans; for she recounted to me histories of her early youth, wherein her plain good sense and strong mind, enabled her to win her way through a host of cruel step-mothers, faithless lovers, and cheating brothers. Among other things, she told me, with the appearance of much emotion, that she had found, since she came to town, a cure for all her sorrows, "Thanks and praise for it, I have got religion!" and then she asked if I could spare her to go to meeting every Tuesday and Thursday evening; "You shall not have to want me, Mrs. Trollope, for our minister knows that we have all our duties to perform to man, as well as to God, and he makes the meeting late in the evening that they may not cross one another." Who could refuse? not I, and Nancy had leave to go to meeting two evenings in the week, besides Sundays.

'One night, that the mosquitoes had found their way under my net, and prevented my sleeping, I heard some one enter the house very late; I got up, went to the top of the stairs, and, by the help of a bright moon, recognised Nancy's best bonnet. I called to her; "You are very late," said I, "what is the reason of it?" "Oh, Mrs. Trollope," she replied, "I am late, indeed! We have this night had seventeen souls added to our flock. May they live to bless this night. But it has been a long sitting, and very warm; I'll just take a drink of water and get to bed; you shan't find me later in the morning for it." Nor did I. She was an excellent servant, and performed more than was expected from her: moreover, she always found time to read the Bible several times in the day, and I seldom saw her occupied about any thing without observing that she had placed it near her.

'At last she fell sick with the cholera, and her life was despaired of. I nursed her with great care, and sat up the greatest part of two nights with her. She was often delirious, and all her wandering thoughts seemed to ramble to heaven. "I have been a sinner," she said, "but I am safe in the Lord Jesus." When she recovered, she asked me to let her go into the country for a few days, to change the air, and begged me to lend her three dollars.

'While she was absent a lady called on me, and enquired, with some agitation, if my servant, Nancy Fletcher, were at home. I replied that she was gone into the country. "Thank God," she exclaimed, "never let her enter your doors again, she is the most abandoned woman in the town; a gentleman who knows you, has been told that she lives with you, and that she boasts of having the power of entering your house at any hour of the night." She told me many other circumstances unnecessary to repeat, but all tending to prove that she was a very dangerous inmate.

'I expected her home the next evening, and I believe I passed the interval in meditating how to get rid of her without an *eclaircissement.* At length she arrived, and all my study having failed to supply me with other reason than the real one for dismissing her, I stated it at once. Not the slightest change passed over her countenance, but she looked steadily at me, and said in a very civil tone, "I should like to know who told you." I replied that it could be of no advantage to her to know, and that I wished her to go immediately. "I am ready to go," she said, in the same quiet tone, "but what will you do for your three dollars?" "I must do without them, Nancy; good morning to you." "I must just put up my things," she said, and left the room. About half an hour afterwards, when we were all assembled at dinner, she entered with her usual composed air, " Well, I am come to wish you all good bye," and with a friendly good-humoured smile she left us." '—vol. i. pp. 74—81.

Whenever evening parties were given at Cincinnati, they were most formal affairs: the ladies herded together in one part of the room, the gentlemen in another. Sometimes a small attempt at music brings the younger of both sexes together round the piano, but the fate of the more dignified personages remains as dismal as possible. The gentlemen talk politics, and offend as usual against the honours of the carpet: ' the ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of Parson Somebody's last sermon on the day of judgment, on Dr. T'otherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the " tea" is announced, when they all console themselves together for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake and custard, hoe cake, johny cake, waffle cake, and dodger cake; pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers; ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world.' After this massive meal is over, they return to the drawing-room, remain as long together as they can bear it, then they rise *en masse*, cloak, bonnet, shawl, and *exeunt omnes*. If this be a true description of an evening party at Cincinnati, heaven defend us from that renowned city of the West!

Billiards, it seems, are forbidden by law; so are cards, in the state of Ohio. There are a few public balls at Christmas, they have no concerts, no dinner parties, and the theatre is nearly deserted, it being deemed an offence against religion to witness a play! But surely the ladies dress, and if they do they must have some place wherein to shew it off. So they have. Their churches and chapels are the scenes where they display all their finery. To those gay scenes—for such they are as to the appearance of the females especially—do the young and the fair throng, not only on Sundays, but on every evening of the week. ' Were it not for the churches,' says the author, I think there might be a general bonfire of the best bonnets, for I never could discover any other use for them.' Hence it will be easily understood, that the ministers who officiate in the different places of worship are among the most influential persons in the republic. They are said indeed to be the masters of every family within the reach of their jurisdiction. They alone, of all other classes, are allowed personal pre-eminence. It is only from them that the women receive ' that sort of attention which is so dearly valued by every female heart throughout the world,' and we all know that no attentions are valued more highly by the sex, than those which are bestowed upon them by persons of acknowledged distinction. Hence the clergy of America may be said to have the hearts as well as the souls of the female world in their keeping. There is no country where religion has a stronger hold upon the women or a slighter hold upon the men. When we say religion, perhaps we ought to use a different expression, if one could be found which imports a strong disposition to follow the rules laid down by the preachers of the different sects, for these are quite as numerous in America, and often as devoid of religion, as they are in England. They have "Revivals" in abundance; itinerant clergymen of all persuasions, who are received in the best houses, where, on the evenings not spent in church, they have prayer-meetings, as they are called, at which they eat, drink, pray, sing, *hear confessions*, and make converts. The favourite preacher of the day is quite a "lion" during his visit: he is feasted and followed like a prince, and during the period of the "revival" especially, his power over his disciples is without limit. Mrs. Trollope describes a *religious* scene which she witnessed; we shall only say that it well deserves the attention of the reader, of whatever profession he may be.

'It was in the middle of summer, but the service we were recommended to attend did not begin till it was dark. The church was well lighted, and crowded almost to suffocation; on entering we found three priests standing side by side in a sort of tribune, placed where the altar usually is, handsomely fitted up with crimson curtains, and elevated about as high as our pulpits. We took our places in a pew close to the rail which surrounded it.

'The priest, who stood in the middle, was praying; the prayer was extravagantly vehement, and offensively familiar in expression; when this ended a hymn was sung, and then another priest took the centre place and preached; the sermon had considerable eloquence, but of a frightful kind; the preacher described, with ghastly minuteness, the last feeble fainting moments of human life, and then the gradual progress of decay after death, which he followed through every process up to the last loathsome stage of decomposition; suddenly changing his tone, which had been that of sober accurate description, into the shrill voice of horror, he bent forward his head as if to gaze on some object beneath the pulpit; and as Rebecca made known to Ivanhoe what she saw through the window, so the preacher made known to us what he saw in the pit that seemed to open before him: the device was certainly a happy one for giving effect to his description of hell; no image that fire, flame, brimstone, molten lead, red-hot pincers could supply, with flesh, nerves, and sinews, quivering under them, was omitted. The perspiration ran in streams from the face of the preacher; his eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam, and every feature had the deep expression of horror it would have borne, had he, in truth, been gazing at the scene he described; the acting was excellent. At length he gave a languishing look to his supporters on each side, as if to express his feeble state, and then sat down and wiped the drops of agony from his brow.

'The other two priests arose, and began to sing a hymn. It was some seconds before the congregation could join as usual; every upturned face looked pale and horror-struck. When the singing ended, another took the centre place, and began in a sort of coaxing, affectionate *tone*, to ask the congregation if what their dear brother had spoken had reached their hearts? whether they could avoid the hell he had made them see? "Come, then!" he continued, stretching out his arms towards them, "come to us and tell us so, and we will make you see Jesus, the dear gentle Jesus, who shall save you from it; but you must come to him! you must not be ashamed to come to him! this night you shall tell him that you are not ashamed of him; we will make way for you; we will clear the bench for anxious sinners to sit upon. Come, then! come to the anxious bench, and we will shew you Jesus! come! come! come!"

'Again a hymn was sung, and while it continued, one of the three was employed in clearing one or two long benches that went across the rail, sending the people back to the lower part of the church. The singing ceased, and again the people were invited, and exhorted not to be ashamed of Jesus, but to put themselves upon "the anxious benches," and lay their heads on his bosom. "Once more we will sing," he concluded, "that we may give you time;" and again they sung a hymn.

'And now, in every part of the church, a movement was perceptible, slight at first, but by degrees becoming more decided. Young girls arose and sat down, and rose again; and then the pews opened, and several came tottering out, their hands clasped, their heads hanging on their bosoms, and every limb trembling, and still the hymn went on; but as the poor creatures approached the rail, their sobs and groans became audible. They seated themselves on the "anxious benches;" the hymn ceased, and two of the three priests walked down from the tribune, and going one to the right and the other to the left, began whispering the poor tremblers seated there. These whispers were inaudible to us, but the sobs and groans increased to a frightful excess. Young creatures, with features pale and distorted, fell on their knees on the pavement, and soon sunk forward on their faces; the most violent cries and shrieks followed, while from time to time, a voice was heard in convulsive accents, exclaiming, "Oh Lord!" "Oh Lord Jesus!" "Help me, Jesus!" and the like.

'Meanwhile the two priests continued to walk among them; they repeatedly mounted on the benches, and, trumpet-mouthed, proclaimed to the whole congregation "the tidings of salvation," and then from every corner of the building arose in reply, short, sharp cries of, "Amen!" "Glory!" "Amen!" while the prostrate penitents continued to receive whispered comfortings, and from time to time a mystic caress. More than once I saw a young neck encircled by a reverend arm. Violent hysterics and convulsions seized many of them, and when the tumult was at the highest, the priest who remained above again gave out a hymn, as if to drown it.

'It was a frightful sight to behold innocent young creatures, in the gay morning of existence, thus seized upon, horror-struck, and rendered feeble and enervated for ever. One young girl, apparently not more than fourteen, was supported in the arms of another some years older; her face was pale as death, her eyes wide open, and perfectly devoid of meaning: her chin and bosom wet with slaver; she had every appearance of idiotism. I saw a priest approach her; he took her delicate hand, "Jesus is with her! bless the Lord!" he said, and passed on.

'Did the men of America value their women as men ought to value their wives and daughters, would such scenes be permitted among them?

'It is hardly necessary to say, that all who obeyed the call to place themselves on the "anxious benches," were women, and by far the greater number of them, very young women. The congregation was, in general, extremely well dressed, and the smartest and most fashionable ladies of the town were there: during the whole revival, the churches and meeting-houses were every day crowded with well-dressed people.

'It is thus the ladies of Cincinnati amuse themselves: to attend the theatre is forbidden; to play cards is unlawful; but they work hard in their families, and must have some relaxation. For myself, I confess, that I think the coarsest comedy ever written, would be a less detestable exhibition for the eyes of youth and innocence than such a scene."—vol. i. pp. 108—113.

The system of female education is much more masculine in America than with us; the learned languages and sciences are generally taught, and ladies graduate at some academies, as our young men do at Oxford or Cambridge. We suppose that when they return home they forget all their acquisitions, for we hear of very few American ladies shining in the paths either of science or literature.

Of the sort of *modesty* that prevails amongst them, the following is a ludicrous description.

'Among other instances of that species of modesty so often seen in America, and so unknown to us, I frequently witnessed one, which, while it evinced the delicacy of the ladies, gave opportunity for many lively sallies from the gentlemen; I saw the same sort of thing repeated on different occasions, at least a dozen times; *e. g.* a young lady is employed in making a shirt, (which it would be a symptom of absolute depravity to name) a gentleman enters, and presently begins the sprightly dialogue with, "What are you making, Miss Clarissa?"

'"Only a frock for my sister's doll, Sir." A frock? not possible. Don't I see that 'tis not a frock? come, Miss Clarissa, what is it?"

'"'Tis just an apron for one of our negroes, Mr. Smith."

'"How can you, Miss Clarissa! why is not the two sides joined together? I expect you were better tell me what it is."

'"My! why then, Mr. Smith, it is just a pillow-case."

'"Now, that passes, Miss Clarissa! 'tis a pillow-case for a giant, then. Shall I guess, Miss?"

'"I will, Mr. Smith, behave yourself, or I'll certainly be affronted."

'Before the conversation arrives at this point, both gentleman and and lady are in convulsions of laughter. I once saw a young lady so hard driven by a wit, that to prove she was making a bag, she sewed up the ends before his eyes, shewing it triumphantly, and exclaiming, "There now! what can you say to that?"'—vol. i. pp. 221, 222.

As to the men, they are so much taken up in mercantile and professional pursuits, they have little time for cultivating letters or the fine arts. The author met with a gentleman who had the reputation of being one of the best scholars in America; it was his opinion that Pope was altogether gone by, Dryden an old woman, Shakspeare obscene, Spenser unintelligible, Byron forgotten. He had never heard of Massinger!

The season being unhealthy, the author removed with her family to a house about a mile and a half from the town, where she had the delight of making some further experiments in the practice of American equality. Her female neighbours called her "the English old woman," whereas they called each other "ladies:" the men treated her with the same title. This would have signified little, if she was not also obliged to shake hands with every body, high and low; and even this must have been less intolerable, than the tremendous visitations to which she was subject from every degree. It is a rule to bolt no doors; a departure from this law would be an insult to the whole district. The door being therefore always open, persons whom she had never seen before, whose names she had not even heard of, walked in, took seats without any ceremony, staid as long as they liked, and talked or were silent, just as they pleased. If a female, she deliberately took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on. Only imagine such a visitation as this from your shoemaker or milkman!

Notwithstanding these, and a thousand other minor annoyances, there must have been some solid attraction in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati, as it was, after all that she had seen, still the author's intention to settle her son there, if it had not been for the unhealthiness of the climate. The natives do not suffer from it so much as strangers; the latter seldom escape a summer without a bilious fever, which generally terminates in that most distressing of all complaints, an ague. The young man was so much afflicted in this way, that they were obliged, after a sojourn of two years, to give up their hope of establishing him in that part of America. They therefore took their departure from Cincinnati, and proceeding up the Ohio, landed at Wheeling, in Virginia, where travellers from the west usually leave the river, to take the stage coaches which traverse the mountain road to the northern states.

There is no posting in America; so you must either take the mail, which never stops all night, or the stage. Beyond Wheeling the country assumes an aspect new to a traveller journeying from the west. Interminable forests no longer fatigue the eye. The country wears an air of more careful husbandry: the road is wide, and presents numberless tokens of the triumphs of human art. It passes over the Alleghany mountains for nearly ninety miles; the whole of this region is a continued garden, spread out, however, and planned by nature. Magnificent plants, evergreens, cedars of every size and form, wild roses with wild vines hanging in beautiful confusion among their branches, attract and cheer the eye in all directions. Mosses and creeping plants combine to form a soft and diversified carpet over the surface of the soil. In the vallies cottages are seen in the midst of nicely cultivated fields, intersected by clear rivulets, which sing merrily as they fall from the sides of the mountains. The landscape receives a peculiar beauty of colouring, from the contrasts which are formed by the light hue of the vegetation and the sober grey of the rocks. We must allow the author to describe a portion of this delightful scenery in her own language—than which none can be more appropriate, more polished, and, at the same time, more natural.

'The next morning cheered our spirits again; we now enjoyed a kind of alpine witchery; the clouds were floating around and below us, and the distant peaks were indistinctly visible as through a white gauze veil, which was gradually lifted up, till the sun arose, and again let in upon us the full glory of these interminable heights.

'We were told before we began the ascent, that we should find snow four inches deep on the road; but as yet we had seen none, and indeed it was with difficulty we persuaded ourselves that we were not travelling in the midst of summer. As we proceeded, however, we found the northern declivities still covered with it, and at length towards the summit, the road itself had the promised four inches. The extreme mildness of the air, and the brilliant hue of the evergreens, contrasted strangely with this appearance of winter; it was difficult to understand how the snow could help melting in such an atmosphere.

'Again, and again, we enjoyed all the exhilarating sensations that such scenes must necessarily inspire; but in attempting a continued description of our progress over these beautiful mountains, I could only tell again of rocks, cedars, laurels, and running streams, of blue heights and green vallies; yet the continually varying combinations of these objects, afforded us unceasing pleasure. From one point, pre-eminently above any neighbouring ridge, we looked back upon the enormous valley of the west. It is a stupendous view; but having gazed upon it for some moments, we turned to pursue our course, and the certainty that we should see it no more, raised no sigh of regret.

'We dined, on the second day, at a beautiful spot, which we were told was the highest point on the road, being 2,846 feet above the level of the sea. We were regaled luxuriously on wild turkey and mountain venison, which latter is infinitely superior to any furnished by the forests of the Mississippi, or the Ohio. The vegetables, also, were extremely fine, and we were told by a pretty girl, who superintedned the slaves that waited on us, (for we were again in Virginia), that the vegetables of the Alleghany were reckoned the finest in America. She told us, also, that wild strawberries were profusely abundant, and very fine; that their cows found for themselves during the summer, plenty of flowery food, which produced a copious supply of milk; that their spring gave them the purest water, of icy coldness, in the warmest seasons; and that the climate was the most delicious in the world, for though the thermometer sometimes stood at ninety, their cool breeze never failed them. What a spot to turn hermit in for a summer! My eloquent mountaineer gave me some specimens of ground plants, far unlike any thing I had ever seen. One particularly, which she called the ground pine, is peculiar, as she told me, to Alleghany, and in some places runs over whole acres of ground; it is extremely beautiful. The rooms were very prettily decorated with this elegant plant, hung round it in festoons.

‘ In many places the clearing has been considerable; the road passes through several fine farms, situated in the sheltered hollows; we were told that the wolves continue to annoy them severely, but that panthers, the terror of the west, are never seen, and bears very rarely. Of snakes they confessed they had abundance, but very few that were considered dangerous.

‘ In the afternoon we came in sight of the Mongehala river, and its banks gave us for several miles a beautiful succession of wild and domestic scenery. In some points, the black rock rises perpendicularly from its margin, like those at Chepstow; at others, a mill, with its owner's cottage, its corn-plat, and its poultry, present a delightful image of industry and comfort.

‘ Brownsville is a busy-looking little town, built upon the banks of this river; it would be pretty, were it not stained by the hue of coal. I do not remember in England to have seen any spot, however near a coal mine, so dyed in black as Wheeling and Brownsville. At this place we crossed the Mongehala, in a flat ferry boat, which very commodiously received our huge coach and four horses.

‘ On leaving the black little town, we were again cheered by abundance of evergreens, reflected in the stream, with fantastic piles of rock, half visible through the pines and cedars above, giving often the idea of a vast Gothic castle. It was a folly, I confess, but I often lamented they were not such; the travelling for thousands of miles, without meeting any nobler trace of the ages that are passed, than a mass of rotten leaves, or a fragment of fallen rock, produces a heavy earthly matter-of-fact effect upon the imagination, which can hardly be described, and for which the greatest beauty of scenery can furnish only an occasional and transitory remedy.

‘ Our second night in the mountains was past at a solitary house of rather forlorn appearance, but we fared much better than the night before; for they gave us clean sheets, a good fire, and no scolding. We again started at four o'clock in the morning, and eagerly watched for the first gleam of light that should shew the same lovely spectacle we had seen the day before; nor were we disappointed, though the show was somewhat different. The vapours caught the morning ray, as it first darted over the mountain top, and passing it to the scene below, we seemed enveloped in a rainbow.

‘ We had now but one ridge left to pass over, and as we reached the top, and looked down on the new world before us, I hardly knew whether most to rejoice that

“ All the toil of the long-pass'd away ”

was over, or to regret that our mountain journey was drawing to a close.

‘ The novelty of my enjoyment had doubtless added much to its keenness. I have never been familiar with mountain scenery. Wales has shown me all I ever saw, and the region of the Alleghany Alps in no way resembles it. It is a world of mountains rising around you in every direction, and in every form; savage, vast, and wild; yet almost at every step some lovely spot meets your eye, green, bright, and blooming, as the most cherished nook belonging to some noble Flora in our own beautiful land. It is a ride of ninety miles through kalmies, rhododendr azalias, vines, and roses; sheltered from every blast that blows, by vast masses of various coloured rocks, on which

"Tall pines and cedars wave their dark green crests,"

while in every direction you have a back-ground of blue mountain tops, that play at bo-peep with you in the clouds.'—vol. i. pp. 277—283.

The discontented tone in which the author speaks of many things which she had seen in the western parts of America, almost vanishes upon her arrival at Baltimore. She can hardly find terms strong enough to express her admiration of this populous and beautiful city, in which even 'the dwelling houses have a look of magnificence, from the abundance of white marble with which many of them are adorned.' She attended mass at the Catholic cathedral, and was astonished at the beauty and splendid appearance of the ladies who filled it. Excepting a very brilliant Sunday at the Tuilleries, she never saw so shewy a display of morning costume, and never beheld so many beautiful women at one glance. Her party next visited Washington, with the whole aspect of which they were charmed. 'Light, cheerful, and airy, it reminded me,' says the author, 'of one of our fashionable watering places.' The society she found perfectly European! We think it a great pity that her first impressions of America had not been received at Baltimore, or Washington. Would they not have been very different from those which she took up at Cincinnati?

The falls of the Potomac are amongst the "lions" of the neighbourhood of Washington. The scenery, to which they lend so much enchantment, is partly forest, park, and garden. The sound of the waters is first heard at the distance of two miles. It of course increases as you approach, and this is one of the witcheries of the place. The flood at the falls is seen only at intervals, 'here, in a full heavy sheet of green transparent water, falling straight and unbroken; there, dashing along a narrow channel, with a violence that makes one dizzy to see and hear; in one place an unfathomed pool shews a mirror of inky blackness, and as still as night; in another, the tortured twisted cataract tumbles headlong in a dozen different torrents, half hid by the cloud of spray they send high into the air. Despite this uproar, the slenderest, loveliest shrubs peep forth from among these hideous rocks, like children smiling in the midst of danger.'

But although social life in the northern cities of America is conducted upon a much more civilized principle than in those of the west, Mrs. Trollope informs us, that the farmers of the west have greatly the advantage of that class, in Maryland at least.

'I now, for the first time since I crossed the mountains, found myself sufficiently at leisure to look deliberately round, and mark the different aspects of men and things, in a region which, though bearing the same name, and calling itself the same land, was, in many respects as different from the one I had left, as Amsterdam from St. Petersburgh. There every man was straining, and struggling, and striving for himself (heaven knows). Here, every white man was waited upon, more or less, by a slave. There, the newly cleared lands, rich with the vegetable manure accumulated for ages, demanded the slightest labour to return the richest produce; where the plough entered, crops the most abundant followed; but where it came not, no spot of native verdure, no native fruits, no native flowers, cheered the eye, all was close, dark, stifling forest. Here, the soil had long ago yielded its first fruits; much that had been cleared and cultivated for tobacco (the most exhausting of crops) by the English, required careful and laborious husbandry to produce any return, and much was left as sheep-walks. It was in these spots that the natural bounty of the soil and climate was displayed, by the innumerable wild fruits and flowers, which made every dingle and bushy dell seem a garden.

'On entering the cottages, I found also a great difference in the manner of living. Here, indeed, there were few cottages without a slave, but there were fewer still that had their beef-steak and onions for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The herrings of the bountiful Potomac supply their place. These are excellent "relish," as they call it, when salted, and, if I mistake not, are sold at a dollar and a half per thousand. Whiskey, however, flows every where at the same fatally cheap rate of twenty cents (about one shilling) the gallon, and its hideous effects are visible on the countenance of every man you meet.

'The class of people the most completely unlike any existing in England, are those who, farming their own freehold estates, and often possessing several slaves, yet live with as few of the refinements, and I think I may say with as few of the comforts, of life, as the very poorest English peasant. When in Maryland, I went into the houses of several of these small proprietors, and remained long enough, and looked and listened sufficiently, to obtain a tolerably correct idea of their manner of living.

'One of these families consisted of a young man, his wife, two children, a female slave, and two young lads, slaves also. The farm belonged to the wife, and, I was told, consisted of about 300 acres of indifferent land, but all cleared. The house was built of wood, and looked as if the three slaves might have overturned it had they pushed hard against the gable end. It contained one room, of about twelve feet square, and another adjoining it hardly larger than a closet; this second chamber was the lodging room of the white part of the family. Above these rooms was a loft without windows, where I was told the "staying company" who visited them were lodged. Near this mansion was a "shanty," a black hole, without any window, which served as kitchen and all other offices, and also as the lodging of the blacks.

'We were invited to take tea with this family, and readily consented to do so. The furniture of the room was one heavy huge table, and about six wooden chairs. When we arrived, the lady was in rather a dusky dishabille, but she vehemently urged us to be seated, and then retired into the closet chamber above mentioned, whence she continued to address to us from behind the door, all kinds of "genteel country visiting talk," and at length emerged upon us in a smart new dress.

'Her female slave set out the great table, and placed upon it cups of the very coarsest blue ware, a little brown sugar in one mug, a tiny drop of milk in another, no butter, though the lady assured us she had a "*deary*" and two cows. Instead of butter she "hoped we would fix a little relish with our crackers," in ancient English, eat salt meat and dry biscuits. Such was the fare, and for guests that certainly were intended to be honoured. I could not help recalling the delicious repasts which I remembered to have enjoyed at little dairy farms in England, not *possessed*, but rented, and at high rents too; where the clean fresh-coloured bustling mistress herself spread the yellow butter on the delightful brown loaf, and placed her curds, and her junket, and all the delicate treasures of her dairy before us, and then with hospitable pride, placed herself at her board, and added the more delicate "relish" of good tea and good cream. I remembered all this, and did not think the difference atoned for, by the dignity of having my cup handed to me by a slave. The lady I now visited, however, greatly surpassed my quondam friends in the refinement of her conversation. She ambled through the whole time the visit lasted in a sort of elegantly mincing familiar style of gossip, which I think she was imitating from some novel, for I was told she was a great novel reader, and left all household occupations to be performed by her slaves. To say she addressed us in a tone of equality, will give no adequate idea of her manner, I am persuaded that no misgiving on the subject ever entered her head. She told us that their estate was her *dividend* of her father's property. She had married a first cousin, who was as fine a gentleman as she was a lady, and as idle, preferring hunting (as they call shooting) to any other occupation. The consequence was, that but a very small portion of the *dividend* was cultivated, and their poverty was extreme. The slaves, particularly the lads, were considerably more than half naked, but the air of dignity with which, in the midst of all this misery, the lanky lady said to one of the young negroes, "Attend to your young master, Lycurgus," must have been heard to be conceived in the full extent of its mock heroic.'—vol. ii. pp. 8—13.

Much as we reprobate the system of slavery wherever it is found, it is but just to admit, that it is much alleviated by the attention which in America generally is paid to the negro domestics. In Virginia alone, we believe, it is forbidden by law to teach a slave to read—a law which cannot stand long against the force of public opinion.

Though no botanist, the author gives an interesting description of the fruits and flowers which grow in Maryland. No words, however, can give an idea of the luxuriance of the flowering shrubs, which are beautiful beyond all things. The butterflies, too, are, we should suppose, unrivalled for their elegance and variety.

'There is another charm that haunts the summer wanderer in America, and it is perhaps the only one found in greatest perfection in the West: but it is beautiful every where. In a bright day during any of the summer months your walk is through an atmosphere of butterflies, so gaudy in hue and so varied in form, that I often thought they looked like flowers on the wing. Some of them are very large, measuring three or four inches across the wings; but many, and, I think, the most beautiful, are smaller than ours. Some have wings of the most dainty lavender colour and bodies of black, others are fawn and rose colour, and others again are orange and bright blue. But pretty as they are, it is their number even more than their beauty that delights the eye. Their gay and noiseless movement as they glance through the air, crossing each other in chequered maze, is very beautiful. The humming-bird is another pretty summer toy; but they are not sufficiently numerous, nor do they live enough on the wing to render them so important a feature in the trans-atlantic show, as the rainbow-tinted butterflies. The fire-fly was a far more brilliant novelty. In moist situations, or before a storm, they are very numerous; and in the dark sultry evening of a burning day, when all employment was impossible, I have often found it a pastime to watch their glaring light, now here, now there; now seen, now gone; shooting past with the rapidity of lightning, and looking like a shower of falling stars, blown about in the breeze of evening.'—vol. ii. pp. 29, 30.

In the course of her tour, our author visited Philadelphia, that Quaker city, with its streets so regularly drawn out in squares and lines, that must look to a person sailing over it in a balloon like a mathematical diagram. On the Sundays, chains are thrown across the streets, to prevent horses and carriages from passing. With all this apparent religious severity of conduct, Philadelphia is far from being immaculate. The author relates a story, the truth of which she fully believed, of an itinerant preacher, who after one visit, left no fewer than seven females the victims of his passions. The most beautiful object in Philadelphia is its market; the stalls are spread with snow-white napkins, and the neat manner in which every article is exhibited is incomparable. The dress of the ladies is remarkable for its elegance, delicacy, and taste; and the manners of the people generally simple, unaffected, composed, and agreeable. We shall give the author's graphic description of 'the day of a Philadelphian lady of the first class.'

'This lady shall be the wife of a senator and a lawyer in the highest repute and practice. She has a very handsome house, with white marble steps and door posts, and a delicate silver knocker and door-handle; she has very handsome drawing rooms, very handsomely furnished (there is a side-board in one of them, but it is very handsome and has very handsome decanters and cut glass water jugs upon it), she has a very handsome carriage, and a very handsome free black coachman; she is always very handsomely dressed; and, moreover, she is very handsome herself.

'She rises, and her first hour is spent in the scrupulously nice arrangement of her dress; she descends to her parlour neat, stiff, and silent; her breakfast is brought in by her free black footman; she eats her fried ham and her salt fish, and drinks her coffee in silence, while her husband reads one newspaper, and puts another under his elbow; and then, perhaps, she washes the cups and saucers. Her carriage is ordered at eleven, till that hour she is employed in the pastry room, her snow-white apron protecting her mouse-coloured silk. Twenty minutes before her carriage should appear, as she retires to her chamber, as she calls it, shakes and folds up her still snow-white apron, smooths her rich dress, and with nice care, sets on her elegant bonnet, and all the handsome *et cetera;* then walks down stairs, just at the moment that her free black coachman announces to her free black footman that the carriage waits. She steps into it, and gives the word, "Drive to the Dorcas society." Her footman stays at home to clean the knives, but her coachman can trust his horses while he opens the carriage door, and his lady not being accustomed to a hand or an arm, gets out very safely without, though one of her own is occupied by a work basket, and the other by a large roll of all those indescribable matters which ladies take as offerings to Dorcas societies. She enters the parlour appropriated for the meeting, and finds seven other ladies, very like herself, and takes her place among them; she presents her contribution, which is accepted with a gentle circular smile, and her parings of broad cloth, her ends of ribbon, her gilt paper, and her minikin pins, are added to the parings of broad cloth, the ends of ribbon, the gilt paper, and the minikin pins with which the table is already covered; she also produces from her basket three ready-made pincushions, four ink-wipers, seven paper matches, and a paste-board watch-case; these are welcomed with acclamations, and the youngest lady present deposits them carefully on shelves, amid a prodigious quantity of similar articles. She then produces her thimble, and asks for work; it is presented to her, and the eight ladies all stitch together for some hours. Their talk is of priests and of missions; of the profits of their last sale, of their hopes from the next; of the doubt whether young Mr. This, or young Mrs. That, should receive the fruits of it to fit him out for Liberia; of the very ugly bonnet seen at Church on Sabbath morning; of the very handsome preacher who performed on Sabbath afternoon, and of the very large collection made on Sabbath evening. This lasts till three, when the carriage again appears, and the lady and her basket return home; she mounts to her chamber, carefully sets aside her bonnet and its appurtenances, puts on her scolloped black silk apron, walks into the kitchen to see that all is right, then into the parlour, where, having cast a careful glance over the table prepared for dinner, she sits down, work in hand, to await her spouse. He comes, shakes hands with her, spits, and dines. The conversation is not much, and ten minutes suffice for dinner; fruit and toddy, the newspaper, and the work-bag succeed. In the evening the gentleman, being a savant, goes to the Wister society, and afterwards plays a snug rubber at a neighbour's. The lady receives at tea a young missionary and three members of the Dorcas society.—And so ends her day.'—vol. ii. pp. 72—75.

In America, a great number of married young persons fix themselves in boarding houses, instead of forming establishments for themselves. Their mode of life differs but little from that which is found at most institutions of that description. The living generally is excellent. They consume an extraordinary quantity of bacon and ham, eggs and oysters, which are often eaten altogether; so are beef steaks with stewed peaches, and salt fish with onions. Their bread is excellent, their butter tolerable, cream is not plentiful, the common vegetables are very fine and abundant. Sea-cale and cauliflowers are seldom seen. Indian corn is eaten in a great variety of ways. The rock and shad are their best fish; they have very little turbot, salmon, or fresh cod; their game is much inferior to ours; they have neither the hare nor the pheasant. They are all extravagantly fond of puddings, pies, and all sorts of sweets. The ladies seldom take any wine, and very rarely, when they do, exceed a single glass. Mixed dinner parties of both sexes are not of frequent occurrence. On all such occasions, the barbarous custom exists of placing the ladies at one end of the table, and the gentlemen at the other! If a lady plays at cards, it must not be for money. They are in general bad musicians, either as vocalists or on instruments. The most agreeable meetings are said to be those at which no married women are admitted! The ladies have a strange and unaccountable fancy for powdering the face, neck, and arms with pulverized starch. They think it adds to their charms. They are also very fond of false hair. They seem to have no idea of regulating their dress by the weather. A fair damsel may be seen picking her way through the snow, in a pale rose-coloured bonnet set on the very top of the head. It is no uncommon thing for them to return home with their pretty little ears frost bitten. They never wear muffs or boots, and they walk in their shoes and silk stockings in the middle of winter. There must be vanity at the bottom of this, for they have generally beautiful tiny feet. Yet they neither walk well, nor dance well.

The reader will derive both instruction and entertainment from the author's remarks on the state of literature, the fine arts, and education in America. He will also be much amused with her account of New York, Albany, Rochester, and the celebrated falls of the Niagara, all of which she visited before her return to England.

The Americans will not much like Mrs. Trollope's volumes, and there are many even at this side of the Atlantic, amongst them ourselves, who would wish that she had more frequently checked her disposition to draw, from particular premises, general conclusions. There are multitudes in America who firmly believe that every Englishman is a cockney, pronounces the *v* like a *w*, and adds the aspirated *h* to every word beginning with an *a*. Their error is ludicrous; but it is not more ludicrous than that of the traveller who believes that every American is a back-woodsman—"a half horse, half alligator, of Kentucky." It is time that on both sides of the water we should get rid of these false notions, which make us look at each other through a deceptive medium. Mrs Trollope's work will not much conduce to this end; at the same time it must everywhere be admitted, that her observations uniformly indicate a strong, active, well informed mind, endowed with good sense, and no ordinary firmness. Her style is lively, elegant, and sometimes even poetically beautiful. This is the first production which we have seen from her hands, but we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion, that it must place her name among those of the most eminent female writers in our language.

Art. VIII.—*Gleanings in Natural History: with Local Recollections.* By Edward Jesse, Esq., Deputy Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks. *To which are added, Maxims and Hints for an Angler.* 8vo. pp. 313. London: Murray. 1832.

Mr. White, in the preface to his Natural History of Selborne, the most interesting, perhaps, and one of the most valuable, among the contributions that have in modern times been made to that department of knowlege, suggests, "that if stationary men would pay some attention to the districts on which they reside, and would publish their thoughts respecting the objects that surround them, from such materials might be drawn the most complete county histories." Mr. Jesse informs us that it was this remark, that first induced him to write down any observations which had occurred to him on subjects relating to natural history. We are with him convinced, that if the plan were to be adopted by persons residing in the country, much useful information would be obtained. Indeed the wonder is that such a tribute is so very seldom paid by clergymen especially, to the varied and surprising productions which the Creator has scattered in such profusion upon the surface of the earth, and which, particularly in the fields and on the mountains, are so well calculated to awake and reward the attention.

Memorials of the kind here suggested have a degree of attraction of no ordinary kind. They exhibit at once the life of the inquirer, and the topographical peculiarities of the objects which he describes—if such peculiarities they have. Even when there is nothing to distinguish the insects of one part of the country from those of another, it is still interesting to have the fact of coincidence or resemblance authentically ascertained. And at all times it is delightful to accompany an intelligent man in the rambles which he takes through his neighbourhood; to sit down with him under a shady tree and moralize on the goodly prospect that opens upon the eye; to watch with him the tenants of the soil, the water, or the air, in the performance of the various offices which are assigned to them in the creation; to become acquainted with their habits, their structure, and the laws by which they are guided. He cannot, as Mr. Jesse justly remarks, be a bad man who devotes a portion of his time to studies such as these; studies which, more than the best philosophy to be found in the books, conduce to the improvement of the heart, the practice of sound benevolence, and, above all, to the cultivation of that religion which has the Almighty Being for the object of its worship, and the universe for its temple.

The book before us is wholly devoid of method. We confess we like it the better for the *negligé* dress in which it appears. The author does not pretend to be a man of science. He writes as a mere amateur, in the tone and style in which he may be supposed to converse; and there is an air of gentleness and good nature about his gleanings, which very much increase their value in our estimation. He confines his remarks in a great measure to matters which fell within his own observation; though he does not hesitate occasionally to borrow a confirmatory fact or illustration from other authorities. It is this originality which makes his gleanings worth the attention of every person to whom the subject is attractive, and constitutes them, however informal they may be in the eyes of the professor, a real accession to the elements of which science is composed.

No person should set out upon practical inquiries in natural history, without having first fixed in his mind the maxim which his own good sense first taught Mr. Jesse, 'that every created being is formed in the best possible manner, with reference to its peculiar habits, either for self-preservation, or for procuring its food; and that nothing is given to it but what is intended to answer some good and useful purpose, however unable we may be to account for what may appear to us ill-contrived or unnecessary.' This maxim would protect us from many errors into which we might otherwise fall, and would moreover give a unity to the scope of our investigations which could hardly fail to be attended by many advantages. Thus fixing our attention chiefly upon the song which the lark pours forth from his "watch tower in the skies," and his usual habits, we might be led to suppose, on observing the disproportionate length of his claws, that it was quite accidental, and not at all necessary for any purposes connected with the welfare of his tribe. But further observation would teach us that those claws are essentially useful to the bird, in enabling it to remove the eggs whenever there is danger of their being trodden on by the mower, or by cattle—a danger to which the nests of the lark are more liable than those of any other bird, on account of their being built in the grass. In point of fact, the lark has been observed, in several instances, where such danger arose, transporting the eggs to a place of greater safety. It is well known, that few birds are more affectionately attached to their young than this cheerful herald of the morning.

It was a remark of Huber, which some philosophers of not half his knowledge laughed at as visionary, that insects have a language of their own, which they perfectly well understand; and that their antennæ are the instruments by means of which they communicate their *thoughts* and *feelings* to each other. Mr. Jesse has had several opportunities of verifying this observation.

'My bees are a constant source of amusement to me; and the more I study them, the more I am led to admire their wonderful instinct and sagacity. Few things, however, surprise me more than the power which they possess of communicating what I can only call "intelligence" to each other. This I observe to be almost invariably the case before they swarm. Some scouts may then be observed to leave the hive, and for some time to hover round a particular bush or branch of a tree, after which they return to the hive. In a little while the new swarm quits it, and settles on the branch which had been previously fixed upon by the scouts. The same power of communication may be observed in the ant. I have often put a small green caterpillar near an ant's nest; you may see it immediately seized by one of the ants, who, after several ineffectual efforts to drag it to its nest, will quit it, go up to another ant, and they will appear to hold a conversation together by means of their antennæ, after which they will return together to the caterpillar, and, by their united efforts, drag it where they wish to deposit it. I have also frequently observed two ants meeting on their path across a gravel-walk, one going from, and the other returning to, the nest. They will stop, touch each other's antennæ, and appear to hold a conversation; and I could almost fancy that one was communicating to the other the best place for foraging, which Dr. Franklin thought they have the power of doing, from the following circumstance:—Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with some treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour several of its companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the depository, which they constantly revisited until the treacle was consumed.

'Huber says, "that nature has given to ants a language of communication by the contact of their antennæ; and that, with these organs, they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers; discover again their route when they have lost it, and make each other acquainted with their necessities. We see, then," he adds, "that insects which live in society are in possession of a language, and in consequence of enjoying a language in common with us, although of an inferior degree, have they not greater importance in our eyes, and do they not embellish the very spectacle of the universe?"

'What I have said respecting the power of communicating intelligence to each other possessed by bees and ants, applies also to wasps. If a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. It is, therefore, I think, sufficiently clear that these insects, have what Huber calls an antennal language—a language we can have no doubt that is perfectly suited to them; adding we know not how much to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that there is a God;—almighty, all-wise, all-good,—who has ornamented the universe with so many objects of delightful contemplation that we may see him in all his works, and learn not only to fear him for his power, but to love him for the care which he takes of us and of all his created beings.'—pp. 14—16.

The question whether the lower entities of the creation are guided by instinct or by reason, or partly by one and partly by the other, is attended with difficulties which never perhaps can receive a satisfactory solution. Nevertheless, there are few unprejudiced persons who have paid much attention to subjects of natural history, who will not be inclined to agree in opinion with our author, that 'if our race has been pre-eminently distinguished by receiving the full light of reason, some sparks and glimmerings of the same divine faculty have been vouchsafed by the same forming and almighty hand to our inferior fellow-creatures.' The author mentions several curious instances, in which some faculty higher than mere instinct must have been in operation. He was one day feeding the celebrated Exeter 'Change elephant with potatoes, which the animal took out of his hand: one of them happened to fall on the floor, and rolled beyond the reach of his proboscis; he made repeated efforts to pick it up, but without success; at length he blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound, and then he secured it without difficulty. A dog who was much attached to the author, was tied up one Sunday morning to prevent him from following his master to church. After that time the animal took good care to conceal himself on every succeding sabbath, and was sure to be found at the commencement of the service either at the church door, or under the place where his master usually sat! An old pointer has been known to be so much disgusted with a bad shot, that he quitted him in the field, and never could be persuaded to accompany him again. The old bucks in Bushy Park have a curious contrivance, which could hardly have been taught them by instinct, for getting the berries from the fine old thorn trees with which the park abounds. 'They raise themselves on their hind legs, give a spring, entangle their horns in the lower branches of the trees, give them one or two shakes, which make the berries fall, and they will then quietly pick them up.'

The various contrivances to which bees resort upon emergencies, against which instinct has not taught them to provide, are well known. In the natural state they usually deposit their treasures in spots which are well sheltered from the heat of the sun, as the melting of the wax would be a serious interruption of their domestic economy. When in the hive, and they are fearful of such a disaster as this, they collect in numbers sufficient for the purpose at the bottom of their hive, where they move their wings so rapidly, as to produce a current of air which keeps their mansion cool and well ventilated. This current is so strong, that if a lighted candle be held at an aperture on the top of the hive, it will be blown out. Their labours in this way are sometimes ineffectual in very hot weather, and if the wax then melt, they become so extremely irritable on this account, that it is quite dangerous to go near them. The wasp mentioned by Dr. Darwin affords a decisive proof of there being some kind of reasoning power in that insect. He says that, walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as itself, which it had caught; kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk, or middle portion of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away. But a breeze of wind acting upon the wings of the fly, turned round the wasp with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

In further proof of the reasoning power in animals, the following curious memorandum is quoted, which has been found amongst the late Earl of Guilford's papers. "A strong proof of intellect was given in the case of Colonel O'Kelly's parrot. When the Colonel and his parrot were at Brighton, the bird was asked to sing; he answered, 'I can't.' Another time he left off in the middle of a tune, and said 'I have forgot.' Colonel O'Kelly continued the tune for a few notes; the parrot took it up where the Colonel had left off. The parrot took up the bottom of a lady's petticoat and said, 'what a pretty foot!' The parrot seeing the family at breakfast, said, 'won't you give some breakfast to Poll?' The company teazed and mobbed him a good deal; he said, 'I don't like it.'"

The question whether eels are propagated by the egg, or produced alive from the body of the parent, would seem to be still open to some doubt. Mr. Yarrel, of Little Ryder-street, St. James's, an ingenious and indefatigable naturalist, is of opinion that eels are oviparous; Sir Humphry Davy thought so too, although the current of all the authorities runs the other way. It is rather surprising that the fact should not have been yet ascertained one way or the other. The lamprey is decidedly oviparous. The author's observations on the migration of eels shew that he has paid some attention to the subject, though we do not think that his dissection is conclusive of the other question, for the small entities which he discovered might possibly have been parasitical worms. It seems to be rather against the viviparous theory, that eels never exhibit any external appearance of having young ones within them.

'Very little is known of the natural history of the eel; indeed, the element in which they live, almost precludes us from that access to them which is necessary to enable us to observe their habits and economy. The eel is evidently a link between the fish and the serpent, but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture in the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander* from one place to another is evident, as I am assured that they have been found in ponds in Richmond Park, which had been previously cleaned out and mudded, and into which no water could run, except from the springs which supplied it.†

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* 'From the following lines of Oppian, the rambling spirit of eels seems to have been known to the ancients :—

"The wandering eel,
Oft to the neighbouring beach will silent steal."'

† 'I have been informed upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the *sea*, for which it is always observed to

'An amazing number of eels are bred in the two large ponds in Richmond Park, which is sufficiently evident from the very great quantity of young ones which migrate from those ponds every year. The late respectable head keeper of that park assured me, that, at nearly the same day in the month of May, vast numbers of young eels, about two inches in length, contrived to get through the pen-stock of the upper pond, and then through the channels which led into the lower pond, from whence they got through another pen-stock into a water-course which led them eventually into the river Thames. They migrated in one connected shoal, and in such prodigious numbers, that no guess could be given as to their probable amount.

'An annual migration of young eels also takes place in the river Thames in the month of May, and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston in their way upwards, about the second week in that month, and accident has so determined it, that, for several years together, it was remarked that the 10th of May was the day of what fishermen call eel-fair: but they have been more irregular in their proceedings since the interruption of the lock at Teddington. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As the procession generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and a half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number.

'The line of march is almost universally confined to one bank of the river, and not on both sides at the same time; but, from some instinctive or capricious impulse, they will cross the river, and change the side, without any apparent reason for doing so. When the column arrives at the entrance of a tributary stream, which empties itself into the river, a certain portion of the column will continue to progress up the tributary stream, and the main phalanx either cross the river to the opposite bank, or will, after a stiff struggle to oppose the force of the tributary branch in its empty process, cross the mouth of this estuary, and regain its original line of march on the same side of the river. In consequence of the young eels dispersing themselves from time to time, as occasion offers, in the manner above described, the shoal must imperceptibly lessen, until the whole have disposed of themselves in different places. I have not yet been able to ascertain at what distance from Kingston the shoal has been seen. The locks at Hampton, Sunbury, &c. must, however, retard their progress upwards.

'These young eels are easily taken, and persons who want to stock their ponds with them, have only to lower a bucket into the midst of the shoal, which many persons do who reside in the neighbourhood of the river, and a sufficient number is immediately taken to answer their purpose.

'There is no doubt but that many of these little animals perish during their progress, but the numbers which are annually taken in our rivers, show that a sufficient quantity escape to stock them abundantly.

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make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct (and there seems to be no reason to doubt it), it shews that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of a strong migratory instinct. May we not suppose that the swallow, like the eel, performs its migrations in the same undeviating course?'

'It is very likely that many eels descend the river Thames, perhaps as far as the Nore, for the purpose of breeding; a practice contrary to that of some other fish, the salmon, for instance, which ascend the river for the same purpose. This would appear not only from the fact of the large annual shoal of young eels coming up, as above related, but from a circumstance which strengthens my conjecture, and which was communicated to me by one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-house, a gentleman with whom I have enjoyed many agreeable conversations on natural history, and other subjects, and whose society I never quitted, without having derived from it increased pleasure and improvement. He informed me that on superintending the laying down of some buoys at some places at the Nore, during a very hot summer, he observed a great number of large eels which appeared to be dying, on the top of the water; and having occasion to go afterwards to the mouth of the river, which runs into the sea near Harwich, he observed the same thing there, and was then informed that the great and unusual warmth of the water during that hot summer, had been the occasion of the death of a great many eels. It is, therefore, I think, pretty clear, that these eels (and they were chiefly of a large size) came to the mouth of the river, probably to the muddy and brackish oozes in the estuary of the Thames, at the latter end of the summer, for the purpose of breeding; and it is probable that, where this is effected, and their offspring have arrived at a certain degree of maturity, an instinctive force prevails, and they are propelled, under the influence of this instinct, to start upwards, and to stock the river as they go along.

'Before I quit this part of my subject, it may be as well to mention, for the benefit of all humane persons, that the most effectual and speedy method of killing an eel is by putting it into tepid water.

'That the eel is viviparous there can, I think, be but little doubt. In the New Monthly Magazine for the year 1814, there is an interesting article on the breeding and migration of eels, in which some facts as to their being viviparous are mentioned, such as, added to others which I shall have occasion to relate, will, I think, place that point beyond a doubt. In the article in question it is mentioned, that Walter Chetwynd, Esq., even so late in the year as the month of May, found live young ones in the bodies of several large eels; and in Prussia, M. de Buggenhausen speaks of an eel having been caught, during the hay harvest, which was full of young ones, each of which was so small as not to be thicker than a slender thread. Mr. Taylor, also, in his work on angling, asserts, that eels are viviparous, and expresses his belief that no one will venture to say, that he ever found any thing like roe in them. In proof of which he adds, that, for the purpose of satisfying himself on this head, he had cut open numbers of eels, and found within many of them a small, soft, whitish substance, knotted together very curiously, and which, upon close examination, when separated, he found to consist of perfect young eels, capable of moving, though some of them were no thicker than a fine thread; and upon their being put into the water, he saw them swim about.

'Wishing to ascertain the accuracy of the facts above mentioned by ocular demonstration, I requested the head keeper of Richmond Park, who had been in the habit of taking eels in all seasons of the year, to endeavour to find young ones in the inside of an eel. He assured me that he had often tried to find them, but had never succeeded, though so many were bred in the park ponds. I then went to an intelligent

Thames fisherman of the name of Brown, who resides at Kingston, and requested him to endeavour to procure an eel with young. He promised to do so, and has since brought me several. Upon dissecting them, there at first appeared no receptacle for young eels, till the gut was opened, when, in each partition of the gut a considerable quantity of a white gelatinous substance was found, curiously knotted together in the manner mentioned by Mr. Taylor, and which we afterwards found consisted of young eels perfectly alive, and capable of moving in the water. They appeared to adhere to the upper part of the gut by the mouth, and it was not very easy to detach that part of the little animal, while the rest of its body was quite unattached. I preserved a knot of them in spirits, and have them now by me. The young eels were of different sizes, some of them little thicker than a thread, and some of them much larger, and about two inches long, and perfectly white. In one eel that was brought me, the young appeared of a still larger size, and to have arrived at more maturity, though there were fewer of them. These also adhered to the gut by the mouth, and except for this circumstance, I should have been inclined to suppose that the young take refuge in the inside of the mother by entering her mouth, in the same way young vipers do, a fact I shall have occasion hereafter to notice. Be that as it may, it is I think now sufficiently evident, that eels are viviparous, though in what way they are generated we are still ignorant.

'Eels feed on almost all animal substances, whether dead or living. It is well known that they devour the young of all water fowl that are not too large for them. Mr. Bingley states, that he saw exposed for sale at Retford in Nottinghamshire, a quantity of eels that would have filled a couple of wheelbarrows, the whole of which had been taken out of the body of a dead horse thrown into a ditch near one of the adjacent villages, and a friend of mine saw the body of a man taken out of the serpentine river, in Hyde Park, where it had been some time, and from which a large eel crawled out.

'The winter retreat of eels is very curious. They not only get deep into the mud, but in Bushy Park, where the mud in the ponds is not very deep, and what there is is of a sandy nature, the eels make their way under the banks of the ponds, and have been found knotted together in a large mass.

'Eels vary much in size in different waters. The largest I ever caught was in Richmond Park, and it weighed five pounds, but some are stated to have been caught in Ireland, which weighed from fifteen to twenty pounds. Seven pounds is, I believe, no unusual size. The large ones are extremely strong and muscular. Fishing one day at Pain's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, I hooked an eel amongst some weeds, but before I could land him, he had so twisted a new strong double wire to which the hook was fixed, that he broke it and made his escape.'—pp. 25—35.

The rooks are, we think, favourites with most persons who have ever lived for any length of time in the neighbourhood of one of their colonies. There is something peculiarly home-like and social in their habits; for our own parts, we have never watched them returning from their day's labour in search of food, without feeling that there was a striking resemblance between them and those classes of our fellow beings, whose labours detain them out of doors during the greater part of the day. We can fancy the pleasure with which they revisit their nests, and bring aliment to their offspring while yet too young to venture forth on their own account. Their smooth and rapid flight through the air, the manner in which they alight upon the earth, or perch upon a tree, have always appeared to us remarkably graceful. It is impossible to doubt that they have a language amongst themselves, which is well understood by the whole community. It is well known that they have their scouts, who are constantly employed on the look-out whenever danger is apprehended, and that when the alarm is given, they fly in a direction that generally offers the greatest chance of security. We feel much pleasure in extracting the author's observations on some of the peculiarities of this bird.

'There is one trait in the character of the rook which is, I believe, peculiar to that bird, and which does him no little credit,—it is the distress which they exhibit when one of them has been killed or wounded by a gun while they have been feeding in a field or flying over it. Instead of being scared away by the report of the gun, leaving their wounded or dead companion to his fate, they show the greatest anxiety and sympathy for him, uttering cries of distress, and plainly proving that they wish to render him assistance, by hovering over him, or sometimes making a dart from the air close up to him, apparently to try and find out the reason why he did not follow them,—

"While circling round and round,
They call their lifeless comrade from the ground."

If he is wounded, and can flutter along the ground, the rooks appear to animate him to make fresh exertions by incessant cries, flying a little distance before him, and calling to him to follow them. I have seen one of my labourers pick up a rook so wounded, which he had shot at for the purpose of putting him up as a scare-crow in a field of wheat, and while the poor wounded bird was still fluttering in his hand, I have observed one of his companions make a wheel round in the air, and suddenly dart past him so as almost to touch him, perhaps with a last hope that he might still afford assistance to his unfortunate mate or companion. Even when the dead bird has been hung, *in terrorem*, to a stake in the field, he has been visited by some of his former friends, but as soon as they found that the case was hopeless, they have generally abandoned that field altogether.

'When one considers the instinctive care with which rooks avoid any one carrying a gun, and which is so evident, that I have often heard country people remark that they can smell gunpowder, one can more justly estimate the force of their love or friendship in thus continuing to hover round a person who has just destroyed one of their companions with an instrument, the dangerous nature of which they seem fully capable of appreciating.

'That it is the instrument, and not the man, which they avoid, is evident from their following the heels of the peaceable ploughman along the furrow, sometimes taking short flights after him, and each rook showing some degree of eagerness to be nearest the ploughman, and to have the best chance of being the first to pick up the newly turned up worm, or the grub of the cockchafer, of which they are very fond.

'Rooks are not easily induced to forsake the trees in which they have been bred, and which they frequently revisit after the breeding season is over. This is shown in Hampton Court Park, where there is an extensive rookery amongst the fine lime-trees, and where a barbarous and unnecessary custom prevails of shooting the young rooks. As many as a hundred dozen of them have been killed in one season, and yet the rooks build in the avenue, though there is a corresponding avenue close by, in Bushy Park, which they never frequent, notwithstanding the trees are equally high and equally secure. I never hear the guns go off during this annual slaughter without execrating the practice, and pitying the poor rooks, whose melancholy cries may be heard to a great distance, and some of whom may be seen, exhausted by their fruitless exertions, sitting melancholy on a solitary tree waiting till the *sport* is over, that they may return and see whether any of the offspring which they have reared with so much care and anxiety are left to them; or, what is more probable, the call for assistance of their young having ceased, they are aware of their fate, and are sitting in mournful contemplation of their loss. This may appear romantic, but it is nevertheless true; and whoever, like myself, has observed the habits and manners of the rook, and witnessed their attachment to each other and to their young,—and is convinced, as I am, that they have the power of communication by means of a language known to themselves, and are endowed with a knowledge and foresight most extraordinary, will take as much interest in them as I have confessed that I do.

'Some farmers have a very mistaken notion that rooks are injurious to them. They certainly now and then feed on grain, but the damage they may do in this respect is much more than counterbalanced by the good they do in destroying the grubs of the cockchafer and beetles, and other insects which are injurious to the farmer.

'Rooks are known to bury acorns, and I believe walnuts also, as I have observed them taking ripe walnuts from a tree and returning to it before they could have had time to break them and eat the contents. Indeed, when we consider how hard the shell of a walnut is, it is not easy to guess how the rook contrives to break them. May they not, by first burying them, soften the shells, and afterwards return to feed upon them?'—pp. 58—61.

Though not so mischievous to the farmer as is generally imagined, yet we are afraid it must be admitted that the rook is by no means a conscientious bird. He feels no hesitation in robbing another nest of its materials, if he find that nobody has been left at home to defend them. He is also rather too fond of cherries, and sometimes commits serious depredations in the garden. He will, when nothing better offers, take away a potatoe or a pear in his beak. He is, however, a hospitable bird, associating easily with the jackdaw and the starling, and allowing even the common sparrow to live under his protection. It is a curious fact, attested by the author, that rooks are very particular in not allowing any of their society to build out of the usual precincts of the colony. A pair of rooks, more adventurous than their fellows, attempted last spring to establish themselves out of the accustomed line of trees in the avenue of Hampton Court park, and when their nest was nearly finished, some fifty others came, and demolished it in a few minutes.

When we consider that a question, apparently so susceptible of solution as that of the reproduction of eels, still remains to be settled, we need not be surprised to find natural history exceedingly deficient of information with respect to the habits of other species of fish, less commonly met with in our rivers. The author was anxious to do every thing in his power in order to supply this deficiency of knowledge; but the nature of the element in which fish live has necessarily in a great measure baffled his inquiries. He caused the sides and bottom of a reservoir in Bushy Park to be bricked, through which a stream of very clear water ran, and stocked it with most varieties of our English fresh-water fish, supplying them abundantly with food; but though he constantly watched them, and could see all they did at any time of the day, the result of his observations was by no means satisfactory. The perch, which is a bold fish, he easily accustomed to take a worm out of his hand. The barbel were particularly shy of observation. The trout, like a newly caged bird, did not appear at all to like their confinement, making high leaps against the grating through which the water was admitted, and seeming at all times out of sorts and out of condition. The chub was also very restless; the flounders only moved at night; and the eels effected their escape from their prison, though in what way he could never conjecture, unless they had the power of crawling up the brick-work, of which there were two feet above the surface of the water. The grating was close enough for the confinement of gudgeons, and some of the eels were of a large size. The carp and tench were soon reconciled to their situation, and eat boiled potatoes in considerable quantities. The pike lost no part of their well-known boldness and voracity; the appetite of one of them seemed insatiable. One morning he swallowed five roach, each five inches in length, one after another. The bleak were the most playful of all, darting, on a still summer's evening, at every little fly that settled on the water near them; though restless, they always appeared happy. The author thinks that fish must have the power of hearing, as they suddenly moved at the report of a gun, though they could not have seen the flash. Might not their alarm have been caused rather by the sudden agitation of the water, which must have been produced by that of the atmosphere when disturbed by the discharge? They appeared to have the sense of smelling, as they preferred paste and worms that had been prepared with particular perfumes; and they also exhibited something like curiosity, as when a new object was put into the water, they, the carp especially, crowded round to examine it. Those fish which are the objects of prey readily distinguish and fly from their natural enemies. Fish are evidently capable of entertaining affection for each other. Their growth is exceedingly rapid; that of pike has been ascertained in some instances to be at the rate of at least four pounds a year. The growth of salmon is still more extraordinary. Fish are well known to be very partial to certain localities; salmon, particularly, are supposed to return in all cases to the river where they were bred. The author has observed, that when fish have been bruised, or some of their scales rubbed off, a sort of white *mothery* matter forms on the place, which invariably kills them. When this begins to form they seldom move; their heads get lower and lower, and when they touch the ground, the body turns up and they die. The following table, exhibiting the different degrees of fecundity in several kinds of fish, was communicated by Samuel Clark, Esq. to the Royal Society.

Fish	Weight		Weight of Spawn	Number of
	oz.	dr.	grs.	Eggs.
Carp	25	5	2,571	203,109
Codfish			12,540	3,686,760
Flounders	24	14	2,200	1,357,400
Herring	5	10	480	36,960
Mackerel	18	10	1,223½	546,681
Perch	8	9	765½	28,323
Pike	56	4	5,100½	49,304
Roach	10	6½	361	81,586
Smelt	2	0	149½	38,278
Sole	14	8	542½	100,362
Tench	40	0		383,252
Lobster			1,671	21,699

The following observations on the happiness and gratitude of animals, aptly illustrate the lines of Wordsworth:

> "The inferior kinds, whom forest trees
> Protect from heating sun-beams and the sweep
> Of the sharp winds—fair creatures! to whom heaven
> A calm and sinless life, with love, has given."

'It is impossible to view the cheerfulness and happiness of animals and birds without pleasure. The latter, especially, appear to enjoy themselves during the fine weather in spring and summer with a degree of hilarity which might be almost envied. It is astonishing how much man might do to lessen the misery of those creatures which are either given to him for food, or use, or for adding to his pleasure, if he was so disposed. Instead of which, he often exercises a degree of wanton tyranny and cruelty over them which cannot be too much deprecated, and for which, no doubt, he will one day be held accountable. Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons, who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented. Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.

'The following little anecdote will show the gratitude and recollection of the kindness shown to an animal. A young lady in this neighbourhood (who, if she should ever read this anecdote, will not, I hope, object to having had this instance of her humane disposition recorded) brought up a calf whose mother had died soon after it was born. She made a *pet* of it; but, when it became an heifer, for some reason it was parted with, and she lost sight of it for about two years. At the end of that time, as she was walking with a friend in a lane, she met some cows, when one of them left the herd and came up to her, showing evident symptoms of pleasure in seeing her. She immediately knew and patted her old acquaintance, who, after being satisfied by these marks of her favour that the recognition was mutual, quietly turned away and joined her companions.

'An instance of the same grateful recognition occurred in the case of a lion which is at present, or was lately, in the Tower of London. This lion, when very young, became the property of a gentleman. He had treated it kindly; kept it some time with him abroad, and, on his return, brought it over to England, when, not knowing what else to do with it, he sent it to the Tower. Here he became extremely fierce, and was always mentioned by the keeper as an untameable animal. At the end of two or three years the gentleman called at the Tower to visit his old acquaintance, who immediately recognised him, and, upon his being admitted into the cage, showed the strongest symptoms of pleasure at again seeing his former master. A story, somewhat similar, is mentioned by Mr. Bingley in his "Animal Biography."

'Various instances have also been related of the affection of dogs for their masters, refusing even to leave their bodies amidst the din and slaughter of battle. Those anecdotes ought to operate in favour of the whole animal creation, and where we cannot have an opportunity of befriending, we ought, at least, to abstain from any unnecessary infliction of misery.

'" He knew his lord: he knew, and strove to meet;
" In vain he strove to crawl and lick his feet;
" Yet—all he could—his tail, his ears, his eyes,
" Salute his master, and confess his joys."

'The sagacity and recollection of passed events, in some animals, is very surprising. A shepherd employed to bring up some mountain sheep from Westmorland, took with him a young sheep-dog who had never made the journey before, and, from his assistant being ignorant of the ground, experienced great difficulty in having the flock stopped at the various roads and lanes he passed in their way to the neighbourhood of London. Next year the same shepherd, accompanied by the same dog, brought up another flock for the gentleman who had had the former one. On being questioned how he had got on, he said much better than the year before, as his dog now knew the road, and had kept the sheep from going up any of the lanes or turnings which had given the shepherd so much trouble on his former journey. The distance could not have been less than four hundred miles.

'A dog never again came near a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had been in the habit of feeding him, because he once offered him an oyster-shell instead of meat. pp. 91—94.

A hen will hatch the eggs of ducks, and bring up the young with great care; and so little is it conscious of any difference between its foster children and its own natural brood, that when the ducklings take to the water, which they do as soon as they are hatched, the hen is in a perfect agony, running round the brink of a pond, and sometimes flying into it, in order to rescue them from the danger to which she apprehends them to be exposed. She gets over this apprehension, however, in time, when accustomed to the ways of her progeny. An instance is mentioned of a hen which, having been habituated for three successive years to rear broods of ducks, used to fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and then patiently watch the little creatures swim about and amuse themselves. 'The fourth year,' says Mr. Jesse's informant, 'she hatched her own eggs, and finding that her chickens did not take to the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with the utmost eagerness.' A striking proof of the affection of a robin for its young, is given by the author. The birds had built their nest among some straw, on the top of sundry hampers and boxes which had been packed up in a waggon at Walton Park, intended to be sent to Worthing. For some reason the waggon had been delayed, and was placed under a shed, where the robins found it: their habitation having been finished, their eggs were just hatched when the waggon was sent off on its journey. The nest remained undisturbed, and one of the birds accompanied it the whole way, leaving it only for the purpose of flying to the nearest hedge in quest of food for its young. The distance of Worthing from Walton Park is about a hundred miles. Indeed this affection of the parent for its young, which is found in all the animated tribes of nature, is the most admirable law that could be provided for their reproduction and preservation.

Toads have been sometimes found in the midst of blocks of stone and of the trunks of trees. The author had the good fortune to observe a part of the process by which this extraordinary inhumation, if we may so express it, takes place.

> 'I remember some years ago getting up into a mulberry-tree, and finding in the fork of the two main branches a large toad almost embedded in the bark of the tree, which had grown over it so much that he was quite unable to extricate himself, and would probably in time be completely covered over with the bark. Indeed, as the tree increased in size, there seems to be no reason why the toad should not in process of time become embedded in the tree itself, as was the case with the end of an oak rail that had been inserted into an elm-tree, which stood close to a public footpath. This, being broken off and grown over, was, on the tree being felled and sawn in two, found nearly in the centre of it. The two circumstances together may explain the curious fact of toads having been found alive in the middle of trees, by showing that the bark having once covered them, the process of growth in the tree would annually convey the toad more

nearly to the centre of it, as happened with the piece of oak-rail; and by showing that toads, and probably other amphibia, can exist on the absorption of fluids by the skin alone. This is confirmed by the following fact. A gentleman informed me that he put a toad into a small flower-pot, and secured it so that no insect could penetrate into it, and then buried it in the ground at a sufficient depth to protect it from the influence of frost. At the end of twenty years he took it up, and found the toad increased in size, and apparently healthy. Dr. Townson, in his tracts on the respiration of the amphibia, proves, I think satisfactorily, from actual experiment, that, while those animals with whose economy we are best acquainted receive their principal supply of liquids by the mouth, the frog and salamander tribes take in theirs through the skin alone; all the aqueous fluid which they take in being absorbed by the skin, and all they reject being transpired through it. He found that a frog absorbed nearly its own weight of water in the short time of an hour and a half, and that by being merely placed on blotting-paper well soaked with water; and it is believed that they never discharge it, except when they are disturbed or pursued, and they then only eject it to lighten their bodies, and facilitate their escape. That the moisture thus imbibed is sufficient to enable some of the amphibia to exist without any other food, there cannot I think be a reasonable doubt; and if this is admitted, the circumstance of toads being found alive in the centre of trees is accounted for by this and the preceding facts related.*

'In additional proof however of what has been advanced, I may mention that the respectable proprietor of some extensive coal-mines in Staffordshire, informed me that his men, in working into a stratum of thick coal at a very considerable depth, found three live eels in a small deposit of water in the centre of a block of coal,† which died as soon as they were taken out of it. Another case was mentioned to me by an eminent physician. A wet spot had always been observed on a freestone mantel-piece, which afterwards cracked at that place, and upon its being taken down, a toad was found in it, dead; but its death was probably owing to the want of that moisture which it had been enabled to imbibe when the stone was in the quarry, and which gradually lessened by the action of the fire, as from the moisture which appeared on that part of the mantel-piece, some time after it was put up, there seems but little reason to doubt that the toad was alive at that time.

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* 'In one of the volumes published by the Academy of Sciences at Paris there is an account of a live toad being in the centre of an elm-tree, and of another in an oak. Both trees were sound and thriving. There is also a well-authenticated account in the Annual Register of a toad being found in the middle of a large and hard stone, which had no visible aperture by which it could get there.'

† 'As this assertion may astonish the geologists, I think it right to mention that the gentleman who communicated the circumstance to me did not see the eels himself, but heard it from his workmen, who, however, one would think could have no object in deceiving him in a matter of this sort. The men called them eels, but they might possibly be the genus of amphibia living in dark caverns, the Proteus, of which Sir Humphry Davy has given an account in his "Consolations in Travel." I am not aware of any communication with the external world by which eels could reach the place where they were said to have been found.'

'I may here mention a curious observation I made in regard to some frogs that had fallen down a small area which gave light to one of the windows of my house. The top of the area, being on a level with the ground, was covered over with some iron bars, through which the frogs fell.

'During dry and warm weather, when they could not absorb much moisture, I observed them to appear almost torpid; but when it rained they became impatient of their confinement, and endeavoured to make their escape, which they did in the following manner. The wall of the area was about five feet in height, and plastered and whitewashed as smooth as the ceiling of a room. Upon this surface the frogs soon found that their claws would render them little or no assistance; they therefore contracted their large feet, so as to make a hollow in the centre, and by means of the moisture which they had imbibed in consequence of the rain, they contrived to produce a vacuum, so that by the pressure of the air on the extended feet (in the same way that we see boys take up a stone by means of a piece of wet leather fastened to a string) they ascended the wall, and made their escape. This happened constantly in the course of three years.

'It is a curious fact that toads are so numerous in the island of Jersey, that they have become a term of reproach for its inhabitants, the word "Crapaud" being frequently applied to them; while in the neighbouring island of Guernsey not a toad is to be found, though they have frequently been imported. Indeed, certain other islands have always been privileged in this respect. Ireland is free from venomous animals, of course by the aid of St. Patrick. The same was affirmed of Crete in olden times, being the birth-place of Jupiter. The Isle of Man is said also to be free from venomous creatures. The Mauritius, and I believe one of the Balearic islands, enjoys the same immunity.'—pp. 115—119.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that the fat of the adder is sold sometimes among the lower orders in the country as a sovereign remedy for hurts and bruises. There are men who employ themselves in hunting vipers for this purpose, one of whom, near Brighton, assured the author that he had frequently seen the young vipers take refuge in the inside of their mother, by running into her mouth, which she opens for their reception when danger is apprehended. Snakes have been known to swallow newly hatched chickens and frogs.

The caprice, or taste, whatever it may be, which birds sometimes shew in selecting a spot for the construction of their nests, is frequently unaccountable. His present Majesty, when residing at Bushy Park, had a part of the mast of the Victory, against which Nelson was standing when he received his mortal wound; it was placed in a small temple in the grounds. A large shot had completely passed through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple, a pair of robins built their nest in the shot hole! The author saw a swallow's nest built on the knocker of a hall door in Warwickshire. The mother was at the time employed in incubation, and whenever the door was opened, as it frequently was in the course of the day, the bird left the nest for the instant, but returned to it again the moment the door was shut. In this strange situation the young actually arrived at maturity. The migration of birds is a subject upon which we possess so little authentic information, that every accession to it is of importance.

'It is a curious fact that the males of migrating birds, or at least of some species, arrive some weeks before the females. An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher assures me that the male nightingale generally makes its appearance in this country about the first of April, and the female about a month afterwards; and that his song increases in power, and is longer continued, when the period for the arrival of the female is near at hand. A favourite bush having been selected, the nightingale awaits the appearance of his mate in or near it, singing his song of love, and greeting her arrival with all the little blandishments of affection. When she begins to sit, his song is less frequent and less powerful, and ceases soon after the young are hatched.

'The black-cap, whose song is scarcely less pleasing than that of the nightingale, arrives also some time before the female, and calls her to him in the same *poetical* manner. I have one of these birds in my possession: his song is wild and sweet; and, as Mr. White says, when he sings in earnest, he pours forth very sweet but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted.

'The bird-catcher above referred to showed me his call-birds, and gave me some proofs of their skill. On seeing some strange birds, they immediately begin their call, which is succeeded by their song, and this seldom ceases till the wild birds are trapped. He says the call-birds then show a degree of pleasure which cannot be mistaken; and he seems persuaded that his birds are fully aware of the purpose for which their call and song are required.

'The wheatear arrives about the middle or end of March, and builds its nest in rabbit-burrows. At least they do so occasionally, as I have had one brought to me which was found in digging out a rabbit. A shepherd whom I met on the Brighton Downs informed me that these birds are annually getting less numerous, and forsaking those haunts which they formerly most frequented.

'Magpies congregate in considerable numbers on the Brighton Downs, as we counted last winter from twenty to thirty in a flock. Probably the want of wood keeps them together as a precautionary measure; and they have a scout, like the crow, who looks out for danger while his companions are feeding. They seemed very wild, and took long flights on being disturbed.

'The periodical flight of birds is very curious. That in the spring is much less considerable than the autumnal one; September, October, and November being the chief months for the passage of various kinds of birds. Bird-catchers state that the flights take place from daybreak to twelve at noon, and sometimes from two o'clock till it is nearly dark. Birds fly against the wind during their passage, with the exception of the chaffinch, who flies across it. The male chaffinches are observed to fly by themselves, and are shortly followed by the females. This is also the case with the titlark.

'Birds flock together in February, for the purpose of choosing their mates; and probably in the autumn, for leading their young to places where they can procure food, or enjoy a climate congenial with their nature. Many flocks of birds, however, appear and disappear in places where they had not previously been seen for many years. In the month of December, 1818, a very large flock of the small wild blue pigeon passed along the coast of Sussex, and many of them were shot near Brighton. These birds were formerly very numerous in this country, but are, I believe, now seldom met with. The last I saw was a pair, about ten years ago, who had built amongst some rocks, in a small bay near Swansea. The most extraordinary instance, however, I have witnessed of the sudden congregation of birds, occurred in the summer of the same year, which was a particularly hot and dry one. No rain had fallen for some weeks previous to the 26th of July. Flowers of every description had entirely disappeared, and the ground was parched to an extraordinary degree. About six o'clock in the evening of that day, some rain fell. I was at the time standing at a window, looking on the river Thames. In an instant the surface of the river was covered with an incredible number of swallows, which remained flying, some near the water, and others at a considerable height above, till the rain had ceased, when not one of them was to be seen. I have also observed nearly a similar circumstance on the roof of the Tennis Court, at Hampton Court. A vast flight of swallows have alighted upon it, and after remaining there for a few hours, have entirely disappeared. Sometimes they assemble and roost on the willows which overhang the banks of the Aytes in the Thames, and I have also seen them settle in prodigious numbers on the turf on Molesey Hurst. Our assemblages of birds, however, are nothing when compared with the flocks of the passenger pigeon (Columba migratoria) of America. Audubon, in his Ornithological Biography, gives a curious and interesting account of the flight of these birds. He says that in passing over the Barrens, a few miles from Hardensburgh, he observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than he had ever seen them before; and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of his eye in one hour, he seated himself on an eminence, and began to mark with his pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, he rose, and counting the dots already put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. He then travelled on, and still met more as he proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse, the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull his senses to repose. Whilst waiting for his dinner, immense legions were still going by, and on Mr. Audubon's arrival before sunset at Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, the pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession.

Mr. Audubon makes the following curious estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one only of these mighty flocks. Taking a column of one mile in breadth, which he thinks is far below the average size, and supposing it to pass over without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile in a minute, it will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eight square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As each pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels a day. Nor is the account of their roosting places less curious. One of them on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky was repeatedly visited by Mr. Audubon. It was in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood, and the average breadth was about three miles. On arriving there about two hours before sunset, few pigeons were to be seen. A great number of persons, however, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established themselves on the borders. Two farmers had driven upwards of three hundred hogs from their residence, more than a hundred miles distant, to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. The sun had set, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing, however, was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come." The noise which they made, though yet distant, is described as like a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, they were knocked down by thousands by the pole-men. As they continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by myriads, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight, with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. The pigeons kept constantly coming, and it was past midnight before a decrease in the number of those that arrived could be perceived. The noise made was so great, that it was distinctly heard at three miles from the spot. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided, and long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.'—pp. 131—137.

Mr. Jesse's observations upon plants, seeds, and trees, are entitled to particular attention, as he has had many opportunities of noticing their peculiarities. Few facts are more curious than that which he states respecting the seeds of various plants and flowers lying dormant in the ground for ages, and which are accidentally brought to life by being exposed to the air, or by the action of some manure congenial to their nature. Thus, in the course of trenching for a plantation, some ground having been turned up in winter in Bushy Park, which had probably not been disturbed since the time of Charles I., it was covered the following summer with a profusion of the tree mignionette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, none of which are found in the neighbourhood in a wild state. Thus too, a field which had previously scarcely any Dutch clover upon it, was covered with it after the ground had been much trampled upon, and fed down by horses. In boring for water at a spot near Kingston upon Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; being carefully covered over with a hand glass, to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited upon it, in a short time it was covered with vegetation. 'So completely indeed,' says Mr. Jesse, 'is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it.' 'I have always,' he adds, with a becoming feeling, 'considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action.'

Many plants are attached to particular spots, and will not flourish elsewhere, even in the very same neighbourhood. In looking over an old history of Middlesex, the author found mention made of a small mountain pink, that had been discovered on a particular mound of earth in Hampton Court Park. He went to the place pointed out, at the time of the year when those plants are in flower, and readily discovered this pretty pink; but beyond the circle of the mound it was nowhere to be seen. It is well known that the perfection as well as the nature of the colours of tulips, depend entirely on the kind of soil in which they are grown. The author mentions a striking feature which he observed in several of the old thorns in Bushy Park.

'While on the subject of trees, I will notice the present state of the old thorns in Bushy Park, from which it probably takes its name. These trees are generally supposed to have been in existence at the time of Oliver Cromwell, (the park being then used as a hare park.) As they increase in age, they have the property of separating themselves into different stems, some having four or five, and even six, which, as they separate, become regularly barked round, forming to appearance so many distinct trees closely planted together, except that they all meet at the butt of the tree. Some of the thorns are now undergoing the process of separation, having already thrown out one stem, while in other parts they are deeply indented with seams down the whole stem. These gradually deepening from opposite sides towards the centre, will at last split the tree into a number of separate stems which are barked round. In other trees the seam is hardly visible, though none of them are without it. This peculiarity seems confined to the thorn, and as I have not observed it in those which appear to have been more recently planted, it is probably the effect of great age, though the trees are still flourishing, and I know of few sights more beautiful than the fine old thorns in Bushy Park in full blossom. The yew tree, I have observed, is sometimes strongly marked with seams, especially those which have arrived at a great age, but I have not seen any in which the separation has actually taken place.

'This remarkable property in the thorn is not noticed, as far as I can remember, in any work I have met with. It seems, however, to be worthy of some attention, and might be the means of throwing light on the age of those trees.'—pp. 152, 153.

The reader will be pleased with Mr Jesse's further observations on the trees which decorate several of his Majesty's parks.

'Perhaps the largest oak-tree in England is to be seen near the old stables in Hampton Court Park. It is thirty-three feet round, and its diameter, therefore, is eleven feet. I never see this beautiful tree, (and I often go to admire it,) without carrying my mind back to the time it was probably planted, and the ages which have since elapsed. The venerable old pollards, which were so sadly cut down on the enclosure of Windsor Forest, might have been thought to have sprung from, and not have been coeval with it.

'There is also a remarkably fine poplar tree in the stud-house grounds in the same park. The height of this tree is ninety-seven feet; and to look at it one might almost suppose that it was composed of several trees, so mighty are the branches which have shot up from the main trunk, within a short distance from the ground. This tree is fourteen feet in circumference, and near it is a thriving English elm, so called to distinguish it from the wych elm. There are seven hundred and ninety-six feet of solid timber in this tree. The trunk is forty-four feet in height, and eighteen feet in circumference. There is another elm near it, known by the name of King Charles's Swing, which has a most curious appearance. There are two enormous limbs growing from each side of the trunk, which, at a height of eight feet six inches from the ground, measures thirty-eight feet round. Each of the limbs are about forty-feet high, and are so healthy, that they seem likely to become stupendous trees.

'I always regret seeing the wych elm planted instead of the English. This latter is more expensive, as it is obliged to be propagated either by layers or by grafting it on the wych elm. In a work called an Appendix to New Improvements and Planting, &c., by R. Bradley, Professor of Botany in Cambridge, published in 1726, there is the following passage:—"The elm, according to the forest terms, is not a timber tree, but is styled by the foresters, a weed."

'This seems to be a confirmation of the opinion that it is not indigenous, but is an intruder. That it is an exotic, I think is proved by the custom of nurserymen grafting it on the wych elm, which they would not do, could they raise it from seed. Very few old elm trees are found in the royal forests.

'Cork trees flourish in Hampton Court Park, where there are two large ones. There are also some ilexes, or evergreen oaks, in Bushy Park, of a very large size, and apparently as hardy as any other tree there. The avenues in that park are perhaps the finest in Europe. There are nine of them altogether, the centre one, formed by two rows of horse-chestnut trees, being the widest. The side avenues, of which there are four on each side of the main avenue, are of lime trees, and the whole length, including the circuit round the Diana water, is one mile and forty yards. The trees are generally in a healthy and thriving state, and when the horse-chestnuts are in full bloom, the appearance of the avenue is most beautiful. The fine fountain in the centre of the circular piece of water in the avenue does not appear to have excited as much attention as it deserves. The small figures and shells are of bronze. The upper part of the fountain is composed of the finest statuary marble, and the figure of Diana at the top, which is seven feet in height, is cast in bronze. The attitude, proportions, and elegance of this figure, cannot be sufficiently admired. The pipes which conveyed the water to play from this fountain, have long since been destroyed, and it is a matter of regret that they have not been replaced.

'Near the Queen's house in this park is a very fine Spanish chestnut-tree, said to have been planted by Charles II.; and to have been the first which was seen in this country.

'The trees in Richmond Park are almost entirely oaks, and some of them of very large dimensions. Many of them, however, are pollards, in consequence of a custom which formerly prevailed very generally of lopping trees for browse for the deer. Two of the trees are called the "King and Queen," and are of very large size. The timber from the trees in this park is generally of a bad quality, probably from the wetness of the soil.

'The trees which at present form so much of the beauty of Greenwich Park, were planted by Evelyn, and if he could now see them he would call them "goodly trees," at least some of them. The chestnuts, however, though they produce some fine fruit, have not thriven in the same proportion with the elms. In noticing this park I should not forget to mention, that the only remaining part of the palace of Henry VIII. is preserved in the front of Lord Auckland's house, looking into the park. It is a circular delft window of beautiful workmanship, and in a fine state of preservation. There are also a great number of small tumuli in the upper part of the park, all of which appear to have been opened.

'Last year a certain portion of the turf in the park became suddenly brown, and the grass withered and died. On turning up the turf, an amazing number of the grubs of the long-legged gnat (*tibula oleracea*) were found, and which had evidently fed on the roots of the grass, as they were eaten off. This shews the correctness of what an intelligent writer, Mr. Stickney, has said in his treatise upon this insect, when he gave it as his opinion that the grub fed on the roots of corn and grass. It has generally been supposed that this grub is most destructive in marshy lands, but the devastation in Greenwich Park was on the high ground near the Observatory, on a bed of gravel. On mentioning the circumstance to one of the governors of Greenwich Hospital, he informed me that a part of one of the estates belonging to the hospital in the north of England, had been visited by an army of these destructive insects, who carried on their depredations in a regular line till they came to a river, which stopped their further progress. The mischief done by them in Greenwich Park was stopped by sprinkling salt on the grass, and afterwards dressing it with a slight coat of soil, and sowing grass-seeds upon it. In a note in Messrs. Kirby and Spence's Entomology, it is stated that two species of these insects are confounded under the appellation of the *grub*—the larvæ, namely, of *tibula oleracea* and *cornicina*, which last is very injurious, though not equally with the first. In the rich district of Sunk Island in Holderness, in the spring of 1813, hundreds of acres of pasture have been entirely destroyed by them, being rendered as completely brown as if they had suffered a three months' drought, and destitute of all vegetation, except that of a few thistles. A square foot of the dead turf being dug up, two hundred and ten grubs were counted in it!—and, what furnishes a striking proof of the prolific powers of these insects, the next year it was difficult to find a single one.

'In the grounds of the lodge belonging to the Earl of Erroll in Richmond Park, there is a raised piece of ground known by the name of Harry the Eighth's Mound. It is supposed that he stood on this elevated spot to watch the signal from the Tower of London, which assured him of the death of Anne Boleyn. It is in a direct line with the Tower, which is readily seen with the naked eye on a clear day. The beauty of the grounds at this charming lodge with reference to their extent, is exceeded by few in this kingdom.

'The upper lodge in Bushy Park is also very agreeably situated. It was formerly the Ranger's lodge, and in the time of Oliver Cromwell was inhabited by Bradshaw the regicide. Charles II. gave it to a keeper of the name of Podger, who had shown his loyalty during the troubles of the commonwealth; and he afterwards partook of an entertainment from him at the lodge. On taking down lately the old church at Hampton, Podger's tomb was discovered under the reading-desk. It is now put up in the new church. The original lodge has long since been pulled down; but there is a painting of it preserved in the neighbourhood.

'The footpath from Hampton Wick across Bushy Park to Teddington is particularly pleasant and healthy. A former ranger of the park (Lord Halifax, I believe) attempted to stop this path. A patriotic shoemaker, however, who had long enjoyed an agreeable walk amongst the thorn trees, thought he could not do better with the money he had scraped together, than leave it to be spent in recovering the right of way for the benefit of his neighbours. The money was accordingly so spent, and the right of way established. Some of the cottagers in the neighbourhood have portraits of this public-spirited cobbler, with an account affixed of the above-mentioned circumstances.

'Among the records preserved by the Steward of the Manor of Hampton, is a strong remonstrance from the inhabitants of that place to Oliver Cromwell, complaining of his having encroached upon their rights by adding a part of their common to Bushy Park. This remonstrance seems to have had its effect, as a grant of some land in the neighbourhood was made to them in lieu of what had been taken from them. The ancient boundaries of Bushy Park are found in several places.

'In Hampton-Court Park may be traced some lines of fortification which were thrown up to teach that art to the Duke of Cumberland, when a boy, and whose name was afterwards so much connected with the troubles of 1745. There is also an unfinished canal, which was begun by William the Third, and intended to correspond with the one in front of Hampton-Court Palace. The spot is still shown where the king's horse slipped, and occasioned his death.

'Hampton-Court Palace is supplied with water from some springs in Coombe Wood. The distance is two miles, in the most direct line, and the leaden pipes which convey the water are carried across the bottom of the river Thames. There are two pipes from each conduit, making altogether eight miles of leaden pipes. These pipes were laid down by Cardinal Wolsey for the purpose of supplying his palace with water. A foot of this old lead weighs twenty-four pounds; and allowing one pound for waste in each foot since the time of Cardinal Wolsey, each pipe must have weighed 132,000 pounds, and the eight, therefore, 1,056,000 pounds. This alone is a proof of the amazing wealth and resources of Wolsey. His palace is supposed to have been very considerably larger than the present one, the roof of which is covered with lead, which probably was by no means so plentiful in those days as it is at present.'—pp. 153—161.

The attachments which animals of a different, and sometimes (in a state of nature) a mutually hostile species, form for each other, is an unequivocal proof of the power which accident or education exercises over them. A pigeon who was unable to procure a mate, has been known to attach itself to an old barn-door fowl, whose side it seldom left day or night. The connexion was even sanctioned by the cock, who never in any way molested the pigeon. A horse and a pig have associated together for want of better companions; and White of Selborne mentions a horse and a hen who spent most of their time together in an orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. The fowl would frequently rub itself, with apparent pleasure, against the feet of the horse, while the animal looked down with no less complacency upon its diminutive companion, and moved with the greatest caution, lest he should trample on it. At Aston Hall in Warwickshire, there was a cat and a large fierce bloodhound, who never seemed tired of each other's society. One of the most curious instances of these strange attachments, perhaps, on record, is that between a cat and a domesticated alligator; they were never happy but when they were together. Colonel Montagu mentions the case of a pointer, who having killed a china gander, was punished by having the dead bird tied for some days round his neck. The female being left solitary, pursued the dog repeatedly to his kennel, as if to upbraid him with the murder of her lord. But in the course of a little time, a strict friendship took place between the two animals. 'They fed out of the same trough, lived under the same roof, and in the same straw-bed kept each other warm; and when the dog was taken to the field, the lamentations of the goose were incessant.'

We have here a very curious account of the rapidity with which mice sometimes are found to increase in young plantations, and of the havoc which they commit among the trees. Soon after the formation of the new plantations which were made some years ago in Dean Forest, and the New Forest, the number of mice that collected threatened destruction to the whole of the young plants. They would eat, in an incredibly short space of time, through the roots of five years' old oaks and chesnuts; they barked the hollies at the bottom, and in some instances were found feeding on the bark of the upper branches. The roots they ate through only where they obstructed free ingress and egress; their food was the bark of the trees. Many schemes for their extermination having been tried without effect, at length pit-falls were constructed for their capture, and it was calculated that in this way alone, upwards of 30,000 were captured and killed in three or four months. By various other modes, more than double that number were destroyed; and when the probable number of those consumed by their own species was taken into account, it was supposed that the total number of mice destroyed in the two forests exceeded 200,000. Many of the plants which they had bitten through were as thick as a man's arm. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the fox, to whom nothing comes amiss, was observed frequently hunting the mischievous vermin, and feeding upon them voraciously.

The history of the cuckoo is so little known, that we need make no apology for quoting Mr. Jesse's notes respecting that interesting bird.

'Perhaps few birds have excited more curiosity amongst naturalists than the cuckoo, and some rather contradictory accounts have from time to time been published respecting them. Dr. Jenner was the first who threw any light on the natural history of this extraordinary bird; and his account is most interesting and satisfactory. The fact of the young cuckoo turning out its weaker companions, the natural inmates of the nest, is now undisputed. This operation is, I believe, generally performed on the second day after the birds are hatched,—at least, I have found it to be so in the cases which have come under my own observation. The young intruder seems to confine his dislike to his nestling companions to the act of discharging them from the nest. In one instance, which I had an opportunity of observing, the young birds, which had only been hatched two days, were so little hurt by a fall of four feet from the nest to the ground, that two of them contrived to crawl a distance of eight or nine feet from the place on which they had fallen. Sometimes the young cuckoo is hatched before the other birds: in which case he proceeds to discard the eggs, which he is enabled to do by means of a depression in the middle of his back. It seems, however, to have escaped the notice of those to whom we are most indebted for the agreeable information we already possess of the habits of the cuckoo, that the parent bird, in depositing her egg, will sometimes undertake the task of removing the eggs of those birds in whose nest she is pleased to place her own.* I say sometimes, because I am aware that it is not always the case; and indeed I have only one fact to bring forward in support of the assertion: it is, however, connected with another relating to the cuckoo, not a little curious. The circumstance occurred at Arbury, in Warwickshire, the seat of Francis Newdigate, Esq., and was witnessed by several persons residing in his house. The particulars were written down at the time by a lady, who bestowed much time in watching the young cuckoo, and

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* 'May she not do this in consequence of not being able to find a nest fit for her purpose, and therefore, from some extraordinary and powerful instinct, she removes eggs which would be hatched before her own, and the young birds from which might become too strong and heavy to be ejected from the nest by the young cuckoo? It requires all the exertions and activity of a pair of water-wagtails or hedge-sparrows to provide for a young cuckoo. If there were other birds in the nest, some must starve. The female cuckoo, by ejecting the eggs, prevents this.'

I now give them in her own words:—"In the early part of the summer of 1828, a cuckoo, having previously turned out the eggs from a water-wagtail's nest, which was built in a small hole in a garden-wall at Arbury, deposited her own egg in their place. When the egg was hatched, the young intruder was fed by the water-wagtails, till he became too bulky for his confined and narrow quarters, and in a fidgetty fit he fell to the ground. In this predicament he was found by the gardener, who picked him up, and put him into a wire-cage, which was placed on the top of a wall, not far from the place of its birth. Here it was expected that the wagtails would have followed their supposititious offspring with food, to support it in its imprisonment—a mode of proceeding which would have had nothing very uncommon to recommend it to notice. But the odd part of the story is, that the bird which hatched the cuckoo never came near it; but her place was supplied by a hedge-sparrow, who performed her part diligently and punctually, by bringing food at very short intervals from morning till evening, till its uncouth foster-child grew large, and became full feathered, when it was suffered to escape, and was seen no more: gone, perhaps, to the country to which he migrates, to tell his kindred cuckoos (if he was ungrateful as he was ugly when I saw him in the nest) what fools hedge-sparrows and water-wagtails are in England. It may possibly be suggested, that a mistake has been made with regard to the sort of bird which hatched the cuckoo, and that the same bird which fed it, namely, the hedge-sparrow,* hatched the egg. If this had been the case, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the circumstance; but the wagtail was too often seen on her nest, both before the egg was hatched, and afterwards, feeding the young bird, to leave room for any scepticism on that point; and the sparrow was seen feeding it in the cage afterwards by many members of the family daily."

'This account (the accuracy of which no one can doubt, who is acquainted with the party from whom it comes) seems to prove the assertion which some persons have made, of cuckoos having introduced their eggs into the nest of the wren, or into nests built in holes in the wall; or, as Dr. Jenner asserts, in a wagtail's nest in a hole under the eave of a cottage. Some doubt has been thrown on the accuracy of this statement of Dr. Jenner's, in a new and very agreeable edition of Colonel Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary: at least, a hint is given that it was rather a singular place for a wagtail to build in. I have, however, found them in similar situations; and one wagtail built amongst the rough bricks which formed some rock-work in my garden. If the fact, therefore, is undoubted, that the egg of the cuckoo is found in the nest of a bird built in so small a hole in a wall that a young cuckoo could no longer remain in it, by what means could she contrive to introduce her egg into the nest? It appears quite impossible that she could have sat on the nest while she deposited her egg; and it is not easy, therefore, to form a probable conjecture how the operation was performed. Spurzheim, however, asserts in his Lectures, that he actually saw an instance of a cuckoo having dropped her egg near a nest so placed that she could not possibly gain admittance to it; and that after removing the eggs which were already in the nest, she took up her own egg in one of her feet, and in that way placed it in it.'—pp. 203—207.

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* 'It could not have been the hedge-sparrow, as they are never known to build in a hole in a wall.'

The author is frequently afraid of appearing to receive with rather too implicit a faith, anecdotes that have been told him of the habits of animals on various occasions. We fear that the fastidious reader will turn away from more than one of the pages of this little volume, under the impression that the statements which they contain are somewhat marvellous. Natural historians are all liable to this charge, and Mr. Jesse will not be exempt from the common fate. At the same time it is but justice to observe, that there is throughout his work a vein of sincerity, and of downright honesty, which forbids us to think for a moment that he could have been a party to any thing like an invention, got up for the purpose of imparting additional interest to his labours. His book will be read with delight by every person who knows how to value true simplicity of mind, exalted by an earnest devotional temperament, which always directs its inquiries in the channel that leads from nature to nature's God.

There are some curious notes given at the end of the book, on some Roman antiquities which have been found in the neighbourhood of Kingston on Thames. These are followed by maxims and hints for an angler, and by some rules for tree-planting, which will be found the more useful, as they are all evidently the result of personal experience

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ART. IX.—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.* By Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S. *Second Series.* In three volumes, 12mo. Edinburgh: R. Cadell. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1832.

ALTHOUGH not quite so amusing as the first series, these three additional volumes of Fragments of Voyages and Travels will afford much gratification to the service of which the author is a distinguished member. The general reader, too, who considers them in the light of auto-biographical sketches, will find in their highly diversified pages matter of abundant interest. Naval writers have a phrase by which, when they wish to say that a story is prolonged rather beyond the necessary limit, they express their meaning in a good humoured and inoffensive manner. "Come Jack," they exclaim, on such occasions, "are you not spinning that yarn rather to fine?" We are afraid that the Captain has continued at the wheel, until the thread has indeed become somewhat attenuated. More than one of his fragments are, it must be confessed, wire drawn, and might have been omitted without any injury to the attractiveness of his volumes, whatever effect such an abridgement might have produced upon their bulk. For instance, we think he might have very well reserved for a more scientific treatise, his long and too technical essay on the trade winds. His unwieldy chapters on the naval ratings and sea pay, and on the propriety of diminishing the number and severity of naval punishments, are also too strictly professional, and will probably tend to limit the popularity of the work. We could, moreover, have very well dispensed with the whole of the disquisition which he has inserted upon the mythology of Elephanta, both because the essay has been long since printed in the "Bombay Transactions," and because the subject, sufficiently dry in itself, has been treated by several other writers familiar to our literature.

The Captain, however, has a way of rubbing off the angularities of even the most unpromising subject, which prevents it from being decidedly intolerable. There is a *bonhomie* in his mode of looking at accidents and adventures as they turn up, and a neatness and elasticity of diction in his description of them, which go far towards redeeming them from the imputation of garrulity. We hardly could make up our mind whether we ought to have laughed or looked grave, while we read his lecture, or rather his sermon on cheerfulness. There are one or two Irish stories, which brought to our remembrance the long narration of Mathews's Scotchwoman, which was all literally about nothing. But then the manner in which Matthews told it was every thing. Here, too, Captain Hall beguiles us by his picturesque mode of placing every accessory before us; and although in the end we find that it is all moonshine, it would be unpardonable to deny that it served its object of amusement, and whiled away an idle hour very agreeably.

But there is also among these fragments not a little sound philosophy of a practical nature, calculated for the instruction of young men, not only those who enter the navy, but who are setting out upon any other pursuit in life. From the chapter, for instance, on the intricacies of naval responsibility, there are few persons connected in any manner with the public service who may not derive hints, which in particular circumstances might be useful to them. The same remark applies to the chapter entitled, 'Taking a line in the service,'—that is to say, applying with incessant diligence to a peculiar department of the profession, in order to attain a degree of eminence which would point out the person that had reached it as particularly fitted to lead in the performance of its higher duties. It is of great consequence to a youth, in whatever path of exertion he may be placed, by accident, by his own choice, or by that of his friends, to understand at the outset, that it is not wise, and may not be advantageous, to trust his future success to mere chance or patronage; that it is infinitely better for him to secure a certain quantum of individual merit—of merit not of a general character, but distinguished in a decided line, in which his skill may be depended upon, even before it be marked by the sterling impress of experience.

Captain Hall recommends that every officer, a year or two after his promotion to the rank of lieutenant, should fairly and finally brace himself up to follow 'a particular line,' and resolve ever afterwards manfully to persevere in it. There are some who have the ambition of making themselves what they call thorough-bred sailors,—a set of persons who ape the broadest external features in the character of the thorough-going jack tar. These are undoubtedly highly useful instruments in their way. They are always fit for any desperate service,—jumping overboard after men who cannot swim, cutting out privateers, and landing on the beach in the face of the hottest fire. But such blades as these will not do for command. There are, however, others who, in the familiar dialect of the service, are called "dictionary men," and "philosophers," who devote themselves to the scientific, diplomatic, and literary departments of the profession; who, not content with the mere rules which are found in printed books, investigate every thing for themselves. These men have a decided advantage over those who are content to take every thing as they find it. By habituating the mind to inquiry under all circumstances, and by the opportunities which naval men abundantly enjoy for putting their science to the test of experiment, and of correcting their theoretic maxims by the results of actual practice, they form resources of their own, to which they can always apply in cases of difficulty, and generally not without success.

'Out of the class of officers now alluded to, the growth of which it has been the wise policy of late years to encourage, there have sprung up the numberless voyagers, surveyors and other strictly nautical men—who are always to be found when the public service requires a practical question to be settled, or a professional office of responsibility and trust to be filled up. If the arctic circle is to be investigated by sea or by land, or the deserts of Africa traversed, or the world circumnavigated afresh, under the guidance of the modern improvements in navigation, the government at once calls upon such men as Parry, Franklin, Clapperton, Beechey, to whom they can safely intrust the task, with the certainty of its being as completely executed, as the nature of things will admit of. Again: if a person who unites first-rate scientific attainments with extensive experience, be required to arrange and methodize, and so turn to practical account, for the general benefit of the country, the result of these and ten hundred other similar, though less brilliant services, in past and present years, the Admiralty, without seeking beyond the profession, lay their hands at once upon a competent hydrographer, and, through the skill and diligence of such an authority as Beaufort, insure not only the fidelity of their numerous charts and other nautical works (now placed at the free disposal of the public), but also give the country an assurance, that all those energetic officers who are employed afloat in extending and in perfecting our knowledge of almost every part of the navigable world, are judiciously distributed.

From the same class, also, a valuable race of naval statesmen have been drawn. For a considerable number of years, the whole of the diplomatic duties of South America, as far as concerned the interests of England, were carried on by the naval commanders-in-chief. Who can forget how important a share of Lord Nelson's command, or, after him, of Lord Collingwood's in the Mediterranean, consisted of duties of a purely civil description? And it may be questioned if diplomatic history offers a more masterly specimen of address and statesman-like decision, as well as forethought, than was displayed by Captain Maitland, in securing the person of Buonaparte, not only without committing himself or his government, but without wounding the feelings of the fallen warrior. The case was, and ever must remain, unique; and yet the most deliberate reflection, even after the event, has not suggested any thing to wish changed. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the reputation of this country, that the delicate task fell to the lot of an officer possessed of such inherent vigour of character, and one so familiar with the practical exercise of his own resources, that difficulties which might have staggered ordinary minds vanished before his.

'In so extensive a service as the Navy, accident might perhaps occasionally produce such men as have been named above; but it is very material to observe, that unless there existed, as a permanent body, a large class in the Navy, who follow the pursuits alluded to from taste as well as from motives of public spirit, and from whose rank selections can be made with confidence at moments of need, such opportunities as those above alluded to might often be allowed to pass unprofitably. It is, moreover, important to recollect, that it is in these matters as in every thing else—where there is a great demand, and consequently a great supply, there will from time to time start up a master spirit—such as that of my lamented friend, the late Captain Henry Foster—to claim, even in the very outset of his career, the cheerful homage of all the rest. So far from the profession envying his early success, or being disturbed at his pre-eminent renown, they felt that such well-earned honours only shed lustre on themselves.

'It is also very pleasing to observe the reciprocal feeling which belongs on such occasions to all rightly constituted minds. When Captain Foster, in 1828, then only lieutenant, received the Copley medal, the highest scientific honour in the gift of the Royal Society, it never occurred to him merely to hang it at his breast in solitary dignity, or to chuckle presumptuously at his own particular good fortune. So far from this, he thought only of the service; and proceeding straight to the Admiralty, he shewed the medal, and declared modestly, but firmly, to their lordships, that he considered the honour only nominally bestowed upon himself, but essentially conferred upon the naval profession at large. This generous and manly appeal could not fail to make its due impression; and, within the same hour, his commission, as commander, was signed, his appointment to a ship ordered, and a voyage of scientific research carved out for him.

'I need not say how bitter a grief it is to those who were personally acquainted with this rising young officer, to think that so much knowledge—such useful talents—such unmatched zeal and industry—and such true love for science—all so fertile in promises of future service and renown—should have been lamentably quenched in a moment!

'Besides the regular-built sailors, and these salt-water statesmen and philosophers, there is yet another set which greatly outnumbers both, and which, if comparisons must be made, equals, if it does not far exceed them in utility. I allude to that large and very important body of strictly professional persons who are not remarkable for anything in particular, unless it be for a hearty and uncompromising devotion to the service. These hardy public servants work on from day to day, doing their duty steadily and well, and labouring with more or less efficiency in proportion to their several capacities, and with despondency or cheerfulness according to their respective temperaments, and the circumstances in which they happen to be placed. Yet, Captains, it is to be feared, are generally too apt to consider these meritorious persons as less entitled to attention than their more showy companions; just as schoolmasters are, not unnaturally, disposed to devote most of their time to the cleverest boys, to the comparative neglect of those who cluster around the point of mediocrity. It may, however, be easily conceived, that the persons least attended to, afloat as well as on shore, often stand more in need of notice and assistance than their gifted brethren, who are better able to make their own consequence felt and acknowledged. For it must not be forgotten, that these honest, hard-working men actually perform the greater part of all the routine drudgery of the service, and, what is more, they perhaps execute it, upon the whole, better than men of higher talents could do in their places. At all events, although they perform every thing required of them, they gain no distinction, and it is obvious that they never can gain any—their very numbers, and the common-place, every-day nature of their duties, render distinction out of the question. This is not their fault; neither, in strictness, can it be called their misfortune; it is their inevitable fate, which it is no more possible to alter than to add one cubit to their stature.

'On the other hand, they themselves may do well to recollect, that distinction is not necessarily happiness. Beauty in a woman, and talents in a man, often prove deeper sources of evil than attend mediocrity in either of these gifts. Nor does observation teach us to suppose that there is less contentment amongst this class of officers, than may be found amongst those whose knowledge and powers prompt them to aspire to rivalry with the grand leaders of the profession.

'Commanding officers should always bear in mind, that these praiseworthy individuals, though remarkable for nothing, and sufficiently aware of their unpretending and humble place in the scale of public estimation, are not the less sensible that, so long as they do their duty, they are entitled to a proper share of favour; and they will seldom continue to work well if this scanty and hard-earned meed be withheld. It should also be remembered, that while these persons occupy the trying and delicate situation of men who are conscious that the rest of the world cannot afford time to consider their feelings or their interests, they are not on that account less alive to kindness and fair dealing than those whose career has been more brilliant. Every commanding officer may therefore be said to hold in his hands the ready means of securing the good-will of a large majority of those by whom he is surrounded. At the cost of little or no sacrifice on his own part—it may even be that the notice he bestows on them will prove one of high satisfaction as well as profit to himself—he can command the strenuous support of those people whose exertions it is the chief end of his discipline to concentrate and direct to one common purpose.

'The class amongst us who devote themselves to sober literary pursuits is necessarily very small; but that of the happy youths, who dream the gods have made them poetical, has many members who "rave, recite, and madden round the ship," to their own (exclusive) satisfaction. Others there are who deal desperately in the fine arts of painting and music,—that is, who draw out of perspective, and play out of tune. Their poor messmates can answer for little respecting these future Rembrandts and Paganinis, except that they certainly hide not their lights under a bushel; and that the happiness of the mess would be considerably improved if authority were given to pitch every sketch-book and every flute out at the stern-port—followed, of course, by their owners!

'Finally come the raking, good-looking, shore-going, company-hunting, gallivanting, riff-raff set of reckless youths, who, having got rid of the entanglement of parents and guardians, and having no great entanglement of principle or any thing else to check them, seem to hold that His Majesty's service is merely a convenience for their especial use, and His Majesty's ships a sort of packet-boats to carry their elegant persons from port to port, in search of fresh conquests, and, as they suppose, fresh laurels to their country.

'Few men, it must be remembered, do any thing well which they do not themselves sincerely like; and, for the same reason, if an officer be capable of performing services really valuable, his success must arise from turning his chief attention to those branches of the profession which he feels are the most congenial to his peculiar taste, and which experience has shewn lie within the range of his capacity. Some officers not only reason about this matter, but deliberately act upon it, while the greater number, as may be supposed, adopt their line unconsciously. Still, it is the bounden duty of every well-wisher to the service, to use the influence he possesses (and there are very few indeed who do not possess some share of influence, direct or indirect), to lead the young persons about him to follow the true bent of their genius, and to select as a principal object of study the particular branch of the profession in which they are most likely to benefit themselves permanently, because that must always prove the very same thing as benefiting their country.

'I well remember, in my own case, the day, and almost the very hour, when these convictions flashed upon my mind. I then saw, for the first time, that unless I speedily roused myself and "took my line" vigorously, the proper occasion might swiftly pass away. I was quite astonished how, up to that moment, I had seen so little of what now appeared so very palpable; every other consideration was instantly dismissed—and all minor vanities being shaken like dew-drops to the air, I set resolutely about the attainment of my promotion—the grand object of every officer's ambition.'—pp. 18—29.

In these observations there is a fund of good sense, mixed with the results of personal experience, which may be earnestly recommended to the consideration of every body in every department of life, as well as in the navy.

We have already alluded to the Captain's Irish stories, which though told in the most phlegmatic manner, and without the slightest effort at humour, are nevertheless well calculated to raise a laugh, sometimes, it is true, against the author, but more frequently with him. He had not, he tells us, a single acquaintance in Ireland when he first visited that country, or, as he more emphatically expresses it, 'that most interesting of countries, of which few people in England know much.' Before leaving it, however, after about a year and a half's cruising off and on the coast between Downpatrick on the east, and the Bloody Foreland on the west, a range of more than a hundred and twenty miles, he became the intimate friend of nearly as many different families. Being by inheritance a geologist, he was amusing himself one day by hammering in the neighbourhood of the Giants' Causeway, when he happened to attract the attention of a medical gentleman who resided in that part of the country, distinguished for his geological attainments. They became friends on the spot. The young naval officer was asked to spend a week with the physician; the invitation was of course gladly accepted, and at the conclusion of the engagement, his host particularly pressed him to go to see a family with whom he described himself as particularly intimate, and who were then on a visit at the opposite, or western side of the coast. The real cause of his earnestness on this point, was a strong resemblance which existed between the lieutenant and a son recently lost in the service, by the family in question. It struck the doctor that the mother's settled gloom might be broken, if not dissipated, by the presence of one so like her son, and so in fact it turned out; but without knowing this little device at the time, and setting down the wish expressed by his friend entirely to motives that flattered his own personal vanity, the author pocketed his letter of introduction, and with the permission of the captain of the Eudymion, set out upon his wild expedition. His narrative of his journey and of his reception is so characteristic of the author, the country, and the people, that we shall extract a few passages from it.

'Off I went; but it is needless to state whether the course steered was to the east or to the west after leaving Londonderry, the chief city in that part of Ireland. Indeed, for my own part, I was almost indifferent in what direction the road lay; for the whole scene was so new and so full of interest and variety, and I had already met with so much attention in the country, that I felt a sort of certainty of finding much amusement and a welcome reception wherever I went. Meanwhile, the circumstance of having a letter of introduction in my pocket naturally determined my route; and having hired a good stout horse, I strapped my valise behind, and set out on a fine summer's evening, as deliberately in quest of adventures as any knight-errant that ever put lance in rest.

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'The course lay across a wild range of mountains, the names of which there was no one left to tell; but geographers may recognise their position by the circumstance of one of them having on its top a sheet of fresh water called Loch Salt. Nothing can be conceived more desolate or dreary than this part of the country; and as there were few inhabitants upon it at any time, and none at all at this moment, I had no small difficulty in making good my way. Neither was the prospect of the place I was bound to much more agreeable. "There can be little or no comfort," thought I, "in a region so sterile: whatever art might attempt to counteract such desolation, must be unavailing."

'But on coming nearer to the noble bay, or lough, on the banks of which the country-seat of my unknown friends was to be found, the aspect of things changed so suddenly, that if it had been done by magic it could scarcely have been rendered more surprising. A slight inequality in the ground served to conceal this "jewel in the desert," as it was often called, till the whole of its rare beauties could be seen to the greatest advantage. Even without such a contrast as the wild moors afforded, the singular merits of this spot must have claimed the admiration of any one caring a straw for fine scenery; but after such a preparative they appeared doubly grateful to the senses; and I put spurs to my horse, anxious to come nearer to such a delicious scene.

'The mansion of my future friend, of which only partial glimpses could be caught now and then, was well guarded on every side by fine old trees, rising from the surface of carefully dressed grounds, richly stocked flower-gardens, long and wide avenues, and graceful terraces, some of which reached to the very water's edge, along a delicate beach on which the ripple scarcely broke. This charming domain occupied a narrow spit of land, or promontory, jutting forwards into a land-locked bay, or arm of the sea, in which the water appeared to lie always asleep, and as smooth as if, instead of being a mere branch uniting with the stormy Atlantic, it had been some artificial lake, contrived by the tasteful hand of a good fairy, the touch of whose wand it might be thought had likewise embellished the shore, to keep every thing in character. Nothing, indeed, which the most fertile imagination could suggest seemed to be wanting.

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'Meanwhile, as I rode on, ignorant as yet of these and many other rich and rare beauties of this singular spot, and only admiring the general aspect of things, I began, for the first time, to reflect on the extreme awkwardness of my situation. I had no personal acquaintance with any one of the large party here assembled; nor was there the least reason for supposing that any one of them had ever heard of the intruder, or that, when told who and what he was, they would be a whit more inclined to notice him.

'Said I to myself, "I am merely the bearer of an introductory letter to a lady, who is herself no more than a guest in the house; and although it might have been allowable enough to have called to deliver such an introduction, had business or accident brought me to the neighbourhood, or even within a short ride, yet it does seem rather a strong measure to travel fifty or sixty miles across a wild and disturbed country merely to pay a morning call."

'The provoking inference, therefore, that my intention was to make a visit of some duration, became inevitable; and I pictured to myself the excessive annoyance of having a string of explanations to give respecting my movements, which, after all, might not be followed by any invitation to remain. After cogitating for a long time, I resolved to steal up to the house, if possible, unperceived,—to have my horse turned over to the groom, and my portmanteau stowed out of sight,—and then to walk boldly up to the door, with a visiting-card in one hand, and my credentials in the other, to be delivered to the servant for the lady to whom the letter was addressed. I next proposed to stroll about the woods, to give time for any good things said of the bearer in the introduction to work their way. I hoped, by this rather clumsy manœuvre, that by the time I returned to the house its inmates might be prepared to receive the stranger; and then, if their invitation to remain should happen not to be very pressing, I might pretend to be collecting specimens for my geological friends, and so make my escape; though, to own the truth, nothing was farther from my thoughts than geology or any other scientific object.

'In spite of these ingenious plans, I felt rather absurdly situated, and half wished I had not engaged at all in such an unpromising adventure. It seemed, however, too late too retract, and therefore I jogged on, as earnestly hoping not to be detected as ever did any troops in advancing to the attack of a besieged fort.

'What, then, was my speechless horror, on riding up to the approach, to discover a cavalcade of not fewer than a dozen ladies and gentlemen bearing right down upon me from the house. Had it been a troop of French cuirassiers charging across the ground, and threatening annihilation to the unfortunate hack and his rider, I could not have been more astounded. It was natural to suppose that, as the master of the house was probably of the number, he would stop to inquire the business of the suspicious looking stranger invading his grounds. This I could but ill explain; as the person for whom I brought a letter being an elderly lady, was not likely to be on horseback amidst a party of young folks. I foresaw, at all events, that there would be a general halt ordered; while the poor new-comer, with his draggled horse and swollen valise (indicating any thing but a hasty departure), would become the object of pleasant criticism to the quizzical dandies and young ladies of the party—pleasant, I mean, to them; but wretched work for the hapless wight exposed to their pitiless pelting. Even when this scrutiny was over, what were they to do with their unexpected, self-elected companion? His horse was now too tired, and much too ugly at any time to accompany such gay palfreys as were prancing over the lawn; yet they could not, in common civility, leave a stranger adrift—nor could they accompany him back to the house, without breaking up their expedition for the day.

'All this flashed through my mind in a moment, and left me in a dire dilemma. I pulled up my jaded nag, however, with such a jerk, that I well nigh threw him on his haunches. Fortunately, a little inequality in the ground hid me from the view of the advancing cavalry; and at the same critical moment I discovered an opening in the fence on one side. Without considering or caring whither it might lead, I turned my charger round, urged him forwards with whip and spur, and dashed into the gap as if I had been flying from the arm of justice, instead of making my escape from as companionable a set of people as ever breathed. Had any of the party detected the bashful fugitive, and given chase, he must have been caught: for the path into which I had fled terminated in a road leading to some farm offices, but with no opening beyond.

'The awkwardness of my situation—already considerable—was greatly augmented by this ridiculous proceeding, and I heard the riders pass within twenty yards of my hiding place, with the most unspeakable alarm lest any one of them should catch a glimpse of me nestling behind a cart of hay. I breathed freer when the last servant's horse crossed the ridge; and then, creeping from my hole, soon gained the stables adjoining the house, gave up my horse, secured the well-stuffed valise out of sight, and repaired, according to the original precious scheme, to the front door with my letter. I stood for five minutes with the knob of the bell in my hand—

irresolute whether to go on with the adventure, or fairly to cut and run from it. At length, when the fatal pull was given, I listened to the sound, and felt myself what statesmen call "fully committed." There was now nothing left but to screw up my courage, as I best might, to meet the dangers and difficulties of the crisis.

'There happened to be no one at home except the old lady herself, so that the plan succeeded very well; and, though I now forget the details of the introduction, I can never cease to remember that the unbounded cordiality of the reception, not only from this excellent person, but from the master and mistress of the house, and all their assembled friends, showed how totally I had miscalculated the nature and extent of Irish hospitality. I learned, indeed, in no long time, that the fashion of the country is to receive every stranger as well, and to treat him with exactly the same perfect frankness and kindness, as they would do if they really knew him to merit such attention at their hands. If it shall prove on further acquaintance that he fails to make good his claim, they then treat him accordingly; but in the first instance his title to a hospitable reception is always taken for granted.

'As most of the delightful party, amongst whom I now found myself domesticated, are still alive—though more than twenty years have gone by since those days—I scarcely feel at liberty to describe the sayings and doings of the establishment into which I was so freely and confidentially admitted. Nothing, indeed, could be more characteristic of the country, than the whole scene. There were several elderly persons, then in the autumn of life, though now waning into octogenarians; and several were very young folks, scarcely able to walk, who now count many "daughters and sons of beauty." There was a pretty equal admixture of Irish and English, amongst whom were several persons of rank; also one or two foreigners; besides much native wit, worth, and beauty, of the highest order, and all most delightfully set off by the graces and nameless enchantments of refined manners, and tasteful as well as useful accomplishments. I have rarely, if ever, seen in any part of the world so fascinating an assemblage, of all that could render a country party agreeable, as was here collected in one of the most out-of-the-way corners in Ireland.'—pp. 36--50.

The Captain tells us another still more amusing story of the process, by which a John Bull friend of his was cheated into a feeling of respect and even of regard, for a thoroughly excellent specimen of the Irish gentry. The author had also, as well as his English friend, some prejudices to conquer upon the subject of Irish hospitality. They had imagined, before they knew from experience what it really was, that a friendly reception in that country was rather of a boorish and troublesome description; that if they entered a gentleman's dining room, they would not be permitted to leave it as long as they had a taint of sobriety in their faces, or could walk with any degree of steadiness across the floor, and that in short, it was an affair of some danger to sit down under an Irish roof, unless they had cased their good resolutions in the double armour of gravity and pride. What, however, surprised the author most in his intercourse with Irish families, was their uniform air of refinement and high polish, mixed with the most open-hearted sincerity and kindness, and an undeviating and delicate attention to the feelings of others one of the most indubitable symptoms of good breeding in every part of the world. Far from the perilous compulsion which he dreaded, he states that, whatever the fashion might have once been, he seldom met, in fact, with any thing at a gentleman's table approaching to *exigeance*. The good people of that country have another mode of hospitality quite as dangerous, an example of which our author gives in the story we shall subjoin.

'I landed once at Burncrana, a pretty little quiet village, with a watering-place look, on the eastern banks of that great and beautiful bay Lough Swilly. One side of this noble harbour is formed by the bold promontory of Inishowen, celebrated in every land for its noble whisky, second only—if second it be, (which I am bound as a Scotchman to doubt)—to that of Ferntosh or Glenlivet. I was accompanied by an English gentleman, on the first day of his landing in Ireland. As he then seriously imagined the inhabitants to belong to a sort of wild and uncouth race, I could see he was rather surprised at the gentlemanlike deportment of an acquaintance of mine resident on the spot, for whom he had brought a letter. We had walked together to his house, or rather cottage—for he was not a fixed resident, but came there for summer quarters. The neatness, and even elegance, of the domestic arrangements of his temporary establishment, both without and within the dwelling, gave token of a taste many degrees removed from the state of people far back in civilization. Presently the ladies came; and their national frankness—modified by the most entire and unaffected simplicity—puzzled my friend completely. In due season, the dressing-bell sent us off to prepare for dinner; and while we were getting ready, my companion said to me—

" I see perfectly what this fellow is at; he means to sew you and me up, by pouring claret down our throats. You may do as you please, but I'll be shot if he plays off his Irish pranks on me. I will eat his dinner—take a couple of glasses of his wine—make my bow to the ladies—go on board by eight or nine o'clock—and, having given them a dinner in return, shall have done my duty in the way of attention, after which I shall totally cut the connexion. I have no idea of their abominable fashion of forcing strangers to drink."

' " We shall see," said I; and, having knocked the dust off our shoes, down we went to dinner.

' Every thing was plain, and suitable to the pretensions of a cottage. There was no pressing to eat or drink during dinner; and in process of time the cloth was removed—the ladies sipped a little sweet wine, and disappeared.

' " Now for it," whispered my friend; " he has sent the women out of the way, that he may ply us the better."

' And I must own things looked rather suspicious, for our host, instead of sitting down at the dinner-table, walked to a bow-window over-looking the anchorage, and exactly facing the setting sun, at that hour illuminating the whole landscape, in the gorgeous style peculiar to combined mountain and lake scenery.

' " Why should we not enjoy this pleasant prospect while we are discussing our wine?" said the master of the house.

'At that instant the door opened and in walked the servant, as if he knew by intuition what was passing in his master's head.

' "Tim," said our host, " put the card-table here in the bow-window, and give us some other glasses,—also, if you have such a thing, bring up a bottle of claret."

' Tim nodded, smiled, and made the fitting adjustments. The table was barely large enough to hold a noble long-corked bottle, for the fashion of claret decanters had not as yet reached that remote district of the empire. Round the margin was placed the necessary accompaniment of capacious glasses—famous tall fellows, with such slender stalks, that they seemed scarcely equal to the weight of their generous load.

' My friend and I exchanged glances, and I could see his shoulders slightly raised, as if he was saying internally,

' " Now we are in for it!—but I will not drink a drop more than I choose."

' The claret, which in itself was most delicious, was cooled in as perfect style as if it had been subject to the skill of an Abdar or professional wine-cooler at Madras. The party consisted, I think, of four or five persons—I forget exactly which—but this one bottle, I remember, just passed round the group twice. As the flavour of the beverage appeared to have become more exquisite at the second turn than at the first, though but a short interval had been allowed to elapse, it seemed odd that another bottle was not instantly called for. Instead of which, our landlord went on expatiating on the beauties of the Lough, and the fineness of the season in general, and the sunset in particular, for full five minutes after the wine had disappeared—when he suddenly said, with a half-hesitating tone, towards my English friend, who sat at his elbow,—

' " I beg your pardon—perhaps you would take some more wine ?"

' As no one made any objection, the bell was rung, and Tim reappeared, bearing with him another bottle. This likewise vanished in a trice, and Tim was again summoned.

' " Bring some more claret," said the master to the man—or rather boy, as he was called, though twice as old as any of the party.

' At this instant I caught my companion's eye; and I could see he was becoming alive to the plot against him—so much so, indeed, that he seemed to be preparing to rise. The following conversation, however, attracted his attention, and fixed him to his seat.

' " Well, Tim, what are you gaping at ? Why don't your run for the clar't ? "

' "I did'nt know," replied the other, " whether you'd like to use the whole of it."

' " Use the whole of it ! " exclaimed his master—" What does the boy mean ? What are you at, Tim ? "

' " Oh, sir," quoth the well instructed rogue, " I knew you came here only for a short time, and as the wine you brought was but little, I didn't know but you might wish not to use it all entirely to-day." And then he whispered something in his master's ear, the words of which we could not distinguish, The reply, however, showed, or seemed to show, what had been said.

' " Nonsense, Tim, nonsense, you're an ass, man, bring it up."

' Tim accordingly disappeared, but soon returned with a basket apparently full of straw; at the bottom of which, however, after some considerable show of hunting, a couple of bottles were said to be found.

'"Confound you, Tim, is this all?" said the host.

'"It is, sir," lied Tim; "and in faith, sir," added he, still lying, "it's one more bottle than I thought there was; for there was but the dozen when we started from Derry a week ago; and you know, sir, you and the collector on last Tuesday——"

'But the catalogue of circumstances which were intended to act as buttresses to Master Tim's inventions, was cut short by a peremptory order to leave the room. This he did so soon as he had made a circumbendibus to escape notice, and deposited the basket behind his master's chair, muttering, as he put it down with a thump—

'"There's as good a couple of bottles of wine as ever was uncorked."

'The fresh broach was, indeed, so delicious, that we could hardly believe it was of the same vintage as that of the previous bin, though our host assured us it was "the identical." At all events, under its genial inspiration, the glorious sun, which was just touching the tops of the hills above Rathmullin, seemed already becoming doubly glorious, and the whole landscape more brilliant than ever.

Tim's basket well merited a still higher eulogium than he had given it; but while his reputation as a judge of wine rose, his character for veracity fell in about the same proportion, since we beheld, in due season, not merely two, but three, and at last a fourth long-necked gentleman from Bourdeaux emerge from under the straw!

'The trick played upon us by these confederates was now apparent enough; but the wine, fortunately, was of that light and pure kind which does not produce much effect on strong heads, and that of my companion was proof against far greater trials than this. He was, indeed, perfectly aware of what was passing; and though dearly loving the wine (which he told me afterwards superior to any he had ever before tasted), and thirsting vehemently for more, yet he had no notion of being made tipsy by means of a common-place concert between host and butler. He therefore rose to leave the room, expecting, of course, to be forcibly detained, or, at all events, he reckoned upon being begged and entreated to sit down again.

'Not a whit! The wily native knew his man exactly, and, instead of arresting his guest by force or by supplication, merely observed to him, that if he had a mind to admire the prospect, there was still day-light enough to command a view down the bay from the little knoll on the right. The Englishman was sorely puzzled by all this. He saw there was none of the detention he expected would be practised upon him, and yet he had a strong consciousness that he was undergoing the operation well known afloat and ashore by the title of the "game of humbug." At the same time, he felt the most eager desire to take another good pull at the claret.

'There was no wine before us at this critical juncture of the evening, and our landlord, who, most unaccountably, seemed indifferent to this material circumstance, went on prosing for a quarter of an hour about Protestant ascendancy, the eternal siege of Derry, the battle of the Boyne, and such-like stale topics. At length one of the company—whose interest in these subjects resembled that of a man who has never looked through a telescope when listening to the conversation of a company of astronomers became somewhat impatient, and, watching for a pause, asked his host if it were the custom in Ireland to discuss Orange politics with empty glasses?

'"God bless me?" cried the other, with well-feigned surprise, "is there no wine on the table?" and ringing the bell furiously, scolded poor Tim so naturally that the confederate was almost thrown out.

'"Well! you numskull, why don't you make off with you, and bring something for the gentlemen to drink?"

'Tim stood fast till interrogated a second time, and then replied, with perfect gravity, that there was not another drop of wine in the house, swearing by all manner of saints to the truth of this assertion.

'Upon this the master got up in a rage, and brushing past the servant, declared his intention of searching the cellar himself. He was absent some time: and before he came back, we had prevailed on our hesitating companion to sit down again. Just as the stranger took his place, and as if there had been some electrical communication between his chair and the handle of the door, it opened, and in walked our generous entertainer, exulting in his success, crowing like chanticleer, and bearing in each hand a couple of bottles, clicking against each other; while Tim, with a degree of impudence equalled only by that of his master, substituted clean glasses, of a still more capacious swallow than the first. To these were added two pair of candles, which towered high above the jolly crew, and promised to last till another dawn should look in upon our revels. By this time the twilight had almost entirely ebbed away, and was succeeded by that cheerful, aurora-like kind of brilliancy in the sky, which points out the place of the sun during the whole of his summer night's journey in those high latitudes. Politics dropped out of the conversation by general consent, for the joyous juice of the grape soon melted us all into one mind —and a hundred topics of more pleasing interest were started, in which the strangers could join without fear of any angry discussion. I will not say that these were discussed without warmth, for the mirth and animation of the company rose very pleasantly as each fresh bottle found its way by some magical process to the table. But I must own it was sometimes rather difficult to tell who were the listeners amongst us, or to say who was guest and who landlord, for the party seemed like a circle of brothers, all equally at home.'—pp. 59—70.

From these and a succession of similar delightful lucubrations, in which the virtues of whiskey punch, when composed by the hands of a true connoisseur, are celebrated in celestial strains, the Captain transports us to the chilling region of the Admiralty, in order to initiate us in the mysteries of the secret *list*, kept in that shrine of naval patronage. The existence of this said list, by the way, is a great hardship on the unbefriended men of merit in the service. An admiral on a foreign station has a list of his own followers, for whom he provides according to the opportunities which occur, his appointments being however limited to certain vacancies. To any other posts that require to be filled up, he has no power to nominate, except from a list sent to him from Whitehall—a list which nobody sees, save the officer to whom it is so sent for his guidance, and the first lord of the Admiralty, who is said to be in the habit of writing it with his own hands, thus keeping in his own possession the key to all the valuable part of naval patronage. However, we suppose that a check of this kind is necessary for the good of the service; at all events we believe it must be conceded on every side, that very few officers are now appointed to high rank, who have not fairly won their way to it by their talents, acquirements, and exertions.

A considerable portion of the first and second volumes is occupied in a description of the author's voyage to India, in which he introduces, by way of episode, some excellent remarks upon the difficulties which must always present themselves to a commander at sea, who is anxious to have his men attentive to the duties of the Sabbath. The point to be obtained is to hit the true medium between severity on one hand, which is easily identified by the sailor with "cant," and of too great a latitude on the other, which is just as easily mistaken by him for indifference, and treated accordingly. The attainment of this happy medium requires the utmost discretion on the part of him upon whom the discipline of the ship depends. 'If Sunday be made a working day, and no attention is paid to its appropriate duties, the crew are by no means satisfied, and but too readily contract, by degrees, the habit of neglecting their obligations both to God and man. On the contrary, if the day be entirely taken up with devotional exercises, to the fatigue of their minds and bodies, they are exceedingly apt, after a time, to vote the "whole concern," as they call it, a bore, and to make up for this forced attention by the most scandalous indecencies, when out of sight of their "psalm singing captain."' Our author gives some very useful rules on this subject, which, though they might appear to a superficial observer as calculated only to make religion a mere affair of discipline, are nevertheless founded upon human nature and experience.

Captain Hall has favoured his readers with a chapter on sailors' pets, meaning thereby dogs or monkies, parrots, or goats, whatever they may be, to which a sailor becomes so attached, that he wishes if possible to have them with him wherever he goes, to the infinite annoyance of all his companions. The chapter is an amusing one, we suppose, for men of the sea. We, however, have found metal more attractive in the author's lively account of 'doubling the Cape' of Good Hope, and of the magnificent astronomical novelties, which, in that region, burst upon the European eye. Among these splendid objects of contemplation, the Cross of the South is peculiarly distinguished. It has been frequently described by voyagers, but seldom, we think, so well as by Captain Hall.

'But of all the Antarctic constellations, the celebrated Southern Cross is by far the most remakable, and must, in every age, continue to arrest the attention of all voyagers and travellers who are fortunate enough to see it. I think it would strike the imagination even of a person who had never heard of the Christian religion: but of this it is difficult to judge, seeing how inextricably our own ideas are mingled up with associations linking this sacred symbol with almost every thought, word, and deed of our lives. The three great stars which form the Cross, one at the top, one at the left arm, and one, which is the chief star, called Alpha, at the foot, are so placed as to suggest the idea of a crucifix, even without the help of a small star, which completes the horizontal beam. When on the meridan, it stands nearly upright; and as it sets we observe it lean over to the westward. I am not sure whether, upon the whole, this is not more striking than its gradually becoming more and more erect as it rises from the east. In every position, however, it is beautiful to look at, and well calculated, with a little prompting from the fancy, to stir up our thoughts to solemn purpose. I know not how others are affected by such things; but, for myself, I can say with truth, that, during the many nights I have watched the Southern Cross, I remember no two occasions when the spectacle interested me exactly in the same way, nor any one upon which I did not discover the result to be somewhat different, and always more impressive, than what I had looked for.

'This constellation being about thirty degrees from the south pole, is seen in its whole revolution, and, accordingly, when off the Cape, I have observed it in every stage, from its triumphant erect position, between sixty and seventy degrees above the horizon, to that of complete inversion, with the top beneath, and almost touching the water. This position, by the way, always reminded me of the death of St. Peter, who is said to have deemed it too great an honour to be crucified with his head upwards. In short, I defy the stupidest mortal that ever lived to watch these changes in the aspect of this splendid constellation, and not to be in some degree struck by them.—vol. ii. pp. 169—171.

The perfect transparency of the sky in these latitudes, of course greatly assists the eye in gazing upon such magnificent constellations. The firmament sometimes looks as if it were 'a globe of rock-crystal cut across.' 'The dark blue horizon, which looked almost black against the cold silvery sky, appeared as sharp as if it had been an edge of ground metal. On the spy-glass being directed to the distant ships, depressed by the curvature of the earth more than a hundred feet, we could make out, not only their masts and sails, but even some of their ropes. When the sun reached a degree or two of altitude, and shed a bright ray of yellowish light on the canvass, we could almost fancy that we saw the seams in the cloth of their sails, so beautifully clear and well-defined was every thing. I know not what it is about such a sunrise at sea that produces so wonderful a freshness of spirits, with a degree of animation as to the present, and confidence for the future, rarely to be found at other moments of the day.'

The first arrival at Bombay is, by all accounts, one of the most delightful things imaginable after a long voyage. The first object, probably, that meets the eye, before steering for the harbour, is one of those market boats, which we find generally introduced into the panoramas of eastern scenery, with a single sail as white as snow, of a peculiar cut, swelled out with the last faint airs of the land breeze, and the vessel itself laden half-mast high with cocoa nuts, yams, plantains, and various other showy and delicious fruits and vegetables. Approaching nearer to the harbour, the eye discerns the flat-topped Gauts, the mountains of the Mahratta country, and soon you enter the noble fort itself. Bombay may be said to be a perfect compendium of whatever is most striking in oriental scenery.

The author takes an opportunity to bear witness to the accuracy by which Mr. Daniell's panorama of Madras, exhibited some time ago in London, was remarkably distinguished. That of Bombay, by a different artist, was, he says, not at all like the original, though it presented many more picturesque objects. He has suggested, and we hope the hint may meet the eye of some person competent to execute the work, the idea of a panorama of the Falls of Niagara, than which no object in nature could be more sublimely represented. Of course the task should be performed by an artist who has visited the falls for the express purpose, and has taken sketches of that wonderful scene on the spot. It offers greater facilities for such a painting than a person who has never seen it would be led to expect.

'In the first place, the forms assumed by the different part of this mighty cataract are absolutely invariable. I have watched particular spots for half a day without detecting the change of a hair's-breadth; and it is well known as one of the most striking peculiarities of Niagara, that the variations of the seasons, which, more or less, affect every other waterfall, cause no visible change in this monarch of cascades. One singular result of this invariable aspect is an appearance almost of stillness; that is to say, there is none of that tumbling and tossing about which one is apt to imagine there must be. All its movements are solemn, uniform, sublime; and withal so perfectly unvarying, that they come quite within the reach, I should conceive, of a painter's skill to represent with that fidelity which, taken along with the proper degree of help from the imagination, would leave hardly any thing wanting on the score of motion. According to the time of the day, the altitude of the sun, and the state of the weather, the lights and shades along the Fall certainly do vary considerably. But a painter of any genius, and true knowledge of his art, would soon discover which of these varieties was most effective, and seize for representation that phase best calculated to aid him in his great enterprise. Be it remembered, too, that (unlike almost any other place of note) there are no local associtions worth a straw about Niagara, and that it is the cataract itself, and nothing else, which we care for. The scenery in the neighbourhood is below contempt, the ground being uniformly flat, the trees stunted, and the whole prospect uninteresting; nor is there any thing in the history of those regions either to add to, or take from, the interest of the mere Fall. This is what we can say of hardly any other scene fit for the honour of being represented in a panorama.

There are positions from which the Fall might be made to occupy between one-half and two-thirds of the circumference; the rapids and the bendings of the river below, with a portion of the cliffs, might be made to fill up the remaining portion of the circle with great effect.

'When we look at the panorama of Naples, we sigh on missing the climate, and the fruits, and the myriads of antique interests, which we know belong to the spot, but cannot be brought away. Or if we turn to the delightful representation of Gibraltar, we feel an eager desire to climb the rock, that we may look over the steep face which is turned to the Levant; or view, on one hand, the country of Don Quixote; on the other, the birth place of the Moors, and the scene of Mungo Park's travels, the delight of our youthful reading. But Niagara has no history and no associations which must be left behind.

'As to the noise, that really need go for nothing. I have often sat very near the cataract, without being sensible of any unusual sound, for its loudness depends very much on the wind; and forms, generally speaking, no material portion of the grandeur of the scene. At certain places, I admit, the noise is grand enough, but it clearly forms no essential part: and the simpler beauties and wonders of this glorious spectacle would, of course, form the chief source of interest—I may say of permanent interest. For if this panorama were well executed, it could not fail to impart some portion of the pleasure communicated by the reality, which differs from almost every other my various wanderings have made me acquainted with. Instead of fading on the memory, or being disturbed by fresh sights, Niagara only becomes brighter and brighter with a more extended experience of the rest of the world.'—vol. iii. pp. 150—153.

We have already alluded to the Admiralty list. It was our author's lot to experience a terrible disappointment, by finding, on one important occasion of his life, that his name was *not* on this roll of fame and fortune. He tells the story of his misfortune in the most manly and affecting style. We do not remember to have ever read any thing of the kind, calculated to produce so deep an impression, and at the same time to afford so useful and so cheering a lesson. On arriving, in the course of his eastern voyage, in the beautiful harbour of Trincomalee, he found there the commander in chief, Sir Samuel Hood, upon whose personal list his name was written, and who communicated to him that a vacancy had been kept open for his acceptance on board the flag ship. The intelligence was received, we may suppose, with unbounded joy; his commission was immediately made out, and he went on board the admiral's ship with the greatest exultation, although but fifth lieutenant of the ship, and not even fifth on the admiral's list for promotion, for he came after a number of old officers 'who had served under Sir Samuel for many long years of patient, or rather impatient, expectation.' His purpose, however, he hoped had been attained, of getting fairly into the line of promotion. He relates in his own enviable manner the blight that came upon his hope, and the admirable spirit of philosophy which taught him to expect better days.' We regret that we have no room for the passage, as it is a specimen of the practical and truly Christian philosophy, which shines out in many other pages of these 'Fragments.' It is chiefly on account of the solid instruction which they contain, in this way, that we particularly recommend the whole of the two series of volumes to the attention of every family, in which there are youths destined to the naval service. A father may have given his son an excellent education, may have secured for him on going to sea high patronage, may even have procured his name to be inserted in the sacred list of the Admiralty at home, as well as in those of different commanders on the foreign stations; but we will venture to say, that he cannot make him a more valuable present than these 'Fragments,' or impose upon him a more valuable injunction, than that he should make them the object of his study by day and by night.

NOTICES.

Art. X.—1. *The Works of Lord Byron; with his Letters and Journals, and his Life.* By Thomas Moore, Esq. Vols. II. and III. London: Murray, 1832.

2. *Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Mr. Murray's First Complete and Uniform Edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Part II.

These are both productions which reflect great credit upon the country. As specimens of the perfection to which the arts of typography and engraving have reached amongst us, they may, we believe, be referred to as unrivalled by any other nation. The third volume brings down the life of Lord Byron to the year 1817. The subjects of the illustrations are Tepaleen and Constantinople, two of the most beautiful vignettes that ever ornamented any publication; a view of Corfu, the Franciscan Convent at Athens, Lisbon from Fort Almeida, the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens, and the head of Ali Pacha. The vignettes of the third volume are Marathon, and a street at Athens. The eye of an artist may detect differences, perhaps inequalities, in the execution of these plates; but it cannot be doubted, that upon the whole they form a collection, so far as it has yet gone, of the most splendid character. It were indeed a shame, if, when he can get these works so cheap and so beautiful at home, any Englishman should ever again purchase a foreign edition of Lord Byron.

Art. XI.—*Canterbury Tales.* By Sophia and Harriet Lee. Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated, with a New Preface, by Harriet Lee. In Two Volumes, 12mo. London: Colburn & Co.

These volumes form Nos. 12 and 13 of the Standard Novels, a delightful series of works, which combine, within a comparatively small compass, a library of fiction in themselves. The illustrations are really very good, when we consider the low price at which the volumes are sold. The Canterbury Tales are too well known to need our commendation. In a very modest preface, Miss Harriet Lee distinguishes the Tales which were written by her sister, Sophia, who died in 1824. The edition is very neatly got up.

Art. XII.—1. *The Siege of Missolonghi, and other Poems.* By a Young Gentleman, fourteen years of age. 12mo. pp. 108. Brussels: Gardiner. London: Whittaker & Co. 1829.

2. *The Last of the Sophis. A Poem.* By C. F. Henningsen, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 111. London: Longman & Co. 1831.

We have looked over both these volumes with much interest, understanding from a respected friend of ours, that they are really what they profess to be, the production of a very young poet. The title of the first speaks of the time when it was written. We are told that the second was finished, before the author entered on his seventeenth year. We must say that under these circumstances, they are both extraordinary publications: they certainly indicate poetical powers of a very high order, and although they abound in imitations—young genius is always at first imitative—they disclose an original faculty for this department of literature, which we sincerely hope Mr. Henningsen will continue to cultivate.

Art. XIII.—*Attila, a Tragedy: and other Poems.* 8vo. pp. 316. London: Boone and Co. 1832.

About half of the number of the pages of this volume are occupied by the tragedy; the remainder is filled by poems of various lengths, and upon miscellaneous subjects. The biography of Attila, no doubt, affords the elements of a successful drama; but in the theatrical, as in every other department of intellectual effort, a great deal depends on the qualities of the individual who undertakes an important task connected with it. We regret to say that we do not think the powers of the poet before us adequate to the very serious demands which the concoction of a tragic drama, out of the incidents of Attila's life, prefers.

The minor poems possess some merit; but, in general, we should say, that the author would consult his own interest by permitting his manuscripts to remain a little longer than he has hitherto allowed them, in a state of probation, the term of which, one of the most celebrated bards of antiquity has defined to be no less than nine years. The result of the application of such wholesome discipline, to the present volume, for instance, would, we are quite convinced, consist in a considerable reduction of bulk, and a very important improvement in quality.

Art. XIV.—*The Pastor's Family; or, The Sister Preceptress.* By the Authoress of "The Son and the Ward." 12mo. London: Harvey and Darton. 1832.

In this little work, which contains the narrative of a very neatly-contrived tale, the authoress vindicates fully that amiable disposition to correct, improve, and elevate the minds of her sex, which is the universal and most laudable characteristic that distinguishes the ablest and most popular female writers of our time. Here, in a most fascinating garb, and under circumstances that are highly calculated to make a lasting impression, is promulgated a lesson, which is of the first importance with respect to some of the most interesting duties of social life. Here is an example minutely detailed, of the power of a gentle, judicious, and good-natured system of education, in ameliorating the natural ferocity of a violent, or, perhaps more properly, of a wayward temper, and which in its development affords materials which may prompt to an imitation of the same course, and a consequent repetition of the same agreeable results. For the gratification and instruction of a young lady still engaged in the elementary branches of education, we do not know a book which we would sooner recommend than this, with the view of doing the best to secure to her the greatest measures of gratification, and of moral benefit at the same time.

Art. XV. — *Proceedings at the Meeting on the subject of the Preservation and Restoration of the Lady Chapel, at the East end of St. Saviour's, Southwark: held at the Freemason's Tavern, Jan.* 28, 1832. London: Nichols and Co. 1832.

Taken altogether, this is one of the most interesting and powerful tributes that has ever yet been paid to the architectural taste and magnificence of our ancestors, as displayed in the various structures which from ancient time have claimed, in many parts of the country, the greatest admiration and reverence. Perhaps in no part of the world, is there a more perfect specimen of the practical application of the pure principles which distinguish the Gothic style of architecture, than the Lady Chapel.

We have numerous attestations of its incomparable beauty, by men whose experience justifies us in imputing to their opinions the very highest degree of authority.

Mr. Cottingham, architect, states,

'I will venture to stake my reputation as an architect, that there is not in this kingdom a more pure and more elegant design of early pointed architecture, than the chapel we are this day called upon to endeavour to preserve from demolition. It is not only admirable as regards its details, but in its sectional construction presents, to the most untutored eye, those securities against expansion, which exhibit the pure principles of Gothic architecture in a bold connecting line—where defence succeeds defence from the highest arch of the tower, to the lowest point of the chapel wall. This line once broken, the whole fabric is endangered. It is to such buildings as these that we are indebted for the best principles of construction—principles which the ancients never arrived at, and the moderns too often neglect.

'It consists of twelve early-English groined arches, supported by six clustered pillars, with half pillars against the walls. The walls are perforated by numerous windows of varied proportions; all exquisitely beautiful, and many of them unique in example, and when duly restored will diffuse a light through the Chapel, which will exhibit an elegance of effect not at present easily conceived.'—pp. 5, 6.

Mr. Robert Wallace, architect, observes,

'I am quite aware of my inability to add to what has been already stated; but, having held for the last two years the appointment of architect to the church in question, of which this chapel is an important part, I hope I may be presumed to have some claim to address a few words to the meeting.

'History, science, and taste, here unite to instruct and to charm us; and I verily believe that if the besom of destruction is suffered to sweep away this ancient fabric, it may be truly said, in the language of Scripture, that "the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."'—pp. 11, 12.

Mr. Richard Taylor, F. S. A., says,

'The principles of Gothic architecture involve principles of mechanical science of the highest importance. I am sure the gentlemen who are here present, architects by profession, will acknowledge, and every man who is acquainted with the subject will acknowledge, that there are principles of architectural science of the greatest mechanical interest, which can only be developed by a minute investigation of Gothic buildings, and the supports by which structures of stupendous magnitude are upheld, and which yet present to the view the greatest appearance of lightness and ornament. Here are lightness and ornament united with stability. I would therefore say, when speaking of the question of utility, that there is not a mechanic in the country who feels no interest in the support of these structures. I am convinced that every sculptor, every common mason, every builder of every description (unless he had an interest to demolish, that he might erect his own meagre and unsightly works—his own miserable brick-work covered with plaster—upon the ruins of those works which have endured for ages), every artisan, I say, who has no sinister influence of this kind, would cry out against the demolition of such a work, if he could but appreciate its beauty and its architectural value; and for that you have the guarantee of all the gentlemen who best understand the subject. The interior has been seen but by few persons; the windows are blocked up, and therefore it is seen in partial darkness and in dirt.' —pp. 22, 23.

And yet it is such a relic of antiquity as this, that the purse-proud Vandal mob of the parish of St. Saviour's would attempt to demolish. Happy are we to find, that their barbarous proposal has been counteracted by the manly and laudable spirit of the intelligent portion of the parish, who, by their successful resistance to an odious spoliation, have rescued the character of the country from eternal shame.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Lord Brougham, we regret to say, has been for some time in very low spirits. The real cause is the bad health of his daughter, who is his only child, and to whom he is most devotedly attached. It is now understood that she labours under an incurable affection of the heart. She is about twelve years old, and is said to possess so much of her distinguished father's talents, as to write to him occasionally on topics of a public nature. Her sentiments are boldly expressed, and she does not hesitate to tell the Chancellor when she thinks he is wrong upon any subject.

Dutch costume.—The ladies of Holland are determined on establishing a national costume. The idea was first suggested in the "Euphrosine," a periodical journal which is conducted by a coterie of ladies at Amsterdam. The plan has been taken up by another journal, under the superintendance of a committee of gentlemen. The dresses are to be wholly Dutch in style, as well as in the materials from which they are to be manufactured. The dress consists of a tunic of silk, or any other material, striped, red and blue, and a corsage of velvet.

Electricity.—It is stated that an Italian savant has obtained from the common magnet a spark similar to that of electricity. If so, the discovery may possibly lead to some important results with reference to the needle and the Aurora Borealis.

Paganini acknowledges to have cleared 22,000*l.* by his visit to this country, and 6000*l.* by his sojourn in Paris.

Clubs have been recently formed in several parts of Germany for the purpose of promoting the diffusion of English literature. Most of our popular works are already printed there in a very cheap form.

Improvisation.—Among the lectures lately delivered at the Royal Institution, the most attractive was one upon the curious art, or gift, of improvisation, delivered by the Marquess Moscati. He gave it as his opinion that the power of creating extemporaneous poetry arises from a divine mania, which is accompanied by an irritation of the nervous system, and an over-excitement of the brain. After the lecture, which was much and deservedly admired, the Marquess gave an example of improvisation, and sung a very beautiful extempore song to an air which was played for him by one of the ladies.

St. Simonians.—The sect of the St. Simonians, which is making considerable progress in France, and is indeed but another name for the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason, set up during the period of the former revolution, is about, it is said, to dispense with the necessity of the marriage ceremony altogether.

Francis I.—The loves of Francis the First and François de Foix form the ground work of one of the most elegant comic operas on the French stage. Françoise was wife to the Compte de Chateaubriand, by whom she left several children. Her romantic history has been adopted by Madame Gottis, in the popular novel of François 1er."

Lady Hester Stanhope still resides at the monastery of Abra, in Syria. She may be regarded as the virtual Queen of Palmyra. Her usual dress is that of a prince of the Bedouin Arabs, of the most splendid description. She receives no English travellers, but to foreigners she is exceedingly hospitable. She has introduced many useful ameliorations into the country of her domicile. Her religion is said to be Mahomedan. She lives wholly in the oriental manner, surrounded by a vast number of slaves, and other attendants. She is the niece of William Pitt, and grand-daughter of the great Lord Chatham.

Curious coincidence.—Those who are fond of noticing coincidences, will not fail to regard as singular, the death, within three days, of three persons—a poet, a poet's widow, and the first love of a poet; the first is the Rev. G. Crabbe, the accurate delineator of humble life; the second is Mrs. Darwin, the widow of the celebrated physician and poet of Flora's court; the third is Mrs. Musters, immortalized by the ardent strains of Lord Byron's youthful muse, and recollected even in his latest poems. It is remarkable that they were natives of the three midland counties, Leicester, Derby, and Nottingham. Mrs. Musters was the "Mary Chaworth" of Byron's younger days.

The Landers.—The audience given by the King at Windsor, to those enterprising travellers, Richard and John Lander, is said to have been most kind and interesting. His Majesty continued his inquiries relating to the river Niger for a length of time. Many branches of the Royal Family were, on this occasion, present.

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